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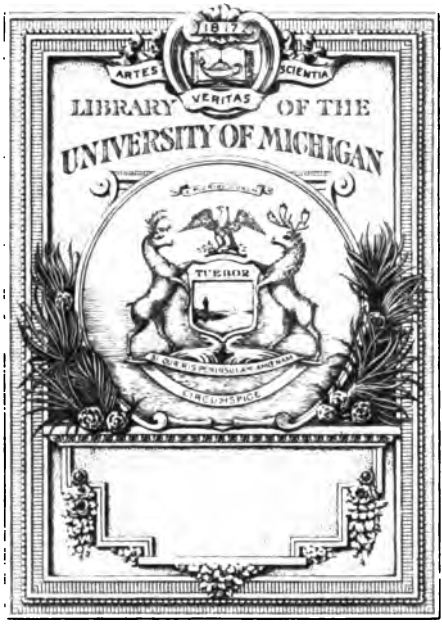
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THE

MISCELLANEOUS

# WORKS,

IN

39126

# PROSE and VERSE,

OF

# *Mrs.* Elizabeth Rowe:

Publiſhed by her Order,

By Mr. *THEOPHILUS ROWE.*

To which are added,

POEMS on SEVERAL OCCASIONS,
By Mr. *THOMAS ROWE.*

And to the Whole is prefixed,

An Account of the LIVES and WRITINGS
of the AUTHORS.

---

VOL. II.

---

The FOURTH EDITION, Corrected.

To which is added,

The HISTORY of *JOSEPH*, a Poem in Ten Books.

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*LONDON:*
Printed for HENRY LINTOT. MDCCLVI.

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THE

THE

# HISTORY of *JOSEPH:*

A

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*In Invocation of the Divine Spirit. A Deſcription of the Temple of* Molock, *in the Valley of* Hinnon, *where a Congreſs of infernal Powers are met to contrive ſome Method to extirpate the* Hebrew *Race.*

Eleſtial Muſe that on the bliſsful plain
Art oft invok'd, to guide th' immortal ſtrain;
Inſpir'd by thee, the firſt-born ſons of light
Hail'd the creation in a tuneful flight;

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Fierce *Simeon* thro' the bright apartments flew,
And old and young, without diſtinction, ſlew.

*Shechem*, with reſtleſs paſſion ſtill inſpir'd,
Was with the charming *Iſraelite* retir'd;
And firſt by mad inſulting *Levi* found,
Without a pauſe he gave the deſp'rate wound.
Take thy diſpatch curſt raviſher for hell,
He ſaid; and down the bleeding victim fell:
His fatal miſtreſs turns away her eyes,
With horror ſeiz'd, and trembling with ſurpriſe.
The ſwains her roving vanity upbraid,
And to their tents the penitent convey'd.
Their father griev'd, reproves the bloody fact,
But *Judah* thus defends the hoſtile act.

Should they, a race uncircumcis'd and vile,
With lawleſs mixtures *Abram*'s flock defile?
Our wives and ſiſters in our ſight conſtrain;
While we, regardleſs of the ſhameful ſtain,
Stand tamely by, and ſcarce of wrong complain?
They firſt intrench'd on hoſpitable truſt,
And human faith;—our vengeance is but juſt.

Such juſtice never mingle with my fame,
Good *Iſrael* cries, nor ſpot my guiltleſs name!
The realms around, who idol Gods revere
Will this black deed with indignation hear;
And all their policy and rage unite,
To blot our odious mem'ry from the light.

So

So hell believ'd;—but heav'n a ſacred dread
f *Jacob*'s ſons among the nations ſpread;
hile he at *Bethel* with a pious flame,
nplores the great *unutterable Name*.
om thence to *Mamre*'s peaceful plain retires,
here *Kiriath-arba* lifts her golden ſpires:
uſtrious *Arba* built and nam'd the place,
he boaſted father of the giant race;
or them deſign'd the monſtrous plan appear'd,
o heav'n the threat'ning battlements were rear'd.
careleſs joys and plenty here they live,
nd to the neighb'ring ſwains protection give.

Beneath the hill, on which their city ſtood,
ſcended high a venerable wood;
he ſolemn ſhades, which gave a ſecret dread,
onceal'd a vaulted ſtructure for the dead,
*achpelah* call'd, with wondrous labour wrought;
his *Abram* of the giant nation bought:
he cave, the wood, the ſprings, and bord'ring field,
*bron*, their prince, by publick contract ſeal'd.

Here to their purchas'd right the ſhepherds drive
heir fleecy charge, and unmoleſted live;
hile frequent thro' the conſecrated ground,
ſcriptions and old monuments they found.
here'er celeſtial viſions had appear'd,
he pious worſhippers an altar rear'd;
he myſtick name to mortals long unknown,
as deeply figur'd on the poliſh'd ſtone;
marks engrav'd on arching rocks, 'twas ſeen,
hat heavenly pow'rs had there convers'd with men.

Remote

Remote from this a lofty pillar ſtood;
This *Jacob* to the rural concourſe ſhew'd;
Here ſee, he ſaid, the memory retain'd
Of *Abram*'s conqueſt near *Damaſcus* gain'd.

To diſtant lands the *Eaſtern* rule was ſpread,
And *Jordan*'s banks a yearly tribute paid:
The king of *Sodom* firſt contemn'd the yoke,
*Admah* and *Zeboim* next the treaty broke.
At this the royal *Elamite* enrag'd,
The neighb'ring kings, his great allies, engag'd;
*Arioch* and mighty *Tidal* join their force,
Conqueſt where'er they turn attends their courſe.
The *Horims* on mount *Seir* their valour prove,
Their troops the *Emims* from their fortreſs drove.

In *Siddim*'s vale the adverſe princes ſtay,
There *Shibna*, *Bera* and *Shemeber* lay.
*Amraphel* early meets his doubtful foes,
And for the victory his ranks diſpoſe;
But ſcarce th'encounter could be call'd a fight,
So ſoon the troops of *Sodom* took their flight:
The coward race, unus'd to charge a foe,
Their jav'lins, ſwords and ſhields at once forego.
Some ſeek the woods, and ſome a ſhelt'ring cave;
Some in the rocks their breath, inglorious, ſave;
While others plunging down fair *Jordan*'s tide,
From the ſtern looks of war their faces hide.
Th'invaders ſheath their ſwords, and ſcorn to grace
With martial deaths the deſpicable race.
*Bera* alone and *Lot* ſuſtain'd the field,
But preſs'd by numbers were compell'd to yield:

rith the riches of the town, a prey
n's hills the conqu'rors bore away.

*Abram* heard, and gather'd on the plain
band, his own domeſtick train:
aſſiſtance *Eſhcol* brings, a youth
ck honour, and unblemiſh'd truth;
er, *Mamre*, dauntleſs both and young,
all three from noble *Amor* ſprung.

night, ſecure the victor army lies,
of foes, and fearleſs of ſurpriſe;
'n's command a ſudden vapour ſpreads
he hoſt, and clouds their drowſy heads;
igh throne of ſenſe ſoft ſlumber climbs,
their ſinews, and benumbs their limbs;
tives eyes alone its force repel'd,
pleaſing violence would yield.

near the camp the brave Confed'rates draw,
the glimm'ring fires its poſture ſaw:
moſt rank, the ſwift invaders flew,
n the waking pris'ners heard and knew
tive friends, that to their ſuccour flew.
is nephew, he the reſt unty'd;
ping foe avenging ſwords ſupply'd:
e to file the fearleſs brothers paſs,
re them breathleſs on the purple graſs.
patriarch feels new life in ev'ry vein,
ters wide deſtruction o'er the plain.
or grows, the clath of arms, and cries
nded men afflict the ambient ſkies.

Prince

Prince *Arioch*, ſtartled at the noiſe, awakes,
And from his eyes the fatal ſlumber ſhakes.
At oft-repeated calls his legions arm,
And madly haſte to meet the loud alarm;
But by a force more prevalent out-done,
On certain fate with eager ſteps they run;
Diſorder'd and amaz'd, they quit the field,
And, raving, to their unknown victors yield.

The morning roſe, and with her bluſhing light
Expos'd their damage, and inglorious flight;
The joyful ſhepherds ſeize th' abandon'd ſpoils:
And now returning from their martial toils,
A royal prieſt at *Salem Abram* meets,
With preſents, and a benediction greets
The *Hebrew* bands:——To heav'n he lifts his eyes,
And bleſt be that propitious pow'r, he cries,
Who walks the cryſtal circuit of the ſkies;
Who hears the boaſts of mortals with diſdain,
Contemns their force, and makes their triumphs vain!
His mien was ſolemn, and his face divine,
Refulgent gems around his temples ſhine:
His graceful robe, a bright celeſtial blue,
Trailing behind, a train majeſtic drew.
The tenth of all great *Abram* gives the prieſt,
The Kings and *Amorites* divide the reſt.
All pleas'd, the gen'rous conqu'ror loudly prais'd,
And to his fame this laſting column rais'd.

The ſwains were liſt'ning ſtill, when *Jacob* cries,
To yonder mountain now direct your eyes;
For there a brighter ſcene of glory lies.

vas there the wond'ring ſun in *Abram* view'd
e nobleſt height of human fortitude;
: pious man in guiltleſs ſleep lay drown'd,
en thro' his ears thunder'd this fatal ſound.

lriſe, and *Iſaac* on mine altar lay,
h thy own hand the deſtin'd victim ſlay.
ſtarts, and cries, who can this thought inſpire?
heav'n this monſtrous ſacrifice require?

The dreadful call again ſurpriz'd his ears,
l lo! the well-known heavenly form appears.
bow'd, and at the purple dawn aroſe,
l with his darling to *Moriah* goes.
)miſh'd long he by the altar ſtood,
:n pil'd with trembling hands the ſacred wood;
f dead himſelf; the wond'ring youth he binds,
o now his ſire's ſevere intention finds.

What thoughts, he aſk'd, my father, have poſſeſt
ır ſoul? what horrid fury fills your breaſt?
I to hell a ſacrifice deſign'd?
ıe cruel demon muſt your reaſon blind;
unblemiſh'd ſkies abhor this bloody deed,
human victims on their altars bleed.

Tis heav'n, the Patriarch ſaid, this fact requires,
heav'n—be witneſs yon ethereal fires!
countleſs as the ſtars, from thee muſt ſpring
torious nations, and the *myſtick King:*
paſt relief——yet by himſelf he ſwore,
ıo from the dead thy relicks can reſtore;
ıat obſtacle ſurmounts almighty pow'r?

This ſaid, the pious youth reſign'd his life;
Bleſt *Abram* ſhook off all paternal ſtrife,
And forward thruſt the conſecrated knife.
As lightning from the ſkies, an angel broke,
And warded with his hand the fatal ſtroke:
When thus a voice ſtreams downward from above,
Breathing divine beneficence and love.

By my great ſelf I ſwear, to bleſs thy race
With endleſs favour and peculiar grace;
Thy ſcepter'd ſons the ſpacious *Eaſt* ſhall ſway,
While vanquiſh'd kings obedient tribute pay.

Here *Jacob* ends, and to his tent retires;
Their fleecy charge the parting ſwains requires.

# BOOK III.

*e infernal Powers indeavour to raiſe Factions in* Ja-cob's *Family.* Joſeph's *Dreams. His Brothers Jea-louſy and Malice. He comes to* Dothan. *They confine him in a Pit while they conſult his Ruin. An Angel in a Viſion preſages to him his future greatneſs, and warns him of the ſnares of Beauty and unlawful Love. His Brothers ſpare his Life, and ſell him to the* Midian *Merchants travelling with their ſpicy Traffick into* Egypt. Jacob, *obſtinate in Grief, refuſes all Conſolation.*

MEAN time the *Pagan* deities, diſpleas'd
To find the public ſtorms ſo ſoon appeas'd,
idious attempt by new malicious ways,
nong the *Hebrews* civil jars to raiſe:
*loch* already had provok'd the ſtrife,
d kindling miſchief threatens *Joſeph*'s life.

The lovely youth, fair *Rachel*'s boaſted ſon,
mpleatly form'd, his ſeventeenth year begun;
s mother's ſparkling eyes, and blooming grace,
xt with ſeverer ſtrokes, adorn'd his face.
ɔt he that in *Sabea*'s fragrant grove,
s poets ſung) inflam'd the queen of love;
ɔr *Hylas*, nor *Narciſſus* look'd ſo gay,
hen the clear ſtreams his roſy bluſh diſplay.

In

In all his conduct ſomething noble ſhone,
Which meant him for a greatneſs yet unknown.
Viſions had oft' his riſing fate foretold:
The laſt to *Jacob* thus his lips unfold,
His brethren by:—when ſleep had clos'd mine eyes
A corny field before my fancy flies;
(Still to my thoughts the yellow crop appears!)
My brothers with me reap'd the bending ears;
Induſtrious each a ſingle ſheaf had bound,
When theirs with ſudden motion mine ſurround,
And bow'd with proſtrate rev'rence to the ground.
But now my mind of rural buſineſs clear'd,
Above my head a wond'rous ſcene appear'd;
The moon and ſtars at higheſt noon ſhone bright,
Unconquer'd by the ſun's ſuperior light;
Methought I ſaw the gaudy orbs deſcend,
And at my feet with humble homage bend.

The ſhepherds hear his ſtory with ſurpriſe:
Muſt we thy vaſſals be? proud *Aſhur* cries,
With rage and threatning malice in his eyes.

At *Mamre*, *Jacob* and his fav'rite ſtay,
The reſt to *Dothan*'s flow'ry meadows ſtray;
Infernal envy all their boſoms fires,
And black reſolves and horrid thoughts inſpires.
At laſt young *Joſeph*'s murder is deſign'd:
Hell with the monſtrous treachery combin'd.

He comes to *Dothan*, by his father ſent,
And heav'n alone his ruin can prevent.

guiltleſs prey he ſtands, without defence,
born worth, and fearleſs innocence.
brethren's crimes, his father's hoary hairs
all the ſubject that alarm'd his fears.

The fatal ſtroke they now prepare to give;
Reuben's arts the hopeleſs youth retrieve,
this adviſing, e'er your brother live.
thouſand eaſy methods yet remain,
render all his glorious projects vain;
till we have determin'd the deſign,
yonder pit th'aſpiring boy confine.
To him they yield, and to their tents retire,
The fiends below their own ſucceſs admire.

The night prevails, and draws her ſable train,
With ſilent pace, along the ethereal plain.
By fits the dancing ſtars exert their beams;
The ſilver creſcent glimmers on the ſtreams;
The ſluggiſh waters, with a drowſy roar,
And ling'ring motion, roll along the ſhore;
Their murmur anſwers to the ruſtling breeze,
That faintly whiſpers thro' the nodding trees;
The peaceful echoes, undiſturb'd with ſound,
Lay ſlumb'ring in the cavern'd hills around;
Frenzy and faction, love and envy ſlept;
A ſtill ſolemnity all nature kept;
Devotion only wak'd, and to the ſkies
Directs the pris'ner's pious vows and eyes:
To God's high throne a wing'd petition flew,
And from the ſkies commiſſion'd *Gabriel* drew;

One

One of the ſeven, who by appointed turns
Before the throne ambroſial incenſe burns.

A ſudden day, returning on the night,
Vanquiſh'd the ſhades, and put the ſtars to flight;
Th'enlighten'd cave receives the ſhining gueſt,
In all his heav'nly pomp divinely dreſs'd;
He greets the youth, and thus his charge expreſs'd.

To-morrow thou muſt leave rich *Jordan*'s ſhore,
And trace *Moriah*'s ſacred hill no more;
A great and grateful nation yet unknown,
Sav'd by thy care, ſhall thee their patron own;
But let thy breaſt impenetrable prove
To wanton beauty, and forbidden love:
This heav'n enjoins.—The wond'ring ſhepherd bow'd;
The angel mounted on a radiant cloud.

The morning now her lovely face diſplay'd,
And with a roſy ſmile diſpell'd the ſhade.
The faction roſe, and cloſe in council ſat,
On means that muſt determine *Joſeph*'s fate;
Nor long they ſat, for on the neighb'ring road
A train of camels with their ſpicy load,
Follow'd by *Midian* merchants, travell'd by:
Heav'n marks the way, the envious brothers cry;
Whate'er th'ambitious dreamer's thoughts portend,
His hopes with theſe to foreign lands we'll ſend.

They ſtop the *Midianites*, and ſoon agree,
Reſolv'd no more his hated face to ſee.

Wit

With looks, which perfect inward anguiſh tell,
And falling tears, he took this ſad farewell.

I go to wander on ſome barb'rous clime,
May heav'nly juſtice ne'er avenge this crime!
Be ſtill indulgent to my father's age,
His grief for me with flatt'ring hopes aſſwage.

They hear, they ſee the anguiſh of his ſoul,
And ſcarce their ſtruggling pity can controul;
Touch'd with ſo ſad a ſcene, they all begin
To feel remorſe for this unnatural ſin,
And half repent: but hate and envy prove
Their victor paſſions, and repreſs their love.
They form a ſpecious fraud to hide the deed
From their old ſire, and in the plot ſucceed.
Their brother's varied coat they ſtill retain'd,
And with a bleeding kid the veſtment ſtain'd;
With this to *Mamre* treach'rous *Simeon* goes,
Too well the loſt old-man the relick knows.
After a diſmal pauſe, his ſorrow breaks
Its violent way, and this ſad language ſpeaks.

My ſon!—alas, ſome ſavage monſter's prey!
Why have I liv'd to this deteſted day?
Why have I lingred thus? I ſhould have dy'd,
When thy more happy mother left my ſide,
My beſt-lov'd wife:—but all my *Rachel*'s face
could in thy reſembling features trace.
Tormenting thought!—O hide me from the light!
Its uſeleſs rays afflict my feeble ſight:

Come

Come lead me to the ſolitary grave,
Deſpair and woe that dark retirement crave;
There ſhall I, ſtretch'd upon my duſty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead.

In vain his friends attempt to bring relief,
In vain perſuade inexorable grief;
'Tis deep, and intermingled with his ſoul,
Nor time, nor counſel can its force control.

# BOOK IV.

*Deſcription of* Egypt, *with the Pyramids.* Joſeph *ſold by the* Midian *Merchants to a Captain of the Royal Guards. He leads him to his Palace. Shews his Wife the handſome Captive. Her growing Paſſion for him. A young* Aſſyrian *Maid endeavouring to amuſe and divert her Miſtreſs, tells her the Story of* Ninus *and* Semiramis.

MEAN while thro' ſavage woods, and deſarts vaſt,
The captive with his *Midian* maſters paſt.
At laſt rich *Egypt*'s pleaſant coaſts are ſeen,
The level meads dreſt with immortal green;
Between them fertile *Nile* directs his courſe,
And nobly flows from his immortal ſource.
Along the borders of the ſacred flood,
Aſpiring groves and ſtately cities ſtood:
Here ancient *Tanais* in her height appear'd,
Before *Amphion*'s lute the *Theban* wall had rear'd.

The ſun's devoted city, radiant *On*,
With roofs emboſs'd, and golden foliage ſhone;
Ere ſkilful *Vulcan* was at *Lemnos* nam'd,
Or *Cynthia*'s darts, or ſhields for *Pallas* fram'd.

Diſtinct from theſe, on the *Peluſian* ſtrands,
*Anſana* crown'd with ſilver turrets ſtands;

Rais'd to its height, as old tradition tells,
By pow'rful magick, and ſecur'd by ſpells:
Th'*Egyptian* wizards here themſelves immure,
Converſe with hell, and practiſe rites impure.

Now mighty pyramids the ſight ſurpriſe,
On *Maſre*'s plain the ſpiral tow'rs ariſe.
*Redouſa* here magnificently ſhrouds
Its lofty head among ſurrounding clouds:
By *Saurid* built, the daring ſtructure ſtood
The fury of the univerſal flood.
*Phacat* and *Samir*'s pointed tops aſcend,
And o'er the fields their lengthning ſhades extend;
Their compaſs ſacred to the dead remain,
Within eternal night and ſilence reign;
No lightſom ray ſalutes them from the ſky,
But glaring lamps depending from on high,
With fickly gleams the hollow ſpace ſupply.
Here ancient kings, embalm'd with wond'rous coſt,
A long exemption from corruption boaſt:
In artful figures ſome are ſitting plac'd,
With fruitleſs pomp, and idle enſigns grac'd;
While others ſtretch'd in ſleeping poſtures lie,
On folding carpets of imperial dye:
Their hov'ring ghoſts, pleas'd with this mimick pri
Among the breathleſs carcaſes reſide,
But what prodigious things within were ſhewn,
Were to the *Hebrew* ſtranger yet unknown,
Aſtoniſh'd at their outward bulk alone.

And now arriv'd where *Zoan*'s wall inclos'd
Imperial tow'rs, the *Midianites* expos'd

t :, with the handſom ſlave:
years compos'd and grave;
eth ſpoke divinely great,
: mark'd him for a nobler fate.

captain, chief of *Pharaoh*'s bands,
h the graceful captive, ſtands,
: *Midianites* their full demands.
dſhip in his breaſt he finds,
ily by unvulgar minds:
being had prepar'd his thought,
:t the kind impreſſion wrought.

gret, young ſtranger, follow me,
I now have ranſom'd thee;
: this moment thou art free.

receiv'd the favour with a grace,
. all the promiſe of his face.

e royal houſe, a ſtructure crown'd
ood, and palmy groves around;
ither thro' the walks they went,
like, and equally content.

ey reach'd, when for a coſtly veſt
ll'd; in this the youth they dreſs'd:
rag'd with a ſlave's attire,
ape and features all admire.
paleſt amber, from his crown
ls and ſhining waves fell down.

Young *Paris* ſuch ſurpriſing charms diſplay'd,
When firſt in gold and *Tyrian* ſilks array'd,
He laid his crook aſide, forgot the ſwain,
And bid adieu to *Ida*'s flow'ry plain.

Then for his wife the captain bids them ſend,
And ſhews with boaſting joy his purchas'd friend.

The fair *Sabrina*, lately made his bride,
Was in her beauty's celebrated pride.
Her large black eyes ſhone with a ſprightly fire,
And love at ev'ry fatal glance inſpire.
The ſwarthy luſtre of her charming face
The full blown lily and the roſe diſgrace.
Her gloſſy hair outvy'd the raven's wings,
And curl'd about her neck in wanton rings.
Affectedly ſhe took a careleſs view,
And to her own apartment ſoon withdrew.

*Joſeph* belov'd and happy long remain'd,
And from his lord ſucceſſive favours gain'd;
Who now at home grown proſp'rous, and abroad,
Believes his gueſt ſome favourable god:
He gives him o'er his houſe the full command,
Intruſting all his treaſures to his hand.

Mean time *Sabrina* feeds within her breaſt
A ſecret fire, but ſhame its rage ſuppreſt,
When firſt ſhe ſaw the charming *Hebrew*'s eyes,
She felt, but well diſſembled the ſurpriſe;
But thro' her various arts an inward care
The languors of her penſive looks declare.

*ne* found the change, (a *Syrian* maid,
, but from her native coaſts betray'd:)
change, but led by nicer laws,
thoughtleſs ſtill of its reproachful cauſe.
voice, her eaſy wit, her eloquence,
l he wildeſt paſſion in ſuſpenſe.
oft' her miſtreſs to a grove,
m walk with pleaſing tales ſhe ſtrove
ı her thoughts, and charm her grief;
'd r arts to give a ſhort relief.
re clime the pleaſing ſubject proves,
*Syrian* pomp, their cuſtoms, and their loves
ng the reſt *Sabrina* hears her name
*amis*, a queen of ancient fame,
ſk'd her now the ſtory to relate;
l beneath a ſpreading palm they ſat.

# BOOK V.

*The Story of* Semiramis, *expos'd, when an Inf the Fields; where ſhe is found, (covered with a embroidered Mantle) by a Peaſant, who carries* Simma, *the Chief of the King's Shepherds, by ſhe is married to* Menon, *the principal Comman the* Aſſyrian *Forces.* Menon *being called to the of* Bactria, *ſhe follows him in a martial Di* Menon *diſcovers her Sex to the King, who m her after the Death of* Menon.

THE maid begins. —— Where fam'd C
laves
Rich *Elam*'s borders with his ſacred waves,
Along the fields their tents the ſhepherds ſpread,
By them the king's unnumber'd flocks were fed.

The ſilent dawn was miſty yet and gray,
And hoary moiſture on the mountains lay.
Intent on rural cares, with early haſte,
A peaſant near a rocky cavern paſt;
Acroſs his path was rais'd a moſſy bed,
O'er that a rich embroider'd mantle ſpread;
This, lifted up, reveal'd a lovely child,
Which fairer than the roſy morning ſmil'd:

wond'ring ſwain forgot his country cares,
back to *Simma*'s houſe the infant bears.

*imma* his maſter was, tho' wealthy, juſt:
royal lands and flocks were made his truſt;
riches ſtill amaſs'd without an heir,
ſeeing now the child ſurpaſſing fair,
took and bred her with indulgent care:
nothing he controls her growing years,
coſt to pleaſe her boundleſs fancy ſpares.

When, by revolving moons, ſucceſſive time
d brought her beauty to its perfect prime,
r ſhape was faultleſs, and in all her mien
ſaging marks of majeſty were ſeen:
mortal e'er could boaſt ſo fair a face,
h radiant eyes, and ſo divine a grace.
flow'ry wreath her beauteous temples crown'd,
er ſnowy veſt a crimſon girdle bound:
hus dreſs'd, ſhe walks a goddeſs o'er the plains,
dmir'd and lov'd by all the gazing ſwains;
o her the fragrant tribute of the ſpring,
ith am'rous zeal on bended knees they bring.

Not diſtant far from wealthy *Simma*'s ſeat,
rwick *Menon* own'd a fair retreat;
is rank, and early worth, the high command
f all the fam'd *Aſſyrian* force had gain'd;
peaceful times the chief whom all admir'd,
o prove a ſofter happineſs, retir'd;
'twas here *Semiramis* his wiſhes fir'd,

With raviſh'd eyes her heav'nly face he view'd,
And for the glorious prize to *Simma* ſu'd;
Proffer'd with ſacred rites his vows to bind:
This honour pleas'd the haughty virgin's mind;
On meaner terms ſhe had his ſuit deny'd;
With virtue guarded and a noble pride,
The lover finds ſucceſs, but all his joys
A ſudden ſummons from the king deſtroys.

*Bactria* revolts, *Ninus* the tidings hears,
Himſelf in arms to meet the foe prepares.
But three ſhort days ungentle fate allows
Sad *Menon*, for his ſighs and parting vows:
He curſt his martial charge, and publick fame,
And loaths th' incumbrance of a glorious name,
Which rends him now from all the joys of life,
His lov'd *Semiramis*, his charming wife.

She hears the king's command with leſs ſurpriſe,
And, *Menon*, baniſh all your care, ſhe cries:
We cannot——'tis impoſſible to part,
Love with heroick courage fires my heart.
To follow you thro' raging ſeas I'd go,
O'er burning deſarts, or perpetual ſnow.
By your example led, I ſhall not fear
The flying arrow, or the pointed ſpear;
Pierc'd with a fatal dart, were *Menon* by,
'Twould be a ſoft, an eaſy thing, to die.
Th' event be what it will, with you I'll run
To certain death, nor any danger ſhun;
Be witneſs to my vows thou radiant ſun!

Nor

h' [illegible] d my conduct ſtain,
[illegible] remain;
d [illegible] r eyes,
[illegible] and a martial guiſe.

N[illegible] pl[illegible] are fill'd the hero's breaſt, to find
be[illegible]r, love, and ſtedfaſt virtue join'd.
[illegible] kind tranſporting things he ſaid,
[illegible] vows of laſting paſſion made:
for a rich habiliment of war
[illegible] and dreſs'd himſelf the ſmiling fair.

A c[illegible]r helmet glitter'd on her head,
[illegible] a dove its ſilver pinions ſpread;
[illegible] of whiteſt feathers danc'd above,
ith e[illegible]y trembling breath of air they move.
[illegible]' embroider'd ſcarf that o'er her armour flow'd,
ith dazzling flames of gold and ſcarlet glow'd.
[illegible]r hand a javelin ſhook with mimick pride,
[illegible] ted quiver rattled by her ſide.
height and mien adorn the warlike dreſs,
ore vig'rous rays her charming eyes expreſs.
courſer, of his beauteous burden proud,
ith golden trappings bounded thro' the crowd.

*M[illegible]on*, of *Syrian* arms the grace and pride,
[illegible] near the lovely maſquerader's ſide.
[illegible] *Dura*'s plain the *Babylonian* force
ranks attend their mighty leader's courſe.
hile *Ninus*, graceful as a martial god,
alted on his glittering chariot rode.

The *Bactrians* their approaching foes disdain,
Resolv'd their fortress bravely to maintain;
And long the town with matchless courage held,
And oft' to flight th' *Armenian* troops compell'd:
'Till bold *Semiramis*, who danger fought,
And fearless in the foremost ranks had fought,
Observ'd a rock, which o'er a castle lean'd;
The *Bactrians* this were careless to defend,
Believing it from all access secure:
She finds a path among the cliffs obscure;
Then with a chosen band intrepid gains
The top, and soon th' unguarded fort obtains.
The town thus made the fierce besieger's prey,
To her they gave the conquest of the day.
All prais'd the youth, (for such she was believ'd)
Her bold address each party had deceiv'd;
But *Ninus* most her fortitude admires,
He views her blooming youth, her race enquires.

*Menon* in dotage lost, with foolish pride,
No more the fatal secret strives to hide;
Nor once imagin'd this unlucky boast,
The joy all his future life must cost.
*Ninus* with other eyes her beauty views,
In other terms his gratitude renews.

To *Babylon* return'd, he yet conceal'd
His growing flame, by *Menon*'s worth withheld;
Too well he with a sad Reflexion knows,
What to his counsel, and his sword he owes;
These gen'rous ties at first his love oppose:

But

t nothing can th' increaſing rage reſtrain;
r gentle means he yet his end would gain.

*Menon*, he ſaid, my wiſhes to procure,
I give thee cities, and a boundleſs ſtore
gold, and precious gems; and for a bride,
blooming princeſs to the crown ally'd:
this, and more, to gain her love I'll give;
ithout *Semiramis* I cannot live.

Reſenting *Menon*, with a hanſom pride,
fuſ'd his offers, and the ſuit deny'd.

The ſofter ſex he next attempts to gain;
too rejects his paſſion with diſdain.
hat now avail the glories of the *Eaſt*?
r wealth, nor empire can procure his reſt.
r'd with unheeded ſighs, and fruitleſs pray'r,
tries more rig'rous means to eaſe his care;
d threatens thus:——With my deſires comply,
ſoon prepare to ſee your hero die.

From *Menon* this ſhe hides, who leſs ſevere
bſerves her to the am'rous king appear:
is fondneſs with the jealous paſſion grows;
o joy, no lightſom interval he knows,
he mingled frenzy gives him no repoſe.

Sha falſe! he cries, my fair, enchanting wife!
nd can I yet protract this wretched life?
his anxious heart, with hopeleſs grief oppreſs'd,
death's cold ſhade ſhall find perpetual reſt.

He ſaid; then all the hoſtile ſtars defy'd,
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his ſide.

A long adieu! *Semiramis*, he cries;
With thoſe lov'd accents on his lips he dies;
She hears the parting groan, and to his ſuccour flies.
Sunk on the floor ſhe ſees her lover bleed,
Himſelf the author of the barb'rous deed;
But true to love, and virtue's ſtricteſt laws,
She neither knew, nor could ſuſpect the cauſe.
Seiz'd with a ſudden horror and ſurpriſe,
She faints, and near the breathleſs carcaſe lies;
Her frighted women to her reſcue haſte,
And wake the doubtful ſpark of life, at laſt.
A hollow groan enſues; with feeble ſight
She meets the day, and loaths the flaſhing light.
A ſtedfaſt ſorrow in her face appears,
Above the ſoft relief of female tears;
Silent as death, her words no utt'rance find,
To tell the inward anguiſh of her mind:
A fixt, ſedate, and rational deſpair
Compos'd her looks, and ſettled in her air.

In ſuch a ſullen calm the billows ſleep,
So ſmooth an aſpect wears the gloomy deep;
While treach'rous winds their gath'ring breath refra
Preſaging tempeſts on the troubled main.

Th' impatient prince with juſt reſpect attends
Her ebbing grief, and long his flame ſuſpends;
And long her ſtedfaſt thoughts relentleſs prove
To proffer'd empire, and inviting love;

itſelf her ſtubborn heart inclin'd
a crown, by all the ſtars deſign'd,
a ſphere proportion'd to her mind.

was now of ev'ry wiſh poſſeſt,
r'reign rule, and brighter pleaſure bleſt:
how ſhort a boaſt has mortal joy?
dden ſtorms the flatt'ring calm deſtroy?
man privilege, what lawleſs pow'r
ſhort day retard th' appointed hour?

e thro' the midnight ſilence, from the ground,
tled monarch hears a warning ſound;
*Memon*'s ghoſt a frowning ſpectre ſtands,
ns to beckon with his airy hands.
a faintneſs ſeiz'd his trembling heart,
aſty life retires from every part;
ſs and pale his eye-balls roll in death,
ith reluctant pangs he yields his breath.

nournful princeſs to his merit juſt,
nd'rous pomp interr'd the royal duſt:
a mount his ſepulchre ſhe plac'd,
rble ſpires, and pointed arches grac'd.
farewell to love's deceitful flame;
to leave behind a glorious name,
ſtructures of immortal fame.

y dome to *Belus* firſt ſhe built:
ard roof with dazling ſilver gilt;
l was faſhion'd in a wond'rous mold,
rfect art; his bulk was maſſy gold;

His

His sacred utensils were all the same,
While fragrant oils in golden sockets flame.

Old *Babel* next with boundless cost she wall'd;
And *Babylon* the spacious city call'd;
Its bounds with forts and battlements were crown'd,
And compass'd in an endless tract of ground,
Valleys and level'd hills the vast extent surround:
Where fronting ranks of palaces were seen,
With streams, and groves, and painted meads between.
*Euphrates* in its course the town divides,
While thro' the midst his stately current glides.
Around the place a hundred gates unfold,
Thro' which a hundred glitt'ring chariots roll'd;
Which all for state attend the queen's command,
When she her progress makes thro' distant lands.
Resolv'd to visit now the neighb'ring *Medes*,
Her train she o'er the lofty *Sagris* leads.
At pompous *Ecbatana* now she staid,
And all her own magnificence display'd.
Gay projects here employ'd her active mind,
Gardens, and seats of pleasure she design'd;
Luxurious nature with her art combin'd.

Not far from thence a plain extended lay,
With stately groves and flow'ry verdure gay;
The spreading palm, the cedar, and the pine,
Arching above their mingled branches join.

*Semiramis* now turns an ancient flood,
With matchless labour, thro' the charming wood;

The

The plenteous ſtream in various rills divides,
While marble bounds confine the cryſtal tides.
In marble baſons of an equal row,
Myrtle, and balm, and flow'ry *Caſſia* grow.
Prodigious rocks intire were hither brought,
Smooth arches thro' their craggy ſides were wrought:
Here artificial hills their ſummits rear,
For ſhade retiring grotts around appear.
In various bloom the valleys ſtood below,
From far the beauteous *Syrian* roſes glow.
All that perfumes the bleſt *Sabæan* fields
Grows here, with all that ſacred *Nyſa* yields.
Here breath'd the fragrant *Calamus*, and *Fir*,
*Cinnamon*, *Frankincenſe*, and weeping *Myrrhe*.
Shrill birds among the ſpicy branches ſing,
Their warbling notes along the valleys ring:
The winds and waters with a gentle noiſe
Double the ſound, and anſwer ev'ry voice.

The queen a while had theſe diverſions prov'd,
And then her court to *Babylon* remov'd:
But ah! what heights of happineſs are free
From fickle chance, or certain deſtiny?
The princeſs finds a ſwift decay control
The uſual force and vigour of her ſoul;
Nor ſtruggling nature could its force repel,
While heav'n and earth the publick change foretel.

She from the oracle enquires th' event,
The flatt'ring prieſts this pleaſing anſwer ſent:
That from the Gods ſhe drew her heav'nly race,
And ſhortly muſt th' immortal number grace.

Plea

Pleas'd with the glories of her future fate,
She yields without reluctance to her fate.

*Cyrena* ends her tale; the cloſing day
Withdrew its ſplendour, and forbid their ſtay.

BOOK

# BOOK VI.

*Joseph's Mistress at last discovers her criminal Passion to him, but is repuls'd. She complains to her Nurse, who vainly tries the Force of Spells. She is sent by her Mistress to* Harpinus. *His Cell described. He consults the Planets, and flatters her with Success; till finding the* Hebrew *Youth inflexible to all her Charms, she falsly accuses him to his Master by whom he is confined to a Prison.*

STILL with impatient love *Sabrina* pines,
And now to speak the fatal truth designs;
Sooth'd by her own indulgent hopes, which trace
A secret passion in the Hebrew's face.
He sighs, and when he thinks himself alone,
Oft seems some new misfortune to bemoan,
In foreign Accents, and a tongue unknown,
Her vanity an explanation found,
And put a sense on every flatt'ring sound.
Forgetful of her nuptial vows and fame,
She fondly thus betrays her guilty flame.

If yet my torments are to thee unknown,
If yet my sighs thy mystery have not shown,
Insensible,—let this confession prove
The strange excess, and grandeur of my love.

Yet

Yet had I ſtill my wild deſires ſuppreſs'd,
Had not thine eyes an equal flame confeſs'd.

Let me be puniſh'd with the laſt diſdain,
He ſaid, if e'er I harbour'd thoughts ſo vain!
I ne'er *Sabrina*'s favour ſo abus'd,
Nor once your virtue in my heart accus'd.
Should I perfidious (heav'n forbid!) offend
My gen'rous maſter,——I might ſay my friend;
Let ſcandal ſink my name, when ſo unjuſt
I prove, ſo falſe to hoſpitable truſt!

Thus with a modeſt turn he would reclaim
Her am'rous frenzy, and conceal her ſhame;
Nor waits her leave, but haſtily withdrew.
Careleſs her limbs upon a couch ſhe threw,
And curſt her folly with a thouſand tears;
Till *Iphicle*, her artful nurſe, appears:
Of ſo much grief ſhe preſs'd to know the cauſe,
At laſt the ſecret from her miſtreſs draws.

You wrong, the *Beldam* cries, your own deſert,
For you have charms, the youth a human heart.
Your beauty might a ſavage breaſt inſpire,
At ſight of you the coldeſt age takes fire.
But where's the wonder that a baſhful boy,
Should, at the firſt addreſs, be nice and coy?
He loves no doubt, and languiſhes like you,
But fears th' ambitious motive to purſue:
Nor ſhall your utmoſt wiſhes want redreſs,
I have a draught that gives divine ſucceſs;

*Repent*

*Nepenthe*, which th' immortals quaff above;
These sacred drops rewarded *Chemis'* love.

When *Totis*, by his death, the full command
Of *Misraim* left in fair *Charoba's* hand,
The rich *Gebirus* from *Chaldea* came
With foreign pomp to seek the royal dame.
*Chemis* adorn'd his train, whose charming face
Allur'd a goddess of the wat'ry race;
On *Nilus'* banks the young *Chaldean* stood,
When lo! *Merina* rising from the flood,
Her chariot set with pearl, the wave divides,
Softly along the silver stream she glides.
Her robes with pearl and sparkling rubies shine,
Her brighter eyes express a light divine.
Nor from her humid bed the blooming day
Has e'er ascended with a clearer ray.
Her smiles the raging tempests could appease,
Allay the winds, and calm the swelling seas.
She leaves her crystal vaults, and coral groves,
Her liquid kingdoms, and immortal loves,
And o'er the grassy meads with *Chemis* roves.
At parting gave him this celestial spell,
Which ev'ry good procures, and can each ill repel.

**My mother from this youth derives her line,**
**And this she left me, as a gift divine,**
**By all her sapphires preserv'd with care;**
**One heav'nly drop shall banish your despair.**

**Her flatt'ring nurse's charm she vainly tries,**
**For *Joseph* still her hateful passion flies;**

But

But obſtinate in love to gain her ends,
To fam'd *Anſana Iphicle* ſhe ſends.

*Harpinus* there an uncouth dwelling own'd,
Planted with yew and mournful cyprus round;
Whoſe ſhadows every pleaſing thought control,
And fill with deep anxiety the ſoul.
Hither black fiends at dead of night advance,
The horned *Serim* thro' the darkneſs dance:
From earth, from air, and from the briny deep
They come, and here nocturnal revels keep.
From gloomy *Acheruſia*, and the fen
Of *Serbon*, and the foreſt of *Birdene*;
From *Ophiodes*, the ſerpent iſle, they come,
And *Syrtes*, where fantaſtick ſpectres roam;
From *Chabnus*, and the wild *Pſebarian* peak,
Whoſe hoary cliffs the clouds long order break.

In helliſh banquets, and obſcene delights,
The curſt aſſembly here conſume the nights.
The ſick'ning moon her feeble light withholds,
In ſable clouds her argent horns ſhe folds;
The conſtellations quench their glimm'ring fire,
And frighted far to diſtant ſkies retire.

Amidſt theſe horrors, in his echoing cells,
And winding vaults, the Necromancer dwells:
Paſſing from room to room, the brazen doors
Reſound, as when exploded thunder roars.
The day excluded thence, blue ſulphur burns,
With frightful ſplendour, in a thouſand urns.

The wizard here employs his mighty spells,
And great events by divination tells;
Inscribing mystick figures on the ground,
And mutt'ring words of an unlawful sound;
Which from their tombs the shiv'ring ghosts compel,
And force them future secrets to reveal.
The stars he knew, when adverse, or benign;
When with malignant influence they shine,
Or, darting prosp'rous rays, to love incline.

The nurse a pleasing answer here obtain'd,
And thus *Sabrina*'s drooping thoughts sustain'd.
The third succeeding day shall crown your love,
And every am'rous star propitious prove.

*Sabrina* feeds the while her guilty flame,
And now the third appointed morning came;
When for the favour'd youth in haste she sends:
The message with reluctance he attends.
Silent she sits; while waiting her commands,
Fix'd at a formal distance long he stands.
Her eyes still fix'd on *Joseph*'s beauteous face;
A close contempt, and inward hatred trace;
Yet desp'rate to compleat her own disgrace.

**Ungrateful youth! she cries, too well I find**
**By these cold looks, thy unrelenting mind,**
**Thy savage temper, and unconquer'd pride,**
**By words of sacred import thou wouldst hide,**
**Thou talk'st of holy ties, and rules severe,**
**Pretending some avenging God to fear.**

What God, alas! does cruelty command?
Or human bliſs maliciouſly withſtand?
Such thoughts as theſe the heav'nly powers arraign,
Efface their goodneſs, and their juſtice ſtain.
Would they the gen'rous principle control,
Who gave this am'rous bias to the ſoul?
What nature is, they made it: nor can bind
With ſervile laws the freedom of the mind:
Were this our lot, happy the brutal kind,
That unmoleſted thro' the foreſt rove,
Licentious in their choice, and unconfin'd in love!
Virtue!—a meer imaginary thing!
Torment it may, but can no pleaſure bring.
Honour!—'tis nothing but precarious fame,
For empty breath, for a fantaſtick name.
Wilt thou my ſoft intreaties ſtill deny,
And ſee me languiſh, and unpity'd die?
Conſent at laſt to love's enchanting joys,
While pleaſure calls thee with her tempting voice:
Theſe folding curtains ſhall our bliſs conceal,
That no intruding eye our theft reveal.

Deluded fair! the noble youth replies,
Could we ſome artful labyrinth deviſe
To hide our ſin, and far from mortal ſight
Retire, involv'd in all the ſhades of night;
Yet there,—expos'd to heav'n's unclouded view,
Its vengeance would our treachery purſue;
Diſtinguiſh'd plagues would ſoon our guilt expoſe,
While all your ſex's glory you muſt loſe.
To *Potiphar* alone your vows belong,
In him a tender lover you muſt wrong.

where ſhould I hide my hated face,
e conſcious of a crime ſo baſe?
thro' the yawning earth deſcend,
an with ſuch inſolence offend
of God, and kindneſs of my friend!
r's favours, endleſs to recite,
with ſuch ingratitude requite;
ith a thought ſo horrid and prophane,
and ſpotleſs loyalty I ſtain;
hful lightnings flaſhing round my head,
s of raging thunder ſtrike me dead!
rations, and eternal ſhame
ny peace, and blaſt my hated name!

words with ſuch an awful air he ſpoke,
virtue ſparkling in his look,
ghty miſtreſs all her hopes reſign'd,
a diff'rent frenzy ſeize her mind:
fiends the helliſh thought ſuggeſt,
t the tender paſſion from her breaſt.
on ſcarf with ornamental pride
r his graceful ſhoulders looſely ty'd;
iouſly ſhe ſnatch'd, while from th' embrace
himſelf, and quits the hated place.

all'd aloud, her voice *Cyrena* hears,
'ring ſaw her well-diſſembled tears,
f proffer'd violence ſhe feigns,
the *Hebrew*'s arrogance complains.
l at her repeated calls, ſhe ſaid,
onſter left his curſt deſign, and fled.

His ſcarf the truth confirm'd: her lord the
Returns; her words his eaſy faith beguile:
Blinded with rage he calls the injur'd youth,
And thus upbraids his violated truth.

How can'ſt thou, wretch! belie a mind ſo baſe,
With that undaunted air, and guiltleſs face?
Hypocriſy ſo ſteady and compleat,
A villain, cautious as thyſelf, might cheat;
No wonder then thy practis'd ſaintly ſhews
Should on my honeſt artleſs mind impoſe.
My ſoul entire to thee I did reſign;
Except my bed, whate'er I had was thine.
In fetters let th'ungrateful ſlave be ty'd,
Some gloomy dungeon ſhall the monſter hide.

Dungeons he ſaid, and chains I can defy,
But would not, curſt with your diſpleaſure, die.
This ſad reflexion aggravates my fate:
How ſhall I bear my gen'rous maſter's hate?
Oh ſtay! at laſt my vindication hear,
While by th' *Unutterable Name* I ſwear,
My thoughts are all from this injuſtice clear.

He ceas'd, and ſtill *Sabrina*'s ſhame conceals,
Nor one accuſing word her fraud reveals.
Now to a damp unwholſom vault convey'd,
*Joſeph* in ignominious chains is laid.

# BOOK VII.

*An Angel visits* Joseph *in Prison, and in a prophetic Vision shews him his own Advancement, and the future Fate of his Father's Posterity, their Bondage and miraculous Deliverance. The Keeper of the Ward convinc'd of* Joseph's *Innocence, treats him with great Esteem. The Dreams of his Fellow-Prisoners, and* Joseph's *Interpretation.*

'TWAS night, and now advanc'd the solemn hour;
The keeper of the prison, from his tow'r,
Astonish'd, sees a form divinely bright,
Smile thro' the shades, and dissipate the night;
With streaming splendor tracing all the way,
It enters where the new-come pris'ner lay.

Some God, he cries, who innocence defends,
Some God in that propitious light descends.
This stranger sure, whate'er the fact can be
Alledg'd against him, from the guilt is free.

The sacred vision to the youth appears,
His spirits with celestial fragrance chears.
His heav'nly smiles would ev'n despair control,
And with immortal rapture fill the Soul.

His

Pleas'd with the glories of her future fate,
She yields without reluctance to her fate.

*Cyrena* ends her tale; the closing day
Withdrew its splendour, and forbid their stay.

# BOOK VI.

*Joseph's Miſtreſs at laſt diſcovers her criminal Paſſion to him, but is repuls'd. She complains to her Nurſe, who vainly tries the Force of Spells. She is ſent by her Miſtreſs to* Harpinus. *His Cell deſcribed. He conſults the Planets, and flatters her with Succeſs; till finding the* Hebrew *Youth inflexible to all her Charms, ſhe falſly accuſes him to his Maſter by whom he is confined to a Priſon.*

STILL with impatient love *Sabrina* pines,
And now to ſpeak the fatal truth deſigns;
Sooth'd by her own indulgent hopes, which trace
A ſecret paſſion in the *Hebrew's* face.
He ſighs, and when he thinks himſelf alone,
Oft ſeems ſome new misfortune to bemoan,
In foreign Accents, and a tongue unknown.
Her vanity an explanation found,
And put a ſenſe on every flatt'ring ſound.
Forgetful of her nuptial vows and fame,
She fondly thus betrays her guilty flame.

If yet my torments are to thee unknown,
If yet my ſighs thy myſt'ry have not ſhewn,
Inſenſible,—let this confeſſion prove
The ſtrange exceſs, and grandeur of my love.

Yet

The night was cover'd with unuſual dread,
While ev'ry ſtar malignant influence ſhed.
Pale ſpectres thro' the ſtreets of *Zoan* roam,
From ſepulchres amazing echoes come;
While, like a flaming meteor, down the ſkies,
With threat'ning ſpeed the fatal angel flies.
Reluctant juſtice, with a grace ſevere,
Sits in his looks, and triumphs in his air.
A creſted helmet ſhades his awful brows;
Behind his military veſture flows,
And like an ev'ning's ruddy meteor glows.
He graſps his ſword, unſheath'd for certain fate,
Deſtruction, death, and terror on him wait:
Mortal the ſtroke, inviſible the wound,
While dying groans with mingled ſhrieks reſound.
From houſe to houſe the dreadful rumour runs,
While wretched fathers mourn their firſt-born ſons.

Th' alarm'd *Egyptians*, at the breaking day,
Hurry the ſacred multitude away:
But *Pharaoh* ſoon his daring ſin renews,
Blaſpheming loud the reſcu'd ſlaves purſues;
The fearful tribes ſtand trembling on the ſhore,
The foe behind, a raging ſea before.

Their glorious chief extends his pow'rful wand,
And gives the mighty ſignal from the ſtrand;
Th' obedient waves the mighty ſignal take,
And parting, crowd the diſtant ſurges back;
On either hand, like cryſtal hills, they riſe,
Between a wide ſtupendous valley lies:

joyful ſhouts the grateful *Hebrews* paſs,
does the harden'd foe decline the chace;
heav'n's command the watry chain diſſolves,
in the whelming deep their pride involves.
*Iſrael* thro' the deſart take their way,
by a cloud which marches on by day;
efting chear'd th' encamping hoſt by night,
lambent flame, and unexampled light.

here lofty *Sinah* ſhades the neighb'ring plain,
n ed now the ſacred tribes remain;
'd with myſtick rites, to hear with awe,
r Saviour God pronounce their future law:
bounds the mountain guard from all approach,
raſhly none the hallow'd place might touch.

luctant ſee th' appointed morning riſe,
fiery ſplendors glow around the ſkies.
e from th' ethereal ſummit God deſcends,
ith his feet the ſtarry convex bends.
adiant form majeſtick darkneſs hides,
e on a tempeſt rapid wings he rides.
trembling earth his awful preſence owns,
foreſt flames, the cleaving deſert groans,
river back his wand'ring current calls,
ruſhing down the ſubterranean falls,
he profoundeſt caves affrighted flies,
al'd and bare each ſandy channel lies.
r ſtately heads the ancient mountains ſink,
to a level with the vales would ſhrink;
n ſecure in their primæval beds,
ath the waves would hide their fearful heads.

Old *Sinah* quakes at the tremendous weight,
That preſs'd with awful feet his cloudy height;
Obſcur'd with blackneſs, ſhades, and curling ſmoke,
Prodigious lightnings from the darkneſs broke;
While raging thunders round the welkin fly,
Th' ethereal trumpet ſounding loud and high.

Adoring low the pious nation bend,
And now the ſolemn voice of God attend:
The angel ſhifts the ſcene, and leaves the reſt
Inimitable all, and not to be expreſs'd.

The curtain'd *Tabernacle* next he paints,
Nor colours for the gay pavilion wants;
The golden altar, with attending prieſts,
Their ſacred pomp, and inſtituted veſts.
Then brings the favour'd tribes where *Jordan* flows:
And all the well-known bord'ring landſkip ſhews.

An airy conqueſt on *Bethoron*'s plain,
The warlike ſons of *Jacob* now obtain:
Before the troops a glorious leader ſtands,
A painted jav'lin balanc'd in his hands;
He boldly thus the rolling orbs commands.

Thou ſun! to lengthen this victorious day,
With ling'ring beams on lofty *Gibeah* ſtay:
And thou, fair morn! retard thy haſty flight,
And gild the vales of *Ajalon* at night.

This ſaid, the flying army they purſue,
And all the *Amorean* kings o'erthrew.

The

omis'd land entirely gain'd, they spread
eaceful dwellings round *Moriah*'s head.

with the night the pleasing vision flies;
unseal'd the youthful prophet's eyes,
ses from the heav'nly trance releas'd,
the sacred agitation ceas'd.

[illegible] daily to the vault
[illegible] the night's prisoner brought;
him with kindness, and a just regard,
ve him all the freedom of the ward.

*Pharaoh*'s servants two were here detain'd,
ward, who his table did command,
he that fill'd the royal cup with wine;
th both as traitors in design.
observing a dejected air
ry in their eyes, with friendly care
s the cause, which freely both reveal,
eir dreams of the past night they tell.

[illegible] first:——methought a bulky vine
p th[illegible]; three waving branches mine
urple grapes, and to my hand incline:
d the tempting fruit without control,
ave to *Pharaoh*'s hand the flowing bowl.

next begins:——Three canisters replete
yal viands, and luxurious meat,
'd my drooping head, while birds of prey
reful croakings snatch'd the food away.

Unhappy man! thy dream from God was ſent,
The *Hebrew* ſaid, and full of black portent:
The third returning day ſhall bring thy doom,
When thou a prey to vultures ſhalt become.

Then to the firſt, theſe joyful comments ſound;
Before the ſun has twice fulfill'd his round,
Thou with thy former honours ſhalt be crown'd.
But in the triumph of thy proſp'rous fate,
Kindly remember my unhappy ſtate,
Who by the blackeſt falſhood here am ſtay'd,
To this the man a courtier's promiſe made.

# BOOK VIII.

h's *Miſtreſs languiſhes in Sorrow and Remorſe for her Treachery; which ſhe confeſſes in the Agonies of Death.* Pharaoh's *prophetic Dreams interpreted by* Joſeph. *His Grandeur and Marriage with the Daughter of an* Egyptian *Prieſt.*

UT now *Sabrina*'s guilty fire returns,
Her boſom with the raging paſſion burns:
e with a female tenderneſs relents,
id all her former cruelty repents.
her accus'd, in chains the captive lies,
r whom ſhe fondly languiſhes and dies.
ıı ıted, and enraged, ſhe often curſt
pride, her folly, and revengeful luſt.
deep remorſe, from conſcience of her ſin,
ith conſtant horrors vex her ſoul within.
:r thoughts ten thouſand racking torments feel,
:t in her treach'rous crime obdurate ſtill.
:r life and youthful ſpirits melt away,
er beauty withers with a ſwift decay:
' day ſhe wildly raves, conſumes the night
thoughtleſs watchings, and imagin'd fright;
hile airy terrors glide before her ſight.
le ghoſts with wide diſtorted eye balls ſtare,
nd burning ſpectres thro' the darkneſs glare,

Till forc'd by fate, and torments more intenſe,
To vindicate ſuſpected innocence,
To *Potiphar* the hidden truth ſhe tells,
And all the faithleſs myſtery reveals.

And now he comes—inſulting death! ſhe cries,
Perpetual darkneſs ſwims before my eyes.
If there are Gods that human things regard,
My monſtrous crimes will meet a juſt reward.
Oh ſacred virtue! at thine awful name
I ſtart, and all my former thoughts diſclaim;
For thou art no fantaſtick empty thing,
From thee alone unmingled pleaſures ſpring.
The world, the boundleſs univerſe I'd give,
My firſt unblemiſh'd honour to retrieve:
'Tis vainly wiſh'd!—to ſome ſtrange realms below,
Some dark uncomfortable coaſts I go.

She ſpoke, and gaſping in the pangs of death,
With ling'ring agonies reſign'd her breath:
While *Joſeph* by the courtier was forgot;
Till fate the period of his freedom brought.

Th' *Ægyptian* monarch from a ſhort repoſe,
And troubled viſions, with the morning roſe.
T' explain the doubtful omens in his breaſt,
He ſummons ev'ry planetary prieſt:
Their orders, which to diff'rent ſtars belong,
Were ſoon aſſembled, a ſurpriſing throng;
Sullen their looks, and varied was their veſt,
A wild Devotion thro' the whole expreſs'd.

( of a hue;
l d a g it drew;
*Poppies*, *Aconite*, and *Hellebore*,
*ake*, and *Nightshade*, strangely figur'd o'er;
: twist of serpents curling round,
h nstrous ornament the foldings bound.

Wi a verdant forest seem'd to move,
· fl robes with palmy branches wove.
th pa , l , and ev'ry savage beast
: 'd in li c , some were dress'd.
others ea s sp their wings; on some
pp d the ostrich' h phick plume;
others wore a crocodile,
'ith all the monstrous of *Nile*.

*Nasar*, a youth vow'd to the morning star,
'ith budding roses had adorn'd his hair.
is raiment of inestimable cost
litter'd with pearl, an imitated frost.
'erspread with landskips wrought in miniature,
rising scenes the ravish'd sight allure:
r fountains, flow'ry walks, and myrtle groves,
cks with gaudy trains, and shining doves.

The prince with anxious looks relates his dreams,
he doubtful sages search their heav'nly schemes:
all their stars were mute, the meaning flies
n trackless darkness, and obscure disguise.

The bearer of the cup did now reflect
n his past danger, and his base neglect;

And thus his royal maſter he addreſs'd:
Be *Pharaoh*'s bounty, and my guilt confeſs'd,
When with my fellow criminal detain'd,
We by thy juſtice in the ward remain'd,
A *Hebrew* youth, unjuſtly there confin'd,
From nightly omens which perplex'd the mind,
With clear conviction did our lot unfold;
My honour, and the ſteward's doom foretold.
Amidſt the ſolemn darkneſs of the night,
His cell was glitter'd with ethereal light;
For highly favour'd by th' immortal Gods,
To viſit him they left their bright abodes.

*Joſeph*, unfetter'd, they from priſon bring,
By heav'n inſpir'd, he ſtands before the King;
Who thus repeats his dream: Methought I ſtood
On the fair borders of our ſacred flood:
While, curious, I ſurvey'd the ſpreading ſtream,
Seven bulky oxen from the river came,
Fat and well-favour'd: o'er the verdant mead
They proudly rang'd, and on the paſture fed;
When juſt their number roſe, of aſpect ſour,
Ill ſhap'd, and meagre, who the firſt devour.
The ſcene was chang'd, when ſpringing in my walk,
Seven blades of corn adorn'd one bending ſtalk
Ripen'd and full; when lo! a ſecond rears
His blaſted top, with ſeven unfruitful ears;
This ſwallow'd greedily the former ſtore,
As the lean oxen did the fat before.
I woke with great anxiety oppreſs'd,
And for the meaning ev'ry God addreſs'd.

The Almighty God o'er earth and skies supreme,
The youthful prophet cries, has sent this dream
To *Pharaoh*, which discovers future things;
What changes on the world his pleasure brings.
With one intent the sacred vision came,
Of both the hidden meaning is the same.

Seven plenteous years begin their joyful round,
The fields with boundless harvest shall be crown'd;
Then seven unprosp'rous years shall these devour,
And leave no remnant of the former store.

But that the people and the king may live,
This counsel heav'n commissions me to give,
That wasteful luxury should be restrain'd,
And wise intendants thro' the realm ordain'd:
Let these against the threat'ning ill provide,
Lay up the corn, and o'er the stores preside.

This youth by some propitious pow'r was sent,
The prince replies, our ruin to prevent:
Then bids them an imperial vestment bring,
And from his finger draws a costly ring:
And this, he said, a sacred pledge shall be
Of those bright honours I reserve for thee.
My pow'r, my kingdom I to thee resign,
The sov'reign title only shall be mine;
To thee my noblest favourites shall bow,
Our guardian God, our great preserver thou!

His second chariot then the king ordains,
Should be prepar'd: white steeds with scarlet reins

The

The triumph drew; they champ the golden bit,
And ſpurn the duſty ground with airy feet.
On high with princely pomp the youth was plac'd,
With marks of pow'r, and regal enſigns grac'd;
Gay heralds, *bow the knee*, before him cry,
The crowd adore him as he paſſes by:
Nor here the royal favours were confin'd,
Great *Pharaoh*'s daughter is his bride deſign'd.

The night had twice in ſable triumph reign'd,
And twice the circling light its empire gain'd:
When from his high apartment *Joſeph* ſees
A lofty temple, thro' the waving trees.
To *Iſis* vow'd: He from the gilded dome,
Raviſh'd, beheld a beauteous virgin come.
An artleſs modeſty improves her face,
An elegant reſerve, and matchleſs grace:
A roſy tincture in her cheeks appears,
Lovely as that the blooming morning wears:
Her eyes a ſprightly blue; her length of hair
Diſhevell'd hung, like threads of ſilver fair.
Long ſtrings of jet and pearl, in mingled twiſts,
Adorn'd her well-ſhap'd neck, and ſlender wriſts.
Her robes were heav'nly azure, ſprinkled o'er
With ſtars; a creſcent on her breaſt ſhe wore.

The wounded *Hebrew* for the virgin ſigh'd,
And felt a growing paſſion yet untry'd:
Her lovely image, on his mind impreſs'd,
Had fix'd her empire in his yielding breaſt.
But oh! what anguiſh did his ſoul invade,
When he was told, the lov'd enchanting maid

' holy shrine devoutly bow'd,
rgin priestess to the goddess vow'd?
this, he cry'd, must all my hopes confound,
my grief, incurable my wound!

the fame uncontradicted goes,
t he th' *Ægyptian* princess must espouse
d and distress'd, he hears the spreading news,
nd dreads the offer, which he must refuse,
with dissembled vows the imperial maid abuse.
*nab*'s pow'r, (that was the priestess' name)
uld in his breast admit no rival flame.

The royal maid no less unhappy prov'd;
/ho long illustrious *Cormul* had lov'd;
n *Ethiopian* prince, whose faultless face,
nd shape exceeded all the tawny race.
lis features nobly turn'd, his piercing eyes
parkl'd like stars amidst the gloomy skies;
t once they dazzled, and engag'd the sight
/ith awful lustre, and imperious light.
lack as a midnight cloud, his yielding hair
1 easy curls waves to the gentle air,

The princess, pain'd with secret discontent,
ler father's purpose labours to prevent;
1 vain! the king obstructs her young desires,
t first the pleasure of the gods enquires.

Just *Potiphera*, an unblemish'd priest,
lis piety sincere, but ill address'd,

While

While fragrant incenſe round the temple ſmokes,
*Oſiris* from the monarch he invokes.
The fiends, in hopes to croſs the great deſign,
And awful will of providence divine,
With penalties forbid the king's intent,
The *Hebrew*'s future greatneſs to prevent:
Then nam'd the fair *Aſenath* for his bride,
And blindly with eternal fate comply'd:
Effecting heav'n's predeſtinated ends,
While *Joſeph*'s ruin envious hell intends;
Nor doubts the young idolatreſs would prove
His ſnare, and ſoon ſeduce him with her love.

The prieſt, yet trembling, near the altar ſtands,
And dreads the ſacrilege the god commands.
My daughter nam'd! he cries, to *Iſis* vow'd
By myſtick rites, which no reverſe allow'd!
It muſt be ſo—The gods pronounce it fit,
The prieſt his will, the king muſt his ſubmit.

The maid reluctant leaves the holy ſhrine,
But yields obedience to the pow'rs divine.
The gift, as heav'n's, the joyful youth regards,
Which thus bright virtue crowns, and ſacred truth rewards.

# BOOK IX.

*The ſeven plenteous Years; with the enſuing Years of Scarcity.* Joſeph's *Character as Regent over the Land of* Egypt. Jacob *diſtreſs'd with the Famine, ſends his Sons thither for Corn.* Joſeph *diſcovers his Brethren, but is unknown of them: Pretends to ſuſpect them as publick Spies, and keeps them three Days in Priſon; at laſt ſends them back, with a Charge to bring their younger Brother with them, and detains* Simeon *as an Hoſtage till their Return.*

THE jocund years with ſmiling plenty crown'd,
In ſhining circles now advanc'd their round:
Unbounded crops reward the reaper's toil,
And ruſtick pleaſures chear the banks of *Nile*.
The *Hebrew*, late advanc'd by royal grace,
With dignity and ſplendour fills his place,
Still watchful for the publick good, with care
Reſtrains exceſs, by penalties ſevere,
While juſtice, truth, and temp'rate virtue, reign'd
Amidſt the height of plenty thro' the land:
His prudent ſway the grateful people bleſs,
In all the calm ſerenity of peace.

But ſoon the ſmiling years their period run,
A gloomy æra now its courſe begun:
Pale famine comes, with her malignant train,
Dries up the ſprings, and taints the fertile plain:
The trees decay, each flow'r, and balmy plant
Pine at their roots, and vital humour want:
No pearly moiſture on the meadow lies;
To fan the air no gentle breezes riſe.
The languid moon ſheds from her ſilent ſphere
No cooling dews, the thirſty earth to chear.
A ſultry night enſues a ſcorching day;
While diſmal ſigns the fiery clouds diſplay.

Nor *Egypt* mourns alone her blaſted ground,
pale famine ſtalks thro' all the regions round:
*Moriah*'s plain, and *Hermon*'s flow'ry hill
Wither'd and bare, the hot contagion feel:
That fertile climate, by peculiar grace,
Deſign'd the lot of *Abraham*'s future race.
Where long with peace, and fatal plenty gay,
The pagan princes bore imperial ſway,
Their crimes not full:—While *Jacob* ſojourn'd here
A ſtranger, as his great forefathers were:
The common fate he ſhares, with famine preſs'd,
And for his num'rous family diſtreſs'd:
He ſends his ſons, by heav'nly conduct led,
To *Egypt*'s plenteous granaries for bread:
Domeſtick wants require their utmoſt haſte,
And *Zoan*'s regal tow'rs they reach at laſt.

With ſoft *Aſſyria*, now in all her pride
Of wealth and grandeur, *Pharaoh*'s palace vy'd:

More

hc  ſtill the riſing fav'rite grew,
s  royal maſter's kindneſs knew:
ful perſon, charming to the ſight,
k, yet more mild than morning light:
rtues, every grateful tongue employ,
pe  's boaſt, their wonder, and their joy.
ri  views were to his ſoul unknown,
: the kingdom's welfare ſtill his own:
oppreſſor's wrongs are by his power redreſs'd,
guards the orphan, ſuccours the diſtreſs'd;
to diſtant countries flies abroad,
*Egypt* names him as her guardian god.
s ſtill his officers attend,
Vi  neigh'bring ſtates their num'rous envoys ſend;
Who for themſelves, and pining race, implore
The food of life from his abundant ſtore.

Among the foremoſt of the ſuppliant crowd
The *Hebrew* ſwains with low ſubmiſſion bow'd;
th ſtern regard each kindred face he views,
ir fight the late deteſted ſcene renews;
r parting malice and inhuman rage
'o juſt revenge his ſwelling thoughts engage.
ong ſilent in a gloomy pauſe he ſtands;
t laſt their country, buſineſs, name, demands.

My lord, thy ſervants, (with a modeſt grace,
'udah replies) are all of *Hebrew* race:
'welve brethren late, a joyful father's boaſt,
Till one, by ſome unhappy chance was loſt;
The youngeſt with his aged ſire remains
The darling, which his drooping life ſuſtains:

To

To purchaſe corn we come, our falling breath,
An infant race, to ſave from ling'ring death.

Thy tale (he ſaid) unfolds its own diſguiſe;
By *Pharaoh*'s ſacred life, you all are ſpies;
Then to the guards with ſtern command he turns,
While yet reſentment in his boſom burns;
In cloſe confinement be theſe men retain'd,
Till we ſome knowledge of their plot have gain'd.

With juſt remorſe, and ſecret horror ſtruck,
The conſcious *Hebrews* at each other look,
In foreign accents, to the guards unknown,
Their length of unrepented ſin they own;
Joſeph, not yet withdrawn, their language hears,
And haſtes away, to hide the guſhing tears.

Oh! we are guilty of our brother's blood,
Tho' heav'n th' intended fratricide withſtood:
With unrelenting hate, for ſordid gold,
The gentle youth to *Midianites* we ſold
A ſlave, and ſuch perhaps he ſtill may live;
Almighty God, the monſtrous crime forgive!
Unmov'd we ſaw the anguiſh of his breaſt,
In mournful looks, and flowing tears expreſs'd:
Unmov'd, and loſt to nature, virtue, ſenſe,
Unmov'd we heard his tender eloquence.
Such beauty, innocence, and blooming grace
Would have ſubdu'd in wilds a ſavage race.

caves, what dungeons, ſhould ſuch monſters
e?
condemn'd, and Heav'n is juſtify'd.

W I *Reuben*, who the barbarous fact diſclaim'd,
ſad as their former malice blam'd,
I E 'n your flowing tears might waſh away
| ſtains of that deteſted day;
horror, with eternal grief, I trace;
The ſoft impreſſion of my brother's face,
rells on my heart, the tragic ſcene I view,
I ful object is for ever new.
ethinks I ſee the anguiſh, the ſurpriſe,
The melting ſorrow in his lovely eyes,
While kneeling, pleading all the tender claims
Of kindred blood, he ſingly call'd your names,
And one by one invok'd—what power I had,
Was all employ'd to ſave the guiltleſs lad:
His filial love and goodneſs, free from art,
Touch'd every tender motion in my heart,
When for his drooping father's hoary age
He try'd your ſoft compaſſion to engage:
I hear his cries, while round his ſuppliant hands,
Without remorſe you ty'd the cruel bands;
My ſoul is wounded with the farewel groan,
When to the yawning pit you forc'd him down.

What helliſh frenzy did your boſoms fire
Againſt ſuch youth and virtue to conſpire?
What was his mighty crime?—a childiſh dream,
A ſleeping fancy's viſionary ſcheme:

His

His blood's aveng'd—While here we lie confin'd,
Our wretched offspring are with famine pin'd.

Their eldeſt brother's juſt reproach they own,
And humbly now addreſs th' eternal throne,
With penitence ſincere they inly mourn,
While thrice the day and tedious night return.

Mean time the thoughtful regent in his breaſt
The firſt vindictive motions had ſuppreſt.
When early for the *Hebrew* train he ſends,
And kindneſs in a ſtern diſguiſe intends;
Conducted to his preſence, proſtrate all
(As once their ſheaves before his ſtood) they fall.

The pow'r that ſits above the ſtarry ſkies
(He ſaid) nor ſhall you find injuſtice here;
To prove that you have no deceitful view,
Nor hoſtile aim, but are in friendſhip true,
One of your kindred number left behind,
Th'attending guards ſhall as in hoſtage bind;
Secure from wrongs, the captive ſhall remain,
If at ſet limits your return be ſeen:
But be for ever baniſh'd from this place,
Nor ever hope again to ſee my face,
Unleſs you bring your youngeſt brother here,
No more on *Egypt*'s fatal coaſt appear;
Be this a proof your words have no diſguiſe,
Or you by *Pharaoh*'s ſacred life are ſpies.

Alas, my lord, in tents thy ſervants ſleep,
(The ſwains reply) our herds and bleating ſheep

En

s our humble cares, no martial claims
our minds, no wild ambitious aims;
rs to pompous courts, the flow'ry field,
neful grove, to us their pleasures yield;
y'd there, secure from noise and strife,
nless ease we spend a peaceful life;
stliest banquets in some balmy shade,
nature's simple luxury are made;
ams of grandeur, no aspiring thought,
rvants to the *Memphian* limits brought;
'd with famine, to this friendly shore
me, your kind assistance to implore.

[illegible] they, [illegible] dismiss'd
ill supplies, and to their country haste
fierce grief [illegible] their
y thoughts pursuing'd some fad event;
ptive son was miss'd—his fears t'expel,
pleasing truth in soothing words they tell:
temper, every circumstance he hears,
s fond prop of his declining years,
*yamin* was nam'd—that cruel part,
of all their well-meant flatt'ring art,
piercing anguish wounds his tenderest soul,
ns of reason can its force control:
ary head with weighty sorrow prest'd,
d sunk upon his pensive breast.
reful tears their sacks unty'd,
'd, their coin restor'd again they spy'd.

t can these mysterious means, good Jacob find,
fatal storm is breaking o'er my head?

Why is my life prolong'd? of bliſs bereft?
*Joſeph* is not:—My ſingle comfort left,
To diſtant climes an exile you would bear,
Againſt me all theſe ſad events appear;
But know, the flame of life ſhall quit my heart
Ere with the lovely blooming youth I part.

Content we then muſt ſacrifice our lives,
Our guiltleſs offspring and our tender wives,
(*Judah* replies) condemn'd to periſh here,
And ne'er again on *Egypt*'s coaſts appear:
The man, the mighty ruler of the land,
With eyes to heav'n addreſs'd, and lifted hand,
The man proteſted with a ſolemn grace,
Not one of us ſhould ever ſee his face,
Nor other proof our innocence ſhould clear,
Unleſs we brought our youngeſt brother there.

And why would you that needleſs truth make known,
Or that you had a younger brother own?
The anxious parent ſaid.—Alas could we,
*Reuben* replies, the conſequence foreſee?
Or had the certainty been fully known,
Could we, with ſpecious lies, the fact diſown?
Or ſtraitly queſtion'd, by a man ſo great,
Conceal our publick or domeſtick ſtate?
Indeed he roughly talkt, but ſtill there broke
Some ſecret pity thro' his fierceſt look;
However dark the paſt events appear,
We've nothing from ſuch clemency to fear;

Where'er

Where'er with eaſy ſtate he paſs'd along,
His virtues echo'd thro' the ſhouting throng:
Then why, my honour'd ſire, theſe vain delays?
Eternal cares a thouſand ſcruples raiſe;
Our *Simeon* bound, a ſlave unranſom'd lies,
Our time's elaps'd, and we condemn'd for ſpies:
Commit your darling to my faithful hand,
Of me again the ſacred pledge demand.
Two lovely boys, adorn'd with every grace,
Secure I leave as ſureties in his place;
If any negligence my honour ſtain,
Without compaſſion let them both be ſlain.

Half yielding now he ſtands—Their houſhold ſtraits,
*Judah* with artleſs eloquence repeats.

With falt'ring ſpeech, and anguiſh in his eyes,
Then go in peace, the vanquiſh'd patriarch cries:
Celeſtial providence your ſteps attend,
And angel guards from every ill defend;
With doubl'd money for your corn advance,
Perhaps the reſtoration was a chance;
But take ſome grateful preſent in your hand,
The balmy products of your native land:
And be th' eternal majeſty implor'd,
The God my great progenitors ador'd)
To grant you favour in the ruler's ſight,
And bring your injur'd innocence to light:
But know, if miſchief ſhould the lad attend,
My hoary hairs down to the grave you ſend.

# BOOK X.

*The* Hebrews *return with their youngeſt Brother* Egypt. Joſeph *treats them with great Kindneſs a ſplendid Entertainment; but ſtill he conceals his lation to them. At laſt they are diſmiſs'd w ful Supplies of Corn; but the Steward, as o by his Lord, ſecretly conveys a Silver Cup into Be min's Sack. After they are gone out of the City, h purſues and charges them with the pretended Theft and at laſt he finds it in* Benjamin's *Sack. They retur with great Conſternation, when* Joſeph *diſcovers him ſelf to them.*

THEIR father's bleſſing on their knees they take
And now to *Memphis* quick advances make,
Where ſafe arriv'd, but fearful of their doom,
To *Joſeph*'s ſteward haſtily they come,
Diſcloſe in humble terms their late miſtake,
And render doubl'd all the money back.

Your father's God (he ſaid) your coin reſtor'd,
'Twas juſtly paid; then leads them to his lord.

Their gifts, with proſtrate homage, they preſent;
His gracious ſmiles their riſing doubts prevent;

For

orgetful of himſelf, with eager haſte,
le forward ſtept, and *Benjamin* embrac'd:
His heart expands with ſympathetick joy,
While in his arms he folds the wond'ring boy;
Fond nature ſtruggles with the vain diſguiſe,
A brother ſparkles in his radiant eyes:
Scarce all his grandeur from the gentle youth
With mutual rapture touch'd) conceals the truth;
And half diſclos'd the kindred ſoul appears,
Till *Joſeph* flies to hide the ſwelling tears,
That melting love and ſoft ſurpriſe excite,
But recollected, ſoon returns in ſight.

Conducts them now into a ſpacious hall,
Where well-worn ſlaves, obſequious to the call,
To luxury inur'd, with artful care,
A ſplendid banquet inſtantly prepare;
Embroider'd carpets cover all the ground,
While fragrant ointments ſpread their odours round,
Large ſilver lavers, with officious care,
The gay attendants round the circle bear.

And now, with coſtly fare and ſparkling wine
Of various ſorts, the loaded tables ſhine,
Beneath a glitt'ring canopy of ſtate
In *Tyrian* robes the graceful regent ſat;
With all the bounty of a royal feaſt
He nobly entertains each *Hebrew* gueſt:
Their hoſtage freed the mutual joy compleats,
In order plac'd, they take their deſtin'd ſeats:
With ſprightly wines, and ſocial converſe gay,
In guiltleſs mirth they ſpend the fleeting day.

In calm repoſe ſupinely paſs the night,
Till riſing with the morning's roſy light,
They haſte away, with full proviſions ſtor'd,
In every ſack (as order'd by his lord)
Their coin the ſteward ſecretly convey'd;
A ſilver cup in *Benjamin*'s was laid.

Secure the ſuburbs utmoſt bounds were paſt,
When with a feign'd concern and anxious haſte,
He overtakes the hindmoſt of the train,
And thus accoſts them in an angry ſtrain.

How could you thus, ungrateful and unjuſt,
Againſt the rules of hoſpitable truſt,
Combine, the conſecrated cup to ſteal,
By which my lord does ſecret things reveal.

With what ſtrange meaning is thy language fraught,
Surpris'd, they cry, we're guiltleſs, even in thought,
And by th' immortal God, we dare proteſt,
Such black deſigns are ſtrangers to our breaſt.
Our coin unaſk'd exactly we reſtor'd,
How ſhould we then abuſe thy injur'd lord,
And baſely, gold or ſilver from him ſteal,
While recent favours yet our thanks compel?
If ſuch enormous guilt our boſoms ſtain,
Vaſſals for life thy ſervants ſhall remain;
The wretch, convicted of a crime ſo high,
Unpity'd here before thy face ſhall die.

Content, he ſaid, and ſearch'd their burdens round;
At laſt, the cup in *Benjamin*'s was found:

Wil

ld despair, their folding vests they rent,
ward to the royal office went.

egent here, but oh! how chang'd they find,
the mild, beneficent and kind,
ely asking, in an alter'd tone,
rong is this your guilty hands have done?
I might know, where dress and learning shine,
like me, must certainly divine.

ate they fall, while *Judah* for the rest,
ingled sighs their mutual grief express'd.

can I say?——How shall thy servant speak?
pathetick words my silence break?
ergy of language shall I find,
the wild distraction of my mind?
ivine, with keen revenge begins
on up our lengthen'd score of sins;
et crimes, this rigorous stroke, demand;
-condemn'd, we here thy vassals stand.

-cries the gracious Regent, only he
hom the cup was found, my slave shall be;
in peace, your needless fears resign,
uth, a publick criminal, is mine.

*Judah* thus, (still gently drawing near)
'd, my lord, to lend a gracious ear,

While I the tender circumstance repeat,
And for my father's hoary age intreat.

Two lovely boys, the pleasure of his life,
And only offspring of a beauteous wife,
The elder *Branch*, by an untimely death,
Snatch'd from his arms, long since resign'd his breat
The youngest who does now his care engage,
The single prop of his declining age,
The constant theme of every pleasing thought,
Your strict command, my lord, has hither brought;
Our sire (thy servant) long refus'd to grant
The pressing suit, till forc'd by meagre want,
And just concern, to clear our injur'd truth,
He to my conduct gave the gentle youth.

But oh! what killing anguish pierc'd his heart,
When thus compell'd with *Benjamin* to part!
With all the eloquence that filial love
Could e'er inspire to calm his fears I strove;
But all in vain, on dismal thoughts intent,
If mischief should his blooming life prevent,
My hoary hairs, he said, with grief oppress'd,
Must to the gloomy grave descend for rest.

And I, unhappy, whither shall I go,
To shun that dark distracting scene of woe?
My father's wretchedness I cannot see,
Depriv'd of every future joy by me;
For I, with all the arguments I had,
Became myself a surety for the lad,

And muſt again the precious pledge reſtore,
Or ſee my aged parent's face no more.

My lord, you ſeem to have a tender heart,
Tho' ſometimes forc'd to act a rig'rous part)
This firſt, unfortunate offence, forgive,
Or let thy ſervant here a vaſſal live
A bondſlave, in my youngeſt brother's ſtead,
Condemn'd no more my native ſoil to tread.

No longer *Joſeph* could his tears control,
Or hide the ſoft emotions of his ſoul;
Relenting ſigns the watchful *Hebrews* ſaw,
In haſte he bids th' attendants all withdraw.

I am your brother *Joſeph*, then he cries,
With tears and melting goodneſs in his eyes,
That brother you to *Midian* merchants ſold
On *Dothan*'s plain—Nor need the reſt be told.

The cruel fact, alas, too well they knew,
And, with diſorder'd looks, each other view.

He then demands—How fares my honour'd ſire?
Confus'd and mute they farther off retire;
A guilty ſhame on every face was ſpread,
Come near, my brethren, then he mildly ſaid,
Reflect not on yourſelves, with thoughts ſevere,
It was not you, but God, that ſent me here;
His goodneſs rul'd the circumſtance and place,
To ſave the flock of *Abraham*'s ſacred race;

Five years of cruel famine yet remain,
While, destitute of hope, the careful swain
Shall neither sow nor reap——The burning soil,
Uuntill'd shall lie, or mock his fruitless toil;
But heav'n has sent me here, to save your lives,
Your infant offspring, and your tender wives.

Th' *Ægyptian* king, in every virtue great,
Ordains me second ruler in the state;
The strength, the pow'r, the wealth of all the land,
Without restraint, are trusted to my hand.

Return, and in my father's ears relate
The plenty, pomp, and grandeur of my state;
Tell him, I long his hoary age to greet,
And throw myself in raptures at his feet:
Let him come down to *Goshen*'s healthful air,
His whole domestick charge shall be my care.

Dismiss your fears—This painful silence break!
You see a friend! you hear a brother speak!
Behold the tender motions of my heart,
No more disguis'd with grandeur, or with art!
Regard me well, the kindred features trace,
You'll find the prints of nature in my face!

Then clasping round his youngest brother's neck,
No longer strives the gushing tears to check;
The friendly ardor throws of all disguise,
While nature sits triumphant in his eyes;
Nor less delight transports the gentle youth,
Replete with goodness, innocence and truth;

as fore'd to act a rig rous part;
rtunate offence, forgive,
ınt here a vaſſal live
ı my youngeſt brother's ſtead,
more my native ſoil to tread.

*oſeph* could his tears control,
t emotions of his ſoul;
the watchful *Hebrews* ſaw,
ı th' attendants all withdraw.

her *Joſeph*, then he cries,
melting goodneſs in his eyes,
ou to *Midian* merchants ſold
lain—Nor need the reſt be told.

ıft, alas, too well they knew,
order'd looks, each other view.

But ſoon the loaded carriages appear,
Recal his life, his drooping ſpirits chear.

My *Joſeph* lives! (tranſporting truth) he
I'll ſee his face and cloſe my aged eyes:
Content, reſign theſe poor remains of breath,
And gently reſt in the calm ſhades of death.

# Miſcellaneous Pieces

OF

## Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.

# DIALOGUES.

## DIALOGUE I.

*Againſt ridiculing perſonal defects.*

*LOUISA.*

HOW could you be ſo barbarous, ſiſter, to ridicule Mrs. *Moliere*'s ſhape, and mimic her limping ſtep, when ſhe was hardly got out of the room?

*MARIA.*

HIS reproof from you, Madam, is really unexed. I thought to render myſelf agreeable by imita- Mrs. *Moliere*'s airs and graces: I never yet heard

you own that ſhe was either cro
any deformity in her perſon or t ru.

*LOUISA.*

If there was not a greater deformity t
than in her perſon, you could never ridicule
ral defects, which a generous and huma
pity; eſpecially in one of her affable an
cellent underſtanding. Inſtead of deſpiſi
you ought to thank God that yours is not ſuch as it.

*MARIA*

That I do moſt heartily! My devotions on th
are very ardent and ſincere, whatever they are o
occaſions.

*LOUISA.*

If you had her mind, tho' with a worſe fig
hers, it would be no diſadvantage to you. T
ſuch a beauty in her whole conduct, ſuch a
calm and ſweetneſs in her temper, that one muſt
malicious to overlook ſo much merit, and make
marks on the defects of her form. I wiſh you
take this generous advice of Mrs. *Barber*'s:

*On vice your hum'rous vein diſplay,*
*'Tis meritorious there;*
*Or tow'ring vanity allay,*
*But oh! misfortune ſpare.*

It will not over-burthen your memory, to learn
cellent rule by heart.

*MARIA.*

I have no poetical taſte.

*LOUISA.*

I wish you had; it might give a more gent
harmonious turn to your mind, and ſoften that

[illegible] you uneasy to yourself, and all [illegible]. You seem to be in a state of hostility [illegible]: Nothing contents you. Some [illegible] talk, and some too short, some too fat, [illegible], and nothing is as it should be. You [illegible] excellence in all the works of God, except[illegible] your own person; which one would think should [illegible] model of all perfection, or you could not be [illegible] on every body else.

*MARIA.*

really, sister, I see no reason to be disconi[illegible]th my own shape or features.

*LOUISA.*

Miss *Squiny* is as well satisfied with her own [illegible] you are with yours; and yet you have mi[illegible]e odd cast of her eyes so long, that a little [illegible] will make you downright squint; and if [illegible] Mrs. *Moliere*'s step much longer, I am [illegible] will be quite lame.

*MARIA.*

is ridiculing natural defects now?

*LOUISA.*

ster, 'tis not natural, but acquir'd and volun[illegible]rfections, that I am exposing.

*MARIA.*

are my elder sister, and have my mother's [illegible] to support you; but really these admonitions [illegible]le too assuming.

*LOUISA.*

'T use to talk in so severe a strain, but Miss [illegible]u have touch'd me on a tender point. The [illegible]m I have for Mrs. *Moliere* will not suffer me [illegible] her expos'd, nor can I be unconcern'd for your cha-

character. It would be want of natural affect
ſee you make yourſelf hated and ſhunn'd, as the pe
ſociety; which muſt be your lot, if you carry t
cenſorious temper into all companies. Wh
can you take in contemplating only on the d
your own ſpecies? I ſhould think the be
graces of human nature a more elegant and
ſpeculation.

*MARIA.*

SISTER, are you almoſt come to the concluſion
this judicious lecture?

*LOUISA.*

As ſoon as I have recall'd to your memory one or two inſtances of the juſtice of divine providence on this crime of mocking natural defects. You know *Jenny Flounce* broke her leg in the very action of mimicking of her lame miſtreſs, and Miſs *Titter* has ridiculed her purblind ſiſter till ſhe is grown ſtark blind herſelf.——My dear ſiſter, I perceive by the remorſe and confuſion that appear in your looks, I have ſaid enough: I will only repeat a few lines that may give you a true notion of beauty, from a fine poem call'd *The Art of Charming*.

*What is the blooming tincture of a ſkin,*
*To peace of mind, to harmony within?*
*What the bright ſtarkling of the fineſt eye,*
*To the ſoft ſoothing of a calm reply?*
*Can comelineſs of form, or ſhape, or air,*
*With comelineſs of words or deeds compare?*
*No, thoſe at firſt th' unwary heart may gain,*
*But theſe, theſe only can that heart retain.*

DIA-

# I A L O G U E II.

## *Againſt gaming.*

*T R I F L E.*

Lady *Harriot*, how am I rejoic'd to find
: to bear company again after your long
ve engag'd a charming party for *Qua-*
as ever you will appoint the time for
e at your own apartment.

*H A R R I O T.*

are very c d, Mrs. *Triſle*, in taking
to di vanity of my paſt life
you on to believe I ſhall ſpend
no better purpoſe: But this ſickneſs
another ſituation, and given me a
of what I once call'd pleaſure and
amuſe it.

*T R I F L E.*

HOPE you are not grown ſo ſuperſtitious as to be
l of gaming, or to think there can be any thing
in a pack of cards.——Why, my dear, you
are ſunk in ſpleen and vapours.—Pray did your
er ever teach you this notable rhyme? that

*Cards and dice*
*Are the devil's device.*

*H A R R I O T.*

RHAPS there's more truth in this rhyme than you
ine: It appears to me a ſort of infernal ſtrata-
by which ſome evil genius was leading me on to
wn deſtruction, and the ruin of my family.——
n I married my Lord he was in free and eaſy
mſtances. By my attachment to cards, attended
conſtant ill luck, I embarraſs'd the tendereſt and

While I the tender circumſtance repeat,
And for my father's hoary age intreat.

Two lovely boys, the pleaſure of his life,
And only offspring of a beauteous wife,
The elder *Branch*, by an untimely death,
Snatch'd from his arms, long ſince reſign'd
The youngeſt who does now his care en
The ſingle prop of his declining age,
The conſtant theme of every pleaſing thought,
Your ſtrict command, my lord, has hither br
Our ſire (thy ſervant) long refus'd to grant
The preſſing ſuit, till forc'd by meagre want,
And juſt concern, to clear our injur'd truth,
He to my conduct gave the gentle youth.

But oh! what killing anguiſh pierc'd his heart
When thus compell'd with *Benjamin* to part!
With all the eloquence that filial love
Could e'er inſpire to calm his fears I ſtrove;
But all in vain, on diſmal thoughts intent,
If miſchief ſhould his blooming life prevent,
My hoary hairs, he ſaid, with grief oppreſs'd,
Muſt to the gloomy grave deſcend for reſt.

And I, unhappy, whither ſhall I go,
To ſhun that dark diſtracting ſcene of woe?
My father's wretchedneſs I cannot ſee,
Depriv'd of every future joy by me;
For I, with all the arguments I had,
Became myſelf a ſurety for the lad,

uſt again the precious pledge reſtore,
my aged parent's face no more.

lord, you ſeem to have a tender heart,
ſometimes forc'd to act a rig'rous part)
rſt, unfortunate offence, forgive,
thy ſervant here a vaſſal live
ſlave, in my youngeſt brother's ſtead,
nn'd no more my native ſoil to tread.

longer *Joſeph* could his tears control,
e the ſoft emotions of his ſoul;
ing ſigns the watchful *Hebrews* ſaw,
e he bids th' attendants all withdraw.

our brother *Joſeph*, then he cries,
ears and melting goodneſs in his eyes,
rother you to *Midian* merchants ſold
*than*'s plain—Nor need the reſt be told.

e cruel fact, alas, too well they knew,
with diſorder'd looks, each other view.

then demands—How fares my honour'd ſire?
s'd and mute they farther off retire;
lty ſhame on every face was ſpread,
near, my brethren, then he mildly ſaid,
t not on yourſelves, with thoughts ſevere,
not you, but God, that ſent me here;
oodneſs rul'd the circumſtance and place,
ve the flock of *Abraham*'s ſacred race;

*TRIFLE.*

I SUPPOSE the parſon of the pariſh put all ſ whimſies into your head: I hear he was very attending you.

*HARRIOT.*

HIS attendance in this exigence was indeed greateſt bleſſing. He acted becoming the and ſanctity of his character; nothing could be plain and ſincere, and at the ſame time more g and compaſſionate. I believe he thought me p of recovery, and was embarraſs'd how to expreſs ſelf in ſuch terms, as might keep me from the e extremes of preſumption, or deſpair.

*TRIFLE.*

WHY you are quite in the ſpleen. I begin to find your diſorder contagious; if you talk on theſe ſubjects much longer I ſhall be in the vapours. But, dear Lady *Harriot*, are you reſolved to bid adieu to *Ombre* and *Quadrille?*

*HARRIOT.*

I AM yet but a young penitent, and dare not ſpeak too confidently; but I hope, by the divine aſſiſtance, to keep my reſolution: And to free myſelf from this inchantment, by flying the temptation, next week my Lord will carry me into the country.

*TRIFLE.*

AND there I hope you'll live like Lady *Grace*, in *The Provok'd Huſband*, ſpend your time in reading, in walking by a canal, or ſitting under a great tree. O the inſipid life! I can't imagine how you will paſs the tedious ſummer, unleſs 'tis in catching butterflies, or making cowſlip-balls for your children.

*HAR-*

*HARRIOT.*

IF time had never been worſe imploy'd, I had need from the inquietude that now diſtracts my ; while I reflect on my own guilt, and the perſies in which I find my Lord involv'd by my exconduct.

*TRIFLE.*

I ſuch a ridiculous way of reaſoning, ſuch an die manner of thinking, that I can't bear it. , I y *Harriot*, this ſickneſs has hurt your un- . You are good for juſt nothing, but to re- with Lord to his old manſion-houſe in the coun- ; for with theſe odd ſentiments, theſe ſingularities, you would make a ſtrange figure in the *Beau Monde*: Your retirement will be very ſeaſonable. Without interruption you may there go to church, and ſay your prayers; and inſtead of loſing your money politely at cards, you may give it away in alms, and procure the inſignificant bleſſing of the poor and needy with it, and get yourſelf the laudable character of a very good Chriſtian.

*HARRIOT.*

I WISH I may deſerve it! that glorious title is now all my ambition. It was but a few weeks ſince, I would have given all that mortality can boaſt, for the privilege of ſuch a character. A fine lady—a toaſted beauty, gave me little conſolation, when I thought myſelf entering the dreadful dominions of death, turning into a pale and ghaſtly carcaſe, confin'd in a gloomy vault among ſkeletons, worms and corruption:——— Theſe were diſmal ſcenes to one that never before had a ſerious thought of dying.

*TRIFLE.*

THESE are diſmal ſcenes indeed! I ſhall dream of nothing but ghoſts and ſpectres this whole night.—— I beſeech you, Lady *Harriot*, let us quit this whimſical ſubject,

ſubject, and talk no longer of death-beds and l chres.

*HARRIOT.*

Do you really believe you ſhall ever die? or if ſhould live thirty years longer, are you ſure that ſhall be no older than at this preſent inſtant?

*TRIFLE.*

I Have not thought enough of theſe diſtant e to give you a poſitive anſwer. I am but a ſighted mortal, and never preſume to pry into At preſent I feel myſelf in perfect health, in the of youth, without the leaſt inclination to medi death, or old age, as I have no ſymptom of e Paſſing the preſent hour gaily is my grand concern.

*I'll ſeize the jocund moments as they fly,*
*And all the ills of future fate defy.*

*HARRIOT.*

A VERY prudent reſolution; could you ſtop volutions of time, and command the ſun to ſtand

*TRIFLE.*

WELL, my dear, I have had a ſufficient *Memento* of mortality for once. And when I come to viſit you in the country, I ſhall expect to find you in your cloſet, with a *Practiſe of Piety* in your hand, and a death's head and an hour-glaſs before you; or if your devotion ſhould take a more romantic turn, perhaps you'll retire to ſome grotto, beautiful in the height of negligence, with your own fine flaxen hair falling over your neck, like *Mary Magdalen*, in that picture that hangs by you. ——But I forget myſelf; you look as if you wanted reſt, and ſo, dear Lady *Harriet*, I'll leave you *ſans ceremonie*.

DIA-

# DIALOGUE III.

## *Againſt a life of pleaſure.*

*CLERIMONT.*

I AM ſurpriz'd, ſiſter, to find you have ſpent this
le day at home, and more, to hear you have
g engagement. Are balls and aſſemblies pro-
r or is the play-houſe lock'd up? or was you
h the ſight of a ghoſt, in your laſt midnight
f

*ARABELLA.*

NO of all this, I am only trying the novelty
. I have been running one dull circle of
e five years, in which every week, and al-
y day, has paſt without any variety, a mere
repetition of the ſame follies.

*CLERIMONT.*

T, my dear ſiſter, why would you put yourſelf to
able of ſo many experiments, before you would
conviction of this great truth, that all below
vanity? However, I am pleas'd with the
, but a little ſurpriz'd to find you grown ſo wiſe
nt. This ſudden illumination looks more like
freak of caprice than of reaſon. Pray, Madam,
what hour laſt night may I date this glorious reform? or what was the occaſion that you parted from
mbly ſo diſguſted, and ſo tir'd of the world?

*ARABELLA.*

diſguiſe nothing from you, brother, I fancy the
grows tir'd of me. I have appear'd ſo con-
at all publick entertainments, that people ſeem
of ſeeing me; and every new face, tho' not,
ps, ſo handſome as mine, ingages the attention of
e pretty fellows. I may be as contemplative as I
pleaſe

pleaſe in a crowd, no body troubles his head about me, nor makes the leaſt pretence to interrupt my meditations.

*CLERIMONT.*

THEN, Madam, I may hope for the honour of your company, in ſome of theſe vacant hours.

*ARABELLA.*

REALLY, Sir, you have little obligation to me, for making your houſe a ſanctuary from the contempt of mankind.

*CLERIMONT.*

'TIS only the too great delicacy of your temper, that makes this ſuppoſition; time has not yet impair'd a charm in your face. But I have no deſign to compliment you with perpetual youth, nor would I have you fancy yourſelf quite ſo young, at ſix and twenty, as you was at ſixteen.

*ARABELLA.*

YOU would ſooner perſwade me to reckon my age, like the *Egyptians*, by lunar years, and fancy myſelf fourſcore.

*CLERIMONT.*

THERE is a greater decorum in ſetting yourſelf forward, than in going backward in life. For certainly the ſun does not ſtand ſtill, nor the year roll backward, nor will old ruſtic Time with his ſcythe and hour glaſs, be perſwaded to ſlacken his ſpeed, in compliment to a fair lady. Declining autumn will ſoon overtake your youthful bloom; and however the fields again renew their verdure, a beauteous face, once decay'd, never regains a ſecond ſpring.

*ARABELLA.*

WELL, my dear brother, you ſhall place me in what ſituation you will. I have no reluctance to be thruſt back to the laſt broken arches in *Mirza*'s viſion, the gravity of my preſent temper ſuits very well with that period of life. You ſhall forget I am your ſiſter, if you *pleaſe, and fancy* I am your great grandmother.

CLE-

*CLERIMONT.*

, Madam, I begin to have a great ve-
you, and am delighted with the ſagacity of
. you are mightily improv'd with one af-
———But, dear Miſs *Bell*, let me aſk
li : On what terms did *Carles* and you
?

*ARABELLA.*

parted, never to meet again.—This is a
ct, and I beg you would drop it, and never
for the future.

*CLERIMONT.*

am, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,
obſerve your commands. If you
re on, you will eaſe my heart of its

*ARABELLA.*

yourſelf out of pain for my reſolution. You
reat alterations ſometimes ſpring from trivial ac-
in the moral, as well as the political world. In-
y conformity to the *Beau Monde* was often diſ-
and inſincere; half my follies were rather the
affectation than nature: I durſt not preſume to
wiſer or better than other faſhionable people.

*CLERIMONT.*

ED then, 'tis ungenteel for people to be in their
nſes, and that 'tis a ridiculous thing, to be wiſe
beyond the ſtandard of the mode.

*ARABELLA.*

r really, brother, with your ſobriety of diſcourſe
aviour, you would make a very unpolite figure
ſhining aſſemblies; and you would find it ne-
to make ſome apology for being a reaſonable
creature,

creature, and muſt certainly excuſe your intruding yourſelf among well bred company, in your right ſenſes.

*CLERIMONT.*

You give me a fine picture of the modiſh world; and when I frequent thoſe ſhining aſſemblies you deſcribe, I'll take care to aſk their pardon, for not being out of my wits, and make the beſt excuſe I can for coming among them, without being ſtark mad; but then I ſhall expect ſome apology from thoſe gay animals, for preſuming to walk erect, and putting themſelves out of the claſs of their four-footed brethren, who act by inſtinct, and ſport, and fight, and feed, and ſleep, and die.——But, my dear ſiſter, let me aſk you, how, with your good ſenſe and ſtrict education, you have been able to ſpend theſe laſt five years in gaming, dancing, dreſſing and ſleeping? Did you think this the end of your creation, and the grand concern of a rational and immortal being? Or could you ever, at night, reflect with ſatisfaction on one of the days ſpent in ſuch a wild chaſe of vanity and extravagance?

*ARABELLA.*

SINCE you will take on you the office of my confeſſor, I think myſelf oblig'd in conſcience to ſpeak the truth. I have been ſo far from reflecting with ſatisfaction on my paſt conduct, that as ſoon as ever I found myſelf alone, and at leiſure for thought, the review of my daily follies and indiſcretions made me the moſt unhappy creature on earth. Sometimes my own ill addreſs, at other times the fancy'd neglect of the company, ſunk me in the vapours; and often a ſecret remorſe for the guilt of ſo much time miſpent, baniſh'd ſleep from my eyes, and peace from my ſoul.

*CLERIMONT.*

AND yet, like the ſun, you could riſe again in the morning, and with freſh vigour begin the glorious toil, and run your diurnal race in the ſame circle of vanity.

——But

——But after ſuch a train of diſappointments, what could you promiſe yourſelf from the enſuing day, beyond what you found in the paſt?

*ARABELLA.*

I ALWAYS flatter'd myſelf that ſome nice circumſtance, ſome fortunate concurrence of events, which never happen'd before, would render the next entertainment more complete than the laſt.

*CLERIMONT.*

IN this ſucceſſion of vain expectations and blaſted hopes, the generality of mankind waſte their lives.

*The hoary fool, who many days*
*Has ſtruggled with continual ſorrow,*
*Renews his hopes, and blindly lays*
*The deſp'rate bet upon to-morrow.*

*To morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night;*
*This day like all the former flies;*
*Yet on he runs to ſeek delight.*
*To-morrow, till to-night he dies.* PRIOR.

HOWEVER this caſtle-building, this ſelf-deluſion is more excuſable in the firſt than in the latter part of life; that declining ſeaſon ought rather to be ſpent in a ſerious reflection on paſt errors, than in a viſionary expectation of new enjoyments.—You find I am growing grave, why don't you interrupt me?—What pamphlet is that lying in your lap?

*ARABELLA.*

OH, a very moral treatiſe, call'd the *Toy-ſhop*. If I did not reſolve on a thorough reformation, I ſhould be quite angry with the author for placing me in ſuch a ridiculous light to myſelf. *Fans* is quite out of favour; nor has my footman carried a compliment to my lap-dog of quality this morning.—You will give me leave

to

to read a ſpeech of the maſter of the toy-ſhop ſubject.

*HERE's a dog now, that never eat but o*
*china; nor ſet his foot but upon a carpet or a*
*Here's one too; this dog belong'd to a lady*
*beauty and fortune as any in* England; *he*
*intimate friend and particular favourite; and*
*account has receiv'd more compliments, more*
*more addreſſes than a firſt miniſter of ſtate.* Here's
*other, which was doubtleſs a dog of ſingular worth*
*great importance; ſince at his death one of the greateſt*
*milies in the kingdom were all in tears, receiv'd no*
*for the ſpace of a week, but ſhut themſelves up,*
*mourn'd their loſs with inconſolable ſorrow. This*
*while he liv'd, either for contempt of his perſon, neg*
*of his buſineſs, or ſaucy and impertinent behaviours*
*their attendance on him, had the honour of turning away*
*upwards of thirty ſervants. He died at laſt of a*
*caught by following one of the maids into a damp room, f*
*which ſhe loſt her place, her wages, and her character.*

I SEE, brother, you are delighted with this ſatire.

*CLERIMONT.*

NOR can you be angry, my dear ſiſter, to
folly ridicul'd in a manner ſo genteel and ſpriglitly.

*ARABELLA.*

I AM rather pleas'd.—Affectation is more eaſily cu
than nature. This is a folly I can eaſily put off: I w
only a mimick to Miſs *Modiſh*, being unwilling ſhe ſho
outſhine me in any part of a fine character. She liſp'd
prettily, and talk'd ſuch charming nonſenſe to her lit
*Shock*, that it rais'd my ambition to equal her in th
nice accompliſhments. But I was never ſincere in
civilities to lap-dogs and monkeys. I may own to y
without detriment to my underſtanding, that I had alw
a ſecret contempt for the whole animal race.

*Left unfiniſh'd.*

L. E

# LETTERS.

## LETTER I.

*To* ——

A PERSON of your merit, Sir, need not wonder if you leave unknown friends in all company, and that you find one intereſted in your happineſs, to whom you are almoſt a ſtranger. Some time ſince, I happen'd to be one of the company, e your good humour and wit was the greateſt enınment; your ſentiments were juſt and agreeable ery ſubject, but one, and that (among a great vaı chanc'd to be the immortality of the ſoul. I was rn'd, I confeſs, to hear you (in every thing elſe ſo nable) employ your arguments againſt the dignity uman nature, and the brighteſt privilege of man; without which reaſon is our greateſt curſe, an inable plague, and renders our lot leſs happy than of the brute creation, who purſue pleaſures proper eir faculties, without the tormenting remonſtrances ınſcience.

WHAT advantage can you men of pleaſure pr
in deveſting yourſelves and the reſt of mankin
privilege of immortality? The proſpect perhaps
future hell may moleſt your tranquility: but afte
will confidence and raillery leſſen its certainty? Are
arriv'd at a demonſtration that there are no bur
to puniſh the vitious, nor celeſtial crowns to re
virtuous? Are your principles grounded on unque
able evidence? Or do you pretend to no more
equal hazard that things may, or may not be as
wiſh them? Grant but this, and there is no excuſe fo
your extravagance. Were a future ſtate but a r
poſſibility, 'twere madneſs to ſtake infinite ages of
againſt the pleaſures of a day: Even that ſhort time
more than you can ſecure; you are altogether uncertain
of the next moment's fruition of theſe trifles you value
ſo much for their being, what you call, viſible and pre-
ſent; and of this you are as uncertain, as you think the
pious man is of all his viſionary hopes and fancy'd para-
diſe. In one ſenſe yours is as much a life of faith, as
his; for whatever you boaſt of the preſent, you are ſel-
dom pleas'd with it; the greateſt part of your happi-
neſs, as well as his, conſiſts in expectation and diſtant
proſpects: Yet the good man has this advantage, that
his agreeable reveries will laſt as long as his life; and
death, which alone can rob him of the glorious fiction,
puts him for ever out of a capacity of lamenting his
loſs; while the libertine's golden dreams are perpetually
broken and interrupted; every new attainment convin-
ces him too ſadly of his deluſion; fruition diſſolves the
pleaſing error, and leaves him in deſpair of ever reach-
ing that point of happineſs which his imagination forms.
And if religion is a deluſion, 'tis the moſt laſting and
fortunate one in the world. But if there are indeed
fields of bliſs and ſhades of love, infinite pleaſures and
immortal day, you men of the world will find you have
made a fatal bargain. Or ſhould all theſe fine things
prove the tales of mercenary prieſts, you are ſtill the
loſers; for it muſt be acknowledged, that a licentious
life

than a reli-
ine gamcu[illegible] that virtue
which our own unbounded paſſions in-
nice and refined luxury is accompanied
, and the ſofteſt idols of our
plagues. Theſe toys, the women,
me ſo much admire, ſoft or ſevere,
tormenters; and we are greater ſuf-
mindneſs than their cruelty. 'Tis true,
ch reaſon to complain of their favours,
*veur, vous êtes une homme fait a charmer les*
*les bonnes graces des femmes.* This is
that which damns half the race of
you eſcape but this, you might yet attain
bid fair for a celeſtial preferment; nor
you ſo dear, as wholly to renounce the
ſex; you are not forbidden an honourable and
ment, which has infinitely more charms
ary careſſes of a wh—re. To forfeit
paradiſe for the undiſtinguiſhing favours
pudent coquet, is the moſt deſperate madneſs;
ticipate the torments below, and double one's
nation.

ve me, Sir, I have not written this from
iaſtic zeal: I am no bigot, nor fanatic; and
new me, you would eaſily take my word, that
blind votary to the prieſthood What I have
om a generous and humane ſentiment, with a
rthy of that ſincerity and friendſhip which one
onour owes another. I beg you on this ac-
pardon the length and freedom of my letter;
k it would be no ill breeding to moleſt a fine
n, if he had a mind to damn himſelf. How-
impoſe no longer on your patience, but leave



you, Sir, are a man made to charm the fair,
the good graces of the ladies.

you with this quotation from one of
in the world, *Monſieur* PASCAL *contre l'a*
*Athées.*

* *ENTRE nous, le ciel, & l'enfer, ou le*
*a que la vie, qui eſt la choſe du monde la plus*
*& la ciel n'etant pas certainement pour ceux qui*
*ſi leur ame eſt immortelle, ils n'ont à attendre que*
*ou le néant. Il' ny a rien de plus réel que cela*
*plus terrible. Faiſons tant que nous voudrons le*
*voilà la fin qui attend la plus belle vie du mo*
*en vain qu'ils détournent leur penſée de cette*
*qui les attend, comme s'ils la pouvoient anéantir*
*penſant point. Elle ſubſiſte malgré eux, elle s'avan*
*la mort qui la doit ouvrir, les mettra dans peu*
*dans l'horrible néceſſité d'etre éternellement ou m*
*ou malheureux.*

I am, Sir,

with all imaginable ſincerity,

your humble ſervant,

CARL

---

* Between us, heaven and hell, or annihilation
is only this life, the fraileſt thing in the world:
heaven, certainly, is not for thoſe who doubt
their ſouls are immortal, they have only to expe
or annihilation. There is nothing more real th
nor more terrible. Let us affect bravery as muc
pleaſe, this is the end of the happieſt life in the
In vain do they turn off their thoughts from tha
nity which awaits them, as if they could annihi
by not thinking of it: It remains in ſpite of t
draws near, and death that muſt remove them
will in a little time place them in the horrible n
of being either eternally nothing, or miſerable.

# LETTER II.

## :ANDER *to* CLERIMONT.

· reproach your unaccountable delay in an
of ſuch importance, as I intruſted you with,
you are engag'd to accompliſh, or loſe your
· attempt. And what is your life, that you
berate on ſuch a glorious occaſion? what is
that you ſhould balance it againſt your honour
nce? againſt the preſent ſafety and, perhaps,
pineſs of the fair *Lucilia?* Is it ſuch a
ır to breathe, to eat, to ſleep, that you
your hours to ſo little purpoſe, and
· exiſtence for ſuch inferior ends?

but die, my Lord, and conſidering death
is the period of human action, a violent or
ith is juſt the ſame; but conſidering death
relation, a man that falls a ſacrifice in the
virtue and the cauſe of truth, has infinitely
ige of one who reſigns his breath to the neceſ-
e fatal diſeaſe.

e event be what it will, you are abſolutely
attempt the reſcue of my fair proſelyte from
y of her bigotted and ſuperſtitious guardian,
y her into ſome proteſtant country. If you
ndon her in this exigence, ſhe will be reduc'd
leny the faith to which her ſoul aſſents, and
· eternal ruin; or by confeſſing the truth, to
elf to the fury of blinded zeal.

you know, I fell a victim, and that in the
and treacherous manner. 'Twas, I confeſs,
with the utmoſt reluctance, that I accompa-
in your travels to *Rome*, and nothing but the

abſolute commands of my father could have compell'd me to it. Such an abhorrence had I for holy fraud and tyranny, ſuch a contempt for the ſolemn fopperies of the popiſh religion, that I knew to what the openneſs of my temper would expoſe me. I had ballanced the hazard, and reſolved upon no conſideration to part with my integrity. I was unpractis'd in the arts of evaſion; my tongue always ſpoke the language of my heart, and would not for all the ſun encompaſs'd have utter'd a known falſhood. In the common forms of converſation I never deviated from the rules of ſincerity; but where religion was concerned, I would not have purchaſe'd life with all its joys, by the ſhadow of a lie, by the leaſt equivocation. This was the reſolution I made at my entrance on the popiſh dominions. You was often an uneaſy witneſs of the hazard I ran, by ſhewing an open contempt of their idolatrous proceſſions. Yet, perhaps I was to blame in treating their ſacred vanities with an offenſive levity, when a ſerious conviction had been more ſucceſsful: But I could not view their conſecrated trifles with any manner of gravity, nor conceal my contempt of holy legends; nor dare I incur the guilt of ſuch diſſimulation as I ſaw practis'd by my own nation. I had many preſages of the fatal event, while I ſecretly defied hell and all its agents, their flames, their racks, and every infernal engine. A thouſand illuſtrious witneſſes had trod the arduous path, and led the way to glory: I rather courted than avoided the happy deſtiny, and ſpoke and acted with the ſame liberty, as I would have done in a proteſtant country.

THE freedom, however, which I took in converſation with the Cardinal *** was with the greateſt ſecurity. My frequent viſits to that generous man gave me an eaſy acceſs to his beautiful niece, who from the gentleneſs of her uncle's diſpoſition found more liberty than the *Italian* cuſtoms allow'd. From the moment I ſaw her I lov'd her, and could not but obſerve the attention with which ſhe liſten'd to my diſcourſes of a reli-

religious nature. With a freedom becoming the innocence of her thoughts, she gave me frequent opportunities of conversing with her: By this I discover'd that the virtues of her mind answer'd all the promise of her face, and animated her outward form with such unrival'd elegance and beauty, that even I, who have seen celestial perfection, still think her lovely. But 'tis her heavenly disposition that has kindled that divine affection, which I dare avow in these serene and holy regions, where nothing impure shall ever enter. She is not more the care of her guardian angel than mine.

As Heaven gave my arguments success, and brought the gentle convert from the darkness in which she was educated, I have a particular concern to secure her tender mind from any temptation to a relapse into her first superstition. Her own fears, with my importunity and assurance of the most honourable protection, prevail'd with her to consent to the plan I had laid for her security; which I intrusted to your care, when I found the wound was mortal, which I receiv'd from the treacherous fryar, at the entrance of a monastery.

Believe me, my Lord, your conscience, your honour is engag'd to discharge the trust I deliver'd to you with my expiring breath; and I renew my importunity, that you would protect the helpless maid, and transport her to some place where she may enjoy her liberty, safe from the terrors of the infernal Inquisition.

She is worth the care of angels, and 'twill be a noble satisfaction to your mind, when you reflect that you have protected such virtue. These are actions which must meet with approbation in the empyrean courts, and are subjects worthy the admiration of the splendid societies of heaven. These beneficent spirits interest themselves in the affairs of mortals, and give every generous attempt its just and full applause. Adieu.

ALCANDER.

# LETTER III.

## *To the Honourable Mrs. ———*

MADAM, 1697.

I COULD not hold my pen to write to any in the world beſides your Ladyſhip; but I tranſported to hear from you, and have ſuch a ſay ſomething to you, that my ſoul exerts force, as reſolv'd to conquer the weakneſs of my b ———I have been a long time hovering on the edges of the immaterial world; and tho' the pro look'd all dark and formidable, yet my ſoul could fancy herſelf on the very precipice of the world, and ceaſe to be inquiſitive, any more could ceaſe to be a ſoul. My curioſity was ſo gr know how un-embodied ſpirits act, and what reg they inhabit, that I could willingly have taken a leap the dark to be ſatisfy'd.

*We ſee the waves, and hear the billows roar,*
*The daſhing rocks, and hollow whiſtling wind.*
*'Tis a wide leap to that dark, dreadful ſhore,*
*And none come back to tell us what they find.*

I CAN hold up my head no longer, but yet, Mada I'll ſtay to tell you (for perhaps I may never write you more) that the cold embraces of death ſhall nev freeze up the kindneſs I have for you: No, the ſacr flame ſhall glow in my breaſt to eternity. I'll be yo guardian angel, and leave paradiſe to converſe with yo and when fate ſhall call you away, I'll be the firſt ki ſpirit that ſhall greet yours, and with a thouſand celeſti ſongs welcome your arrival to the bleſt land of lov and to indear myſelf the more to you,

A

*My ſoul I will ſo much conform to thine,*
*Thou ſcarce ſhalt know thy own bright ſoul from mine.*

AND now, Madam, farewel; if I die I ſhall reſign my breath as calmly as infants fall aſleep, and with a ſpirit becoming

*Your friend and ſervant.*

*P. S.* 'TIS too much, that Mr. ——— ſhould be concern'd for my illneſs. My ſervice to him, and tell him I'll find him out among his brother angels, and entertain him with my ſongs in requital.

## LETTER IV.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

JUST as your letter came, I was going to take the air, inſtead of *ſteel*, for the ſpleen, as you call it; but I rather flatter myſelf, that this chagrin is the pure effect of reaſon and reflection. I am tir'd with whatever I have yet enjoyed in the world, and expect no greater ſatisfactions here. And, for my part, I can't amuſe myſelf with trifles, nor reliſh thoſe inſipid things, that, with the greateſt part of the world, paſs for the very eſſentials of happineſs; and were I never to enjoy pleaſures more ſublime and rational, methinks, I could this moment throw up my title to immortality. I am cloy'd with all the impertinences that attend human life, and long to know what novelties the inviſible regions have to entertain me with. I can find no guſt in any thing but the thoughts of being plung'd in immo-
*pleaſures, and being regal'd* with infinite beatitude-

I HOPE, Madam, I need not ask your pardon growing serious on a subject like this; since to be otherwise, when I believe myself upon the very borders of eternity, would be a levity that my own reason would reproach me with forever.

YOU may call it spleen, or fancy, or what you please; but I think it more reasonable to believe it the impulse of some friendly spirit, to prepare me for important part I am shortly to act.

IF you never hear from me again, be assur'd, I shall carry my affection for you to the regions of peace and amity, and cherish the gentle disposition till we meet again.

*And if on earth we taste such sweets in love,*
*How boundless will its raptures be above?*

Adieu.

MY service to Mr. ———; he talk'd of reading *Charnock*'s sermons, but not knowing whether he'll carry them to *L*———, I did not send them now; but tell him, if he will, he may send for them to morrow, and keep them as long as he pleases. 'Tis pity, when there's so much divinity in the world, people should be forc'd to read *Ludlow's Memoirs* on Sundays.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER V.

*To the same,*

1697.

WELL, Madam, you shall e'en have it your own way: I have the vapours, am lost in spleen; for what else could put such odd conceits into my head as these, that I am mortal, that the date of my life is uncertain,

in, that perhaps I may never ſee another riſing before the cloſe of another evening,

*My ſoul may leave this tenement of clay,*
*And to an unknown ſomewhere wing its way.*

Mr. NORRIS.

Future ſecurities are indeed very impertinent cares, and a box of pills, is without doubt, an excellent remedy for ſuch melancholy whimſies as theſe.

BUT without raillery, Madam, ſhould I recover my health, and get rid of theſe dangerous ſymptoms, you cannot tax me with ſuperſtition, for making the beſt proviſion I can in a matter of ſo vaſt conſequence. While people are in their right ſenſes, it cannot be an indifferent caſe to them, whether they are to be happy or miſerable in an endleſs duration.

NOT that I think it neceſſary to a future happineſs, to quit all the innocent enjoyments of life, or that I am contracting ſuch intimacies with celeſtial beings, as to grow indifferent to my earthly acquaintance. I am not yet ſo mortify'd, as you imagine, to human paſſions. There is an eternal propenſity in my ſoul to love and beneficence: I receiv'd the generous principle with the breath of life, and find it inſeparable from my exiſtence; nor can time or diſtance blot from my memory the intervals of pleaſure I have enjoy'd in your converſation.

BUT I have no more to ſay to your Ladyſhip on this ſubject, for I don't deſign to engage you againſt me too; therefore I deſire your leave, Madam, to ſay the reſt to Mr. ——— for I have recollected myſelf now.

SIR, I am unwilling to loſe an opportunity of telling you, that my inclinations to ſolitude are neither the effects of melancholy, or ill-nature, or the narrow prin-

ciple

ciple of believing I was born wholly for myſelf; l
leſs do they ariſe from any affected delicacy, or
of being thought better and wiſer than other people.
aſpire to no character above that of a reaſonable creatu
But you know, Sir, there are nobler inducements to
tirement than theſe; and if I tell you, that I
as the greateſt improvement of my reaſon and mor
and the beſt method I can find to be happy, I hope yo
grant I have given you a very fair account of thoſe re
lutions, which you are pleas'd to think ſo fantaſtic
unreaſonable. I confeſs, Sir, one may think in a crov
and make ſome imperfect reflections; but 'tis *alone* t
you form your moſt exact and impartial notions.
then you examine vulgar prejudices, and reject the li
principles of the bigotted and ſuperſtitious; 'tis then y
fortify yourſelf againſt the tyranny of cuſtom, and
impoſitions of perſons, who do a thouſand unreaſonal
things themſelves, and gravely tell you, 'tis ſingular
and ill-breeding not to imitate them.

But then you tell me, 'tis poſſible to think too mu
This, Sir, from you is an extraordinary caution; ye
as little fear being too thoughtful, as being too w
or good: I am ſure the more we exert the force of
underſtanding, the more clear and ſublime our ideas
And ſuppoſe the worſt, that theſe intenſe operation
the mind ſhould waſte the ſpirits, 'tis in doing the b
neſs of life apace; and when our parts are acted, we
ready to quit the ſtage. Nor is it a long, but hap
life which I would chuſe; and I am convinc'd that
vacy is the moſt likely way to make mine ſo.

——— *Nor by me e'er ſhall you,*
*You of all names the ſweeteſt and the beſt,*
*You muſes, books, and liberty, and reſt,*
*You fountains, fields, and floods, forſaken be,*
*As long as life itſelf forſakes not me.*

COWLE

II

HERE my hours are abſolutely at my own diſpoſal, nor am I oblig'd to devote any part of my time, (that invaluable time which flies, and never again returns) to trifling and ceremony. Here I need not flatter the vain, nor be tir'd with the impertinent, nor be confin'd to a certain ſet of inſipid ſubjects, that have been drain'd a thouſand times over. But here my thoughts can entertain me with endleſs variety; and when I am weary of reflecting on the impertinent hurry that mortals make in paſſing to their graves, the ſordid deſigns of ſome, and the ſplendid follies of others; with the laſt contempt I e'en bid mankind farewel, and launching out into the boundleſs ether, entertain myſelf with much more noble and charming ſpeculations.

*I view the ſpangled wonders of the ſky;*
*Where I obſerve, with an admiring ſenſe,*
*Their motion, magnitude and influence.*
*Ranging thro' heav'n's vaſt tract, methinks, I hear*
*Th' harmonious muſic of each tuneful ſphere,*
*Swarms of new worlds diſcover, and ſurvey*
*The ſparkling glories of the milky way.*
*Now thro' th' empyrean heav'n I freely I rove,*
*And feaſt my ſenſes on the throne of* Jove,
*View thoſe eternal manſions, where the bleſt*
*Are rapt with joys too great to be expreſt.*

I HAVE done, Sir, now, which I believe you'll think very good news.

*I am,* &c.

LETTER

# LETTER VI.

## *To the ſame.*

I RECEIV'D your Ladyſhip's long letter, and another ſince; they were both extremely welcome, but how welcome I want words to tell you. According to your Ladyſhip's order, I writ a letter, and ſent it to *Frome*, to inquire for ſomebody that went to *Sherborn Fair*, but could hear of none that deſign'd to go. However, if they had, I ſhould have order'd the bearer to have left it at philoſopher *Fox*'s ſhop, to have ſav'd *Michael* a few ſteps. For the truth of it is, your Ladyſhip had ſet him a pretty odd kind of a taſk; and I warrant he aſk'd every fellow that ſtood with his mouth open, his back againſt a poſt, and one of his legs croſs'd over his ſtaff, whether he liv'd at *Frome?* and if he did, whether he had no letter about him for his lady?—However, the worſt of it was, *Michael* loſt his labour; for which I am very ſorry, and ſhall never be eaſy, 'till I think your Ladyſhip has received this, to inform you that I was not only diſappointed then of ſending to *Sherborn*, but likewiſe the *Saturday* after to *Bruton*. For I am vain enough to meaſure your Ladyſhip's friendſhip by my own; and if I am deluded, I would not be undeceiv'd for the world; no, I'd rather indulge the bleſt fiction 'till I die. And now I think of dying, I deſire your Ladyſhip to ſpeak to Mr. ——— that, when he prays for long life for himſelf and his friends, he'd be pleas'd to leave me out of his petitions, for I don't intend to ſtand to them; no, nor to your Ladyſhip's neither, tho' I muſt confeſs ſixty years is a more reaſonable time than an hundred. However, I'll add my prayers to your Ladyſhip's, for double the time for you. You are happy, Madam, and will be ſo, I hope, when I am lodg'd in a ſilent grave; therefore you may wiſh for long life; but

They

*They merit not to live at all,*
*Who care to live unbleſt.*

cy I have more news to tell you beſides this; a of it is, that *Sbud* was here yeſterday, and ere one night. He's ſet up for a quack now, s all the markets. *Dinah* got a copy of verſes , that was to be ſent to his miſtreſs; and to a taſte of his poetry, I'll repeat two of his your Ladyſhip.

*n do but think, dear Madam, how I ſmart,*
*en all your darts ſtick hiſſing in my heart?*

r ſuch another piece of poetry came yeſterday to fair hands; 'twas brought by a man in a blue colour of your livery. He would deliver the mſelf, and before I open'd it, I aſk'd him it came? he told me from *L*———; ſo I broke ith all the impatience of love. The hand was ch like your Ladyſhip's, and before I look'd on that came with the poem, I fell to reading the nd wonder'd at my heart what had put your La- nto ſuch an unlucky verſifying humour; for I ds ſay, that I did not like them, no, tho' I them your Ladyſhip's; and if any thing could le me partial, that would. But I had not read the poem before I had the curioſity to look ir letter (as I then thought it) but when I found nan's name ſubſcrib'd to it (tho' I neither knew a ſtraw who the gentleman was) it put me into , and I began to thank the ſtars that your La- as ſtill in your wits. And becauſe you ſhall heſe impudent thoughts of mine, ſee how the ard begins:

*When* Ver *began to peep from ether's coaſts*
*On the terraqueous globe, and num'rous boſts*
*Of arid, puddling objects all around*
*Encompaſſing the frozen ground.*

I'll ſhew it you, if I don't die of a broken heart fore I ſee you again: But you ſhall have a lit of it now.

*Lo!* Philomela *does prepare to ſing*
*Her warbling anthems to the joyful ſpring.*
*She peeps her radiant head*
*Up from her graſs-green bed,*
*And among circumambient notes,*
*She's known from all their charming throats,* &c.

Poor *Pegaſus!* thou waſt never ſo wretchedly rid before, except when *Sbud* got aſtride thee.

I THINK it will be convenient to leave room to ſubſcribe myſelf

*Your,* &c.

## LETTER VII.

### *To the ſame.*

IF you knew the ſentiments of my heart, you would find no reaſon to complain of me. Can you think me ſo ſtupid, as not to prefer ſuch converſation as yours, to muſing away my hours in a chamber, if I really thought myſelf fit for ſociety? but my ſoul is perfectly untun'd,

d, and you have more reaſon to pity than reproach You may imagine, that converſing with a man of ſowre's elegant taſte and good ſenſe, muſt have given perfect diſguſt to all the ſocicty this country affords. n it has had that effect, and I love the town very : But a gloomy turn of thought gives me ſuch an ſion to company, that all the importunity of Mr. e's relations cannot make me reſolve to go back them; tho' I have an affection for them more der than all the ties of nature.

I AM extremely pleas'd with the fine characters the orld gives of Lady —— and Lady ——: How uch muſt you merit, whoſe example has given ſuch erfect patterns of virtue to the world! I never read he *Spectator*, but I apply all his characters of a fine woman to you. I don't uſe to make ſpeeches of this kind, you know, therefore you may depend on the ſincerity of,

*Madam,*

*Your, &c.*

*P. S.* I hope by this time you have procur'd Dr. *Scot*'s works; for I am ſure you'll be extremely pleas'd in reading them. I read lately, in one of his books, a diſcourſe call'd *Chriſt's regal acts*; where he treats of the laſt Judgment in ſuch a ſurprizing manner, that no poetical deſcription can go beyond it. I know you will be tranſported with it, and I ſhall ſcarce enjoy myſelf 'till you have read it. 'Tis in the ſecond volume of his *Chriſtian life*. Pray make me eaſy, and read it as ſoon as you can.

# LETTER VIII.

## *To the ſame.*

17

MY letters ought to be call'd epiſtles fi
dead to the living, for I know nothing
to this world, to entertain my ſurviving friends
nor are people very fond of keeping a correſpo
with ghoſts and phantoms, or receiving intell
from another world; and as there are no ſhades in
deſolate regions of greater conſequence than m
nothing happens remarkable enough to bear a re
When I was alive, I never was very fond of ta
of myſelf; but being the greateſt novelty in this
I am now forc'd upon the ſubject, for want of
thing more conſiderable. 'Tis poſſible, I find,
happy in the abſence of all that people call an
and diverſion. When the mind is in a ſituation
rior to the changing ſcenes below the ſun, in p
of boundleſs and immortal bliſs, the ſoul with a
freedom aſcends the celeſtial heights, in ſearch
great original, the fountain of its exiſtence, and
of all its hopes.

*All other joys are viſionary bliſs,*
*But here is all ſubſtantial ecſtacy.*

But were theſe gay ſpeculations a deluſion, let n
thus deceiv'd, till death ſhall end the pleaſing di
Were the Chriſtian heaven as great a fable as the
*Elyſium*, 'tis a fable ſo beautifully contriv'd, t
would not exchange it for the gloomy ſcheme o
moſt ſagacious free thinker; rather let me indulg
charming delirium, and entertain myſelf with the
porting fiction, 'till that and my exiſtence meet
final period.

'd among mortals, I ſhould certainly know how
) Lady ——; but being in a ſtate of ſeparate
d ignorance is excuſable: Yet, whether I
live, I am always,

*Madam,*

*Your,* &c.

# LETTER IX.

## *To the ſame.*

M, 1720.

r forbear expreſſing my concern for you under
vere affliction of the death of my Lady ——.
inent to reaſon, and againſt the dictates of
r elſe you might ſatisfy yourſelf with the extra-
haracter ſhe has left behind her, and her reſt
misfortunes of life.

*hou beſt of all thy ſex! impiety*
*ſelf would drop a ſacred tear on thee;*
*ad ſavages thy gentle aſpect viewʼd,*
*ſoftneſs all their rage had been ſubduʼd.*

rn is too ſincere and tender, to ſay any more
ſubject.

*I am,* &c.

LETTER

# LETTER X.

*To the honourable Miſs ———.*

MADAM, 171

I SHOULD be very happy, if I could perſuade that you can be half ſo ſenſible of the my company, as I am of the loſs of yours; tainly make myſelf a greater compliment you, when I tell you, that I find your y wi pretty turn of thought perfectly agreeable taining.

*Your growing wit ſhall gain immortal fame,*
*And ev'ry muſe ſhall learn* Mirtilla's *name;*
*Nor leſs ſhall be the conqueſts of your eyes,*
*When all your charms ſhall to perfection riſe.*

I OUGHT to take more pains about every t to you, than I have done about theſe lines; Madam, you have good-nature enough to ex

*Your, &c.*

# LETTER XI.

*To the Right Hon. the Counteſs of ———.*

1716.

I AM extremely pleas'd to hear you expreſs ſuch tender concern for my Lord ———. I am gl you are ſo well acquainted with the power of a juſt a innocent paſſion; and I hope public diſorders will nev interrupt your happineſs, and that all your Ladyſhi fe

soon vaniſh. Virtuous lovers are the care of and the guardian angels will protect a man of ord———'s merit.

HIS grave way of writing, I am afraid, is not le to your taſte, and you will think it the ct of my ſober contemplations; but it will for me ever to be more gay, unleſs I could *Rowe*, and I ſhall ſooner forget myſelf and ld.

*For him all thoughts of pleaſure I forego,*
*For him my tears ſhall never ceaſe to flow,*
*For him at once I from the world retire,*
*To feed in ſilent ſhades a hopeleſs fire.*

UT, I muſt, in charity to your Ladyſhip, leave this , and deſire you to believe, that,

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER XII.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM, 1716.

HE loſs of ſuch letters as mine does not require much apology. If I could have wrote any entertaining, I ſhould not have been ſilent, after greeable a letter as that I received from you; but as not willing to put you in the ſpleen, in recom- ce for the ſatisfaction you gave me. However I l do it now, for I can't be eaſy till I have fill'd my er with theſe melancholy lines out of the tragedy of *Grey*.

*My*

*My ſoul grows out of tune, it loathes the world,*
*Sickens at all the noiſe and folly of it;*
*And I could ſit me down in ſome dull ſhade,*
*Where lonely contemplation keeps her cave,*
*And dwells with hoary hermits; there forget my*
*There fix my ſtupid eyes upon the earth,*
*And muſe away an age in deepeſt melancholy.*

IF this finds you full of the ſame tender fears yo for my Lord——— when I ſaw you laſt, 'twill dulge your grief; but I hope you have now mor expectations.

IF you come to *Witham*, I beg you to remembe your engagement to ſee me, which, however inſipid other kinds of pleaſure are to me, will be a great ſati faction to

*Your, &c.*

## LETTER XIII.

### *To the ſame.*

1719.

THERE is not in the *Engliſh* hiſtory a mor beautiful character than that of Lady *Jane Gre* and I am not ſurpriz'd to find you charm'd with th ſhining figure ſhe makes in Mr. *Rowe*'s tragedy. Yo ſeem to have an equal ſoftneſs of temper, and reſembling delicacy in your way of thinking. You ſentiments had certainly been the ſame with the youn heroine's, if you had the ſame part to act, that o a martyr, which I hope you never will. Not that ſhould envy you that illuſtrious character, or am at a unwilling you ſhould loſe your head, on condition yo could ſet it on again with as much dexterity as St. *Wini*

*fre*

…, without the leaſt diſadvantage to your fine per-…

I SHOULD have been too modeſt to have troubled … with the inclos'd, if I had known how to have …ected to Lady ———. This ignorance would … inexcuſable in any other part of the world; but the …neſt people here know ſo little where to find Lady ———, that they could not inform me where King …rge himſelf reſides. If I liv'd in a cave, I could … be more ignorant of what paſſes in the *Grand Monde*. …ave indeed ſome imaginary regions of my own fra…ng, ſome poetical dominions;

*Where fancy in her airy triumph reigns,*
*And ſpreads her gay, delufive ſcenes.*

BUT I believe you will leave me to the unenvy'd en…ment of theſe viſionary worlds, without the leaſt cu…ſity to know what paſſes there.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER XIV.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

YOUR letters never fail to give me ſome intervals … pleaſure, be the ſubject what it will; but the …ſent is heighten'd to hear you expreſs ſuch a generous …flection on a public account, and the proſpect of the …re happineſs and welfare of your country. I hope your …ſter Lady ——— are vaniſh'd by this time, and that …aven will long continue an example of ſuch early virtue …e world. But how uncertain are human things!

——— O

*——————— O empty name*
*Of earthly bliſs! 'tis all an airy dream!*

I CANNOT but own, I am ſecretly pleas'd
find the gay expectations from this world all
and treacherous. You know, Madam, t
any malice in my temper, for I wiſh you a
neſs that would not be prejudicial to pleaſures
and laſting. The juſtneſs of your ſentiments
early reflections, and amidſt all the inchanting
ances of life, confirms me much more in a
the world than all *Seneca*'s morals.

*Grant me, O virtue! thy moſt ſolid joy,*
*Grant me the pleaſures of the mind,*
*Pleaſures which only in purſuit of thee we find,*
*Which fortune cannot marr, nor chance deſtroy.*

I am, &

## LETTER XV.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I SHOULD have wrote to your Ladyſhip before
but I thought your concern too juſt and ſincer
be treated with ceremony. Indeed I am ill qualifi
write epiſtles of conſolation. The wiſe, doleful th
that people vex their friends with on thoſe occaſions
pear to me more like a farce than a juſt ſenſe of
grief. People may talk like good Chriſtians at
eaſe, but pretty ſentences and formal ſpeeches are
trifling remedies to a real and unaffected ſorrow.

[illegible], Madam, I am ready to juſtify all your [illegible] Not that I think there [illegible] melancholy in an early death, after a life [illegible] Your charming ſiſter has, in my opinion, [illegible] very gracefully, and in all the decorum [illegible] charms and piety. Mr. *Collier* tells us in [illegible] that if the ſun was never to riſe again, it [illegible] more glorious for him to fall from the [illegible] his light and heat, than to gain a few hours [illegible] and decline.

[illegible] thoughts are not at preſent intirely conſiſtent. — [illegible] been reading my Lord *Shafteſbury's Moraliſt*, [illegible] fill'd my head with beauty, and love, and [illegible] all of a divine and myſterious nature. [illegible] ſurpaſſing his notions may be to my capacity, [illegible] been agreeably led on thro' I know not what in- [illegible] ſcenes of happineſs. I wiſh you would read [illegible] would make you the moſt charming and agree- [illegible] inſtant in the world. Whether I am in my [illegible] at preſent, I cannot tell, but you may be

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER XVI.

### *To the ſame.*

[illegible] *Madam*,

I hardly read your Ladyſhip's letter for tears. [illegible] the circumſtances you are in, I can diſpute none [illegible] commands, eſpecially one ſo agreeable to my- [illegible] that of waiting upon you, if in your gayer [illegible] you ſhould inſiſt on it. If (as you fancy) I [illegible] with ſome reluctance, 'tis only on a ſelfiſh con-

ſideration, becauſe I am unwilling to convince y
all your thoughts to my advantage are without
dation: for you will find ſo little vivacity in my con
ſation, that I believe this will be the laſt proof you
exact of my obedience; but whatever be the event, you
may command me.

I AM afraid I ſend the * incloſ'd too ſoon, to
your grief, but not too ſoon, to expreſs my g
and eſteem.——I dare not talk on this ſubject.

*I am, &c.*

## LETTER XVII.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

WHAT ſhall I ſay? I would attend you, I would ſee and hear you, tho' in a deſart, if I knew where to find you, or how to attain the happineſs; but alas! the whole earthly globe is between us, and the poles may as well meet. A horſe or a ſtage coach would be ſure deſtruction, and ſhatter my frame to atoms, nor was I ever alone on the road: Yet I would refuſe you nothing, and if my Lord could ſpare his coach———But I am afraid the project is impoſſible, and I ſtill hope I may have the happineſs to ſee you at———. But you may command me to follow you where you pleaſe; your converſation is a pleaſure which will ballance every thing.

---

* An elegy on the death of the Honourable Mrs. ———, printed in vol. I. p. 164.

I never would perſuade people to forget their r, I hope your remembrance of it is only the I would fain believe you have many happy ars to live; and may Heaven crown them with as bleſſings as you can wiſh.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER XVIII.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

YOU will find, by the hurry I was in to leave *Hampſtead*, how little reliſh I had for ſociety, fter I had left your Ladyſhip. Your converſation gave ne a perfect diſguſt even to the people I moſt valued. n this impatience, I follow'd the dictates of my own ngovern'd imagination, and left the town and all its ys this morning: After this I need make no apology or writing a ſhort letter. If I had leiſure, I ſhould ſay thouſand fine things to Lady ———, (I may call hem fine things in juſtice to myſelf) but I am ſincerely rieved that I loſt the happineſs I promis'd myſelf in converſation: Yet wherever I am, ſhe may com- nd me for writing or drawing what is moſt agreeable o

*I am*, &c.

# LETTER XIX.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM, 1719.

YOUR ſentiments are perfectly juſt, that 'tis more glorious to deſpiſe the world in the midſt of all its gay temptations, than to gain the victory by a cowardly flight; but I am only a mere mortal, and can't pretend to thoſe celeſtial heights of virtue. However, if I had been a Roman Catholic, I might have got the reputation of a ſaint by this retreat; but being of a more reaſonable religion, people will ſooner impute my retirement to diſtraction than devotion. I begin to fancy I grow as humourſome as *Moliere's Miſanthrope*. If I had many viſits from the good gentlewomen hereabouts, I ſhould raiſe the price of hartſhorn to keep me from fainting fits; for oh! I ſicken, I die——or ſleep and dream, and am perfectly ſtupify'd at their approach. I would fain reaſon myſelf into more patience and compoſure of mind; but this nicety of temper grows upon me, ſo that I ſhall never be fit for the ſociety of mortals again. Your Ladyſhip's letters are my only entertainment, in a place where there is an abſolute vacancy of common ſenſe; and they give me a pleaſure in my own way, which is unmingled with fatigue. I ſhould blame myſelf for being given up to ſuch a careleſs ſort of tranquility, but 'tis almoſt neceſſary to my temper. I am impatient of all the converſation, which happens in low life; and in a higher rank, I have ſuch an averſion to every thing that appears ſervile and dependent, that even the neceſſary formalities that people are obliged to pay, grow tireſome and ridiculous. Whether this proceeds from ſome unconquer'd pride in my heart, or from a conſcious greatneſs of mind, I am not willing to determine; becauſe I have an inclination to be partial to myſelf, and to make my faults paſs for virtues.

MY letter is of a proper length, and after that,

*I am*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER XX.

*To the same.*

YOU will find, by the * inclos'd, how my thoughts were employed in the little fit of sickness which ely confin'd me. My thoughts were on this occasion y gay and serene; but the case was only imaginary; en it comes to be real, and in a more gloomy interval, se unknown regions may have a different appearance. as to human things, my concern for your future hap-ess will be the last care I shall resign. As for this rld, you have as great a share of felicity, as the most ieficent temper can wish you, if wealth and grandeur yield any real joy, and have any thing in them be-d a fleeting visionary appearance; as they have not, you believe the poet.

*Short is the date, and narrow is the span,*
*Which bounds the little life of foolish man.*
*Gay scenes of bliss the ravish'd soul surprize,*
*Raise his vain hopes, and glitter in his eyes;*
*Of swelling titles he supinely dreams,*
*Vast are his projects, and refin'd his schemes:*
*But when his morning views of joy are past,*
*The melancholy ev'ning comes at last;*
*The tyrant death a hasty summons sends,*
*And all his momentary glory ends.*

MR. DANIEL.

You will not be displeas'd, if I leave you now to ir own more gay soliloquies. Adieu.

---

* The following letter.

# LETTER XXI.

## *To the Right Hon. the Counteſs of ——.*

MADAM,

WHETHER I have weeks, or days, or a few hours to live, Heaven only can determine; but as from ſome dangerous ſymptoms, I think my time very ſhort, I find a great deal of pleaſure taking my leave of my friends in this ſolemn manner. You may be aſſur'd the eſteem I am now expreſſing for you is ſincere: I am paſt the ceremonies of the world, and therefore I cannot treat you with the leaſt formality. My thoughts have often viſited the manſions of the dead; the part I am now to perform has been ſo frequently acted over in my imagination, that I am not diſcompos'd to think, that in a few days the circumſtances may be real.

PEOPLE have generally a curioſity to know the thoughts of their friends, when they are on the borders of thoſe ſtrange and unknown regions, from whence there is no return. 'Tis indeed a ſerious thing to die; but virtue diſarms the gloomy king of all his terrors, and brightens the proſpect of futurity.

I HAVE read the *Spectators* on this ſubject with conſtant pleaſure, and have been charm'd with ſome inſtances of the *Roman* fortitude; but the Chriſtian religion arms the mind with a reſolution more juſt and noble, while it aſſures us with the cleareſt evidence, that an immortality of happineſs is the reward of a pious life.

IF you hear no more from me, my deareſt friend, a long adieu, 'till we meet in the triumphant ſeats above.

E. ROWE.

# LETTER XXII.

## *To the ſame.*

DAM,

EVER was there a more exact imitation of Mrs. ————'s ſtyle and way of thinking than er you incloſ'd; every line appear'd like the ge- duct of her unguided imagination. I hope his hip will never take it into his brains to mimic any eſſays, either in verſe or proſe. The very appre- ns ſinks my ſpirits. However, I am reſolv'd to ll theſe motions of modeſty, and go on thro' ſenſe conſenſe to fill up my paper, defying any peer realm to imitate my ſtyle, unleſs his imagination as many ſhapes as *Protcus*.

w many unſucceſsful attempts I ſhall make in ting *Paſto Fido* is yet uncertain. I condemn in omen, what I admir'd but juſt before: I write ſix verſes, and think them perfectly fine and har- ous, worthy of *Apollo* himſelf, and never to be ex- I read them with approbation and rapture, and ſelf the higheſt juſtice; 'till on a more deliberate I ſink from my elevations, and grow exceeding le, to find every line dull and impertinent.——I he Pope would confer on me ſome ſhare of his in- lity, that I might make an unerring judgment of ſ; tho' I am afraid ſuch a judgment would not my vanity.

PERCEIVE I am the heroine of this epiſtle, ex- he honour I have done my Lord——in men on- m. I continue to do myſelf honour by ſubſcribing f

*Your*, &c.

*P. S.* I have juſt receiv'd a long and agreea from Mrs.———, but my integrity has no effect; ſh will retain the word, *ſweetly*, to her laſt breath, give up her life in the dear harmonious ſound.

## LETTER XXIII.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I As ſincerely thank you for wiſhing me ſo new years, as a ſlave would for wiſhing he long enjoy his fetters. Not but nature recoils gloomy paſſage, without the ſupports that the g truths of Chriſtianity afford; and even with theſe, fatal darkneſs has often a thouſand imaginary terr which are deſcribed with great emphaſis in the foll lines by an unknown hand.

*The ſoul convulſ'd,*
*Trembles in anxious doubt, and ſtudd'ring ſtands,*
*Afraid to leap into the op'ning gulph,*
*Of future fate: 'till all the banks of clay*
*Fall from beneath his feet: In vain he graſps*
*The ſhatter'd reeds, that cheat his eaſy wiſh.*

*Then the gay glories of the living world*
*Shall caſt their empty varniſh, and retire*
*Out of his feeble view, while riſing ſhades*
*Sit hov'ring on all nature's various face.*
*Muſic ſhall ceaſe, and inſtruments of joy*
*Shall fail that ſullen hour; nor can the mind*
*Attend their ſound, when fancy ſwims in death,*

*hid and sought'd with cares; for long shall seem*
*Thy vigil, and melancholy dark,*
*I know be known not where.*——

their grave reflections are not, perhaps, a-propos in the bloom of youth, and amidst all the ...ments of a court. One would think I was writing from a sober Dissenter, mortify'd to the gaudy vanities of the world: But vedily, Madam, my entertaining on these subjects is the greatest compliment I can pay you, and an unquestionable evidence of a heart that forms wishes for your happiness beyond all advantages this treacherous world can give you. The whole dream of life will soon be over, and all the boundless and immortal.

*Eternity! thou dreadful, pleasing thought!*
*Through what variety of untry'd being,*
*Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?*

ADDISON.

WEYER, you may have no curiosity, at present, what enjoyments the invisible region can yield, re too well pleas'd with your present station, to impatient to be above the stars: But if you should that you are mortal, and born to die, it will the fault of

*Your*, &c.

# LETTER XXIV.

## *To the ſame.*

THIS well your Ladyſhip has given me a
penſation from all forms and ceremony,
I have your permiſſion to be as free and licenti
point as I will. If I was writing to any otl
your quality, 'tis likely, I ſhould be as for
mantua-woman, and might tack your title to e
tence; but in addreſſing myſelf to you, I am
get every thing but your real merit, and can't help
in a manner perfectly unaffected and ſincere. 'Ti
different in my intervals of politeneſs. I find my
embarraſs'd with your dignity and titles, that it c
more trouble than all the reſt of my letter; it give
world of anxiety, where to place the word, *La*
its proper ſituation, without ſpoiling the muſi
dence of a period; which would be a great
me, who am as fond (and perhaps a little more n
ſound than of ſenſe. However, if I ſhould forg
I am writing to a Counteſs, I ſhall not forget a th
other advantages which give your character a
diſtinction.

YOUR Ladyſhip will eaſily excuſe me for ve
to let you paſs a thouſand times thro' my imagi
with no other circumſtance of grandeur than yo
innate merit. The charming idea, un-encumber'
the vain parade of ſtate, entertains my though
the beauty of virtue and unaffected goodneſs.

I AM afraid you will think I am turn'd Quake
am going to abſolve myſelf from all human rit
ceremonies, both of a civil or religious nature; a
for the future I intend to live at large, in defia
all rule and method. But I hope this apology
an excuſe for the future irregularities of,

*Madam, Yo*

# LETTER XXV.

## *To the ſame.*

sH with all my heart you had married a ſpi-
al Lord inſtead of a temporal one; I might
e follow'd my own inclinations, and talk'd of
g but good things to you. I am now in a
iober diſpoſition, and yet, in my own defence, I
appear worſe than I am, for fear of paſſing for
natic with a certain Peer of *Great Britain*. But
ny one would not think it ſhould be a ridiculous
to be religious, nor that ſubjects of this nature
look like the effect of the ſpleen. If there
conduct juſt and reaſonable, 'tis to purſue endleſs
pi ſs, and fly from unlimited miſery. There can
notning whimſical in this ſort of caution; people
y as well laugh at men for endeavouring to ſave
ir lives in a ſhipwreck, as to think it a jeſt to be
ous in an affair of infinitely greater conſequence
n mortal life, with all its narrow intereſts. But, as
*Italian* Poet ſays,

* *Tanto ombra di ſenſi il cor oſcura,*
*Ch'ama il momento, e l'immortal non cura.*

[F this letter comes to your Ladyſhip in one of
ir moments of vivacity, you will fancy I am very
ch at leiſure, to make theſe wiſe reflections, which
umbly conceive you are not always diſpos'd to read,
(to ſpeak but modeſtly) am I always inclin'd to
te. However, if I had as little charity for you as
imagine, I ſhould be very unhappy; while I be-
liev'd

---

* [illegible] the clouds of ſenſe obſcure our thought,
moment's priz'd, eternity's forgot.

liev'd you in the paths of vice, it w
my peace in this world, and (according to
apprehenſions) be an allay to my joys in

*If you were ruin'd, oh! could I be bleſt?*
*Tell me, ye guardians of eternal reſt.*

## LETTER XXVI.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

THO' it has been ſome relief to you, it
a great mortification to me, to keep
long; and I muſt ſpeak or die: It would co
ſt of ſickneſs, not to utter my impertinence.
been reading a diſcourſe on happineſs, and
ſure will be loſt, if I don't give your Ladyſhip
in it.

* *Tous les hommes déſirent d'etre heureux, cel
exception; la volonté ne fait jamais le moindre d
que vers cette objet. C'eſt la motif de toutes le
de tous les hommes, juſqu'a ceux qui ſe pendent.*
Thoſe that live in courts, that fly to deſart
that chuſe the ſteep aſcent to the ſtars, or
paths to the ſhades below, have all the ſame

---

* All men, without exception, deſire to be
the will never makes the leaſt ſtep, but towa
This the motive of all the actions o
even of thoſe who hang themſelves. Mr. P

am purſuing my own happineſs now, but I am afraid
t yours, unleſs it will be any ſatisfaction to you to
now, that I am exceedingly intereſted in Lord ——'s
ealth, and hope he has got rid of his cold. I never
ll lies in compliment, nor in the gaiety of my heart;
ou may believe me when, I aſſure you, I have careſſed
very little clean child that I have ſeen of his age, with
he imagination it look'd like him.

I SHALL not be eaſy till you order Mrs. ——
o let me know you are recover'd from the indiſpoſition
your Ladyſhip complain'd of in your laſt obliging letter.
If you had not all the merit the ſex can boaſt of, I
hould blame myſelf; if I am fond of any thing on
arth to an exceſs, 'tis of you. If I could help it, you
hould not engage ſo many of my thoughts as you do;
ut the obligations of reaſon and virtue are unalterable,
or is it poſſible for me to expreſs with what ſincerity

*I am*, &c.

*P. S.* THIS letter is neither ſenſe, nor grammar,
or legible; and I am undone if ever it falls into Mr.
——'s hands.

## LETTER XXVII.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I WISH with all my heart you were ſincere, when you tell me, that one letter of mine is worth twenty of yours; I would certainly exact the debt, without any conſcience or modeſty.

HAVE

HAVE you made a vow, never to ſpeak
of Lord ——— to me? You will not ſ
let me know, whether he laughs or cries,
wakes; if he's airy and gay, or grave and ſerio
yet you know I love him dearly, and wiſh
height of happineſs in the poſſeſſion of his
rattles, and all the variety of his play-things.

MR. ——— continues his deſign of writing
on the inſcription of the *Atheni n* altar, *To the*
*God*. Whether the Deity is known or unknow
PASCAL has made a very juſt reflection on t
ject.

* *IL n'y a que deux ſortes de perſonnes, qu'
appeller raiſonnables; ou ceux qui ſervent Dieu
leur cœur, parcequ'ils le connoiſſent; ou ceux qui
chent de tout leur cœur, parcequ'ils ne le connoi
encore.*

I DARE not determine to which of theſe r
——— belongs; the giving him the charact
ſaint, I am ſure he would take for a very odd
compliment. But while I am at a loſs to re
what claſs he is to be plac'd, I may with great
ſubſcribe myſelf,

*Madam, your*

---

* There are but two ſorts of perſons whom
call wiſe; thoſe who ſerve God with all thei
becauſe they know him; or thoſe who ſeek af
with all their heart, becauſe they do not ye
him.

LET

## LETTER XXVIII.

### *To the same.*

to wer, since you think it worth
to , if I have any design of seeing
a cy. In the beginning of
tno ns of being at *Hampstead* in
e w unmiss'd all those gay expecta-
ur's disorder, to me, is an immediate
to all the pleasures of life, and at present
violent cold. This trifling indisposition
creation, and blots every charm from
, dissolves the universe, and puts a
u human affairs. I neither hope nor fear,
nor design any thing that relates to this mor-
am as much at rest as the people that
n their sepulchres, and am in some doubt
ner belong to the society of the living or the

As a little disorder kindles up the quickest appre-
sion of the important moment, when I must bid
ou to all human things, I can't but own the prospect
a solemnity in it beyond what I could conceive in
hours of health.

*Some courteous ghost, tell this great secresy,*
*What 'tis you are, and we must be.*
*You warn us of approaching fate, and why*
*May we not know from you what 'tis to die?*
*But you, having shot the gulph, delight to see*
*Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty.*

*When life's close knot, by writ from destiny,*
*Disease shall cut, or age untye;*

*When*

*When after ſome delays, ſome dying ſtrife,*
*The ſoul ſtands ſhiv'ring on the ridge of life;*
*With what a dreadful curioſity*
*Does ſhe launch out into the ſea of vaſt!*

THO' theſe lines are not ſmooth, the pleaſes me extremely.

I CAN ſend you no intelligence from t ſarts, but whether I am in the world, or out of it,

J.

## LETTER XXIX.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

NEVER was there a more agreeable lette your laſt; if you always reaſon ſo juſtly you are going to ſee a play, the diverſion will ne dangerous. Of all public entertainments, a trag me would be the moſt agreeable and inchanting; ſhall never repent that I have ſo ſtrictly kept my pr not to ſee any performance of that kind; unleſs my delight the opera was a breach of it, as I am a afraid it was.

THERE is a poem in blank verſe lately printed, *Winter*, by Mr. *Thomſon*; 'tis very fine, ſo that perſuaded it will pleaſe the juſtneſs of your taſt muſt copy this deſcription:

*THE year yet pleaſing, but declining faſt,*
*Soft o'er the ſecret ſoul in gentle gales*

*Whilst melancholy breathes*
*Among the swelling thoughts aloft to heave 'em.*

*Oh! bear me then to high-embow'ring shades,*
*To twilight groves, and visionary vales,*
*To weeping grottoes, and to hoary caves;*
*Where angel forms are seen, and voices heard;*
*Well'd in low whispers, that attract the soul*
*From outward sense far into worlds remote.*

I'LL give me leave to make my compliments to ———, and to Lord ———, if he is yet a ... creature.

*I am, &c.*

## LETTER XXX.

### *To the same.*

MADAM,

YOU command my passions how you please, and put me in the spleen, for no other reason, but because you are in a melancholy disposition yourself. I am not apt to flatter people that they are immortal, but am fully persuaded, that you will soon see your fears of death end in perfect health, and as much happiness in this world can give you. I hope your Ladyship will write in a more chearful strain by the next post, and I'll endeavour not to trouble you so often with my letters; but I can't grow indifferent to the pleasure of conversing with you: However, I'll attempt it, in charity to your Ladyship.

I HAVE

I HAVE not forgot Lady ——— 's ſpa and muſical voice, tho' I have met with enough to repreſent her to my imagination; for my Lord ———, whoſe place is ſupply'd by child I have met with as fine as vanity can as fair and beautiful as a cherubin.

I SEND you this copy of verſes, becauſe I with both the ſenſe and ſound.

* *Vanita della vita preſente.*

*E fiume che ſcende,*
*E poſa non ha;*
*E mar che l'attende,*
*Il ſempre ſi fa.*

*E nave che paſſa,*
*Ne torna mai piu,*
*Et orma non laſſa,*
*Da dirſi, qui fu.*

*E rapido ſtrale,*
*Che appena ſcocco,*
*Che il punto finale*
*Veloce tocco.*



---

* *The vanity of human life.*

A river pouring down the mountain's ſide;
An ocean rolling on its rapid tide;
A ſhip, that ſwiftly driv'n before the wind,
Returns no more, nor leaves a trace behind;
A winged arrow, that the bow ſcarce bent,
Faſt flies, and trembles in the mark it meant;

*E lampo che ſplſo*
*Che gli occhi feri,*
*Tra l'ombre naſcoſto*
*Da gli occhi ſoani.*

*Il ſol che ſovente*
*Ritrova occidente,*
*Dove bebbe la culla,*
*E non ſo che, che ſi riduce al nulla.*

I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXI.

*To the ſame.*

ADAM,

mortals invention was not limited, and I could rite always ſomething new and entertaining, your ſhip ſhould never reproach me for my ſilence; but I ſay the ſame things again, and tire you with l repetitions, I muſt relieve myſelf ſometimes, by managing

---

ghtning, that while it breaks with flaſhing blaze
ick on the eye, is vaniſh'd from the gaze;
ſun, that darken'd oft' at dawning light
ſudden clouds, finds e'er his noon, his night;
momentary dream, a paſſing thought,
now not what, that inſtant ſinks to nought,
Are emblems, that with ſemblance apt diſplay
Our earthly courſe: So flits our life away!

managing my ſtock; for my genius is al
and as to any thing of wit I am ready to give
ghoſt: Nor is it poſſible in this heatheniſh c
ſupply my indigence, and get freſh recruits. Th
your Ladyſhip's caſe; when you don't write, it
malice and deliberate ill-nature; you can write
ſtory of the preſent age.

THE poem of the *Horn-book* is too wicked for
but I am ſure it would have pleas'd my Lord ——
but 'twas too profane: And to put it out of my
to give him ſuch a criminal diverſion, I ſent it
the perſon from whom I had it; and indeed it
a ſmall piece of ſelf denial to me. But
told you, I am extremely concern'd to hear
has been ſo ill of the gout, I'll copy ſ
to make his Lordſhip ſatisfaction for the very
wit I would not tranſcribe.

*What are diſtinction, honour, wealth and ſtate,*
*The pomp of courts and triumphs of the great;*
*The num'rous troops, that envy'd thrones ſecure,*
*And ſplendid enſigns of imperial pow'r?*
*What the high palace rear'd with waſt expence,*
*Unrivall'd art, and luxury immenſe,*
*With ſtatues grac'd by antient* Greece *ſupply'd,*
*With more than* Perſian *wealth and* Tyrian *pride*

*LET laurel wreaths the victor's brow adorn,*
*Sublime thro' gazing throngs in triumph born:*
*Let acclamations ring around the ſkies,*
*While curling clouds of balmy incenſe riſe:*
*Let ſpoils immenſe, let trophies gain'd in war,*
*And conquer'd kings attend his rolling car;*
*If dread of death ſtill unſubdu'd remains,*
*And ſecret o'er the vanquiſh'd victor reigns,*

*illuſtrious ſlave in endleſs thraldom bears*
*heavier chain than his led captive wears.*

BLACKMORE.

BEGIN to deſpair of ſeeing Mr. *Rolli's Milton*: I in a very probable way to make my exit, and hear true relation of the fall of angels from ſome of the rs, before his ſtory is told.

*I am*, &c.

# LETTER XXXII.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

SENT your Ladyſhip a pacquet by the laſt poſt, which was not receiv'd, when you did me the ho- ur of your laſt. Whenever I delay, 'tis only from a r of being impertinent, and when I write, 'tis with a iſh deſign to procure an anſwer; for, without any mplement, your letters are the moſt agreeable enter- nment of my life. I never read them without a ge- rous grief, that the public does not ſhare in the plea- e and profit they give me.

I SHALL never make a vow that will coſt me ſo dear, converſing no more with you; 'tis too great a height mortification, to break a friendſhip with one of the oſt generous and agreeable perſons in the world. I n't uſe to flatter people, but I am forc'd to ſpeak e truth in my own juſtification; for I had rather half e human race ſhould think me ſtupid, than have your opinion.

THE

THE *Italian* tragedies your Ladyſhip
obliging as to ſend, will be a moſt agreea
ment in ſome of my peaceful hours. There is
thing in tragedy ſo great, and ſo ſuperior to
mon way of life, that in reading, tho' I can't fanc
ſelf a princeſs, I very often wiſh for the re
that I might ſpeak in the ſublime, and
roine.

MR. *Rolli* will oblige me, to keep
my death 'till a more proper ſeaſon, be
preſent alive; and yet I almoſt wiſh myſelf dead,
lamented in his agreeable ſtrains; it really
vanity. I intend to leave him a mour
this motto, *Prepare to follow me.* He'll have
to read ſo much divinity as may be comprehen
the poſy of a ring, tho' the ſight of a folio w
him.

WHY are you ſo careleſs of your health, Lady—
you don't conſider the conſequence of your life to
world ——. You muſt take pains to get ſuch
colds. I can't preſcribe doſes; but I am ſure,
wiſhes are pious enough to reach the ſkies, you
ſecure of every bleſſing.

*I am*, &c.

LETTE

# LETTER XXXIII.

## *To the ſame.*

AM not ſurpriz'd to hear that ſuch a life as Mr. ———'s ſhould have ſuch a glorious concluſion; after ſuch a ſerene day, his ſun ſhould ſet in ſmiles beauty. I can hardly forbear congratulating his nds on the happy occaſion; nor is it poſſible to read r account, without envying ſuch a compos'd and eful exit. Compar'd to this, what a mean and de- able figure muſt an infidel make, when juſt about ry that *grand peut-etre*, that important *perhaps*, on ch infinite happineſs or miſery depends?

TWAS a more glorious proſpect that calm'd the an- h of your dying friend, ſooth'd his pains, and hten'd his face with a ſmile, in the laſt agonies of re —— But what was the next tranſporting ſcene ch open'd on the juſt unfetter'd mind? with what mph was it introduc'd among the great immortals? what inlargement is the gentle ſpirit now wan- ng

*Thro' boundleſs realms of bliſs,*
*Where pleaſure bloſſoms with eternal ſpring;*
*Enjoyments made immortal by deſire,*
*And joys that flow on joys?*

eſe verſes are borrow'd from a tragedy of *Otway*'s; 'll pardon me for perverting them to a purpoſe ſome- at more pious than the author deſign'd.

I AM my Lord———'s and Lady———'s humble vant; but at preſent my Lord ——— is my hero. m told he is the moſt beautiful thing under the ſun: ove it I ſuppoſe he has ſome rivals.

*Where ſmiling ſeraphs touch the golden ſtring,*
*And roſy cherubs ſoft reſponſes ſing.*

A PROPOS, now I am in the ſublime, I'll let know how much I wiſh'd to converſe with you night, while I was looking at the *Northern Str* The ſkies ſeem'd all in a glorious confuſion. I own the novelty of the ſcene pleas'd me beyc regular beauty of the moon and ſtars. Wl run his courſe, ſuch a glittering diſorder, pe be the prelude to the general diſſolution or However, I could not but form in my imagin grandeur of that period, when the powers or ſhall be ſhaken, and the wreck of the unive grace the triumphs of the day; and as I am ex ingly pleas'd with Dr. *Young*'s deſcriptions on this ject, I am glad of an excuſe to repeat them.

*Heav'n op'ning all its ſacred pomp diſplays.*
*The triumph rings, arch-angels ſhout around,*
*And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound.*
*Ten thouſand trumpets now at once advance,*
*Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe;*
*So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,*
*As n ture dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt;*
*Nor man nor angel moves.—The Judge on high*
*Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky.*
*Not guilty fear, not fancy's ſelf can draw*
*A meeting more auguſt: Of greater awe,*
*Perhaps, thro' all eternity has been*
*By God himſelf nought more tremendous ſeen.*

*HOW vaſt the concourſe! not in number mor*
*The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore,*

*The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,*
*The lamps that gild the ſpangled vault above.*
*Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow*
*The mighty plain, and deluge all below:*
*And ev'ry age and nation pour along,*
Nimrod *and* Bourbon *mingle in the throng:*
Adam *ſalutes his youngeſt ſon; no ſign*
*Of all thoſe ages, that their birth diſjoin.*

E would think this poem was not printed, or that willing to ſave you the expence of buying it.—— will read my letters for the future, on no days but ys: However, I am very modeſt, and your com- will eaſily ſilence

*Your, &c.*

## LETTER XXXIV.

### *To the ſame.*

ADAM,

M under an unhappy neceſſity, at preſent, of diſ- beying your Ladyſhip's commands. However, I ſolv'd to make a virtue of this neceſſity, and be as l as I can on the occaſion. In order to this attain- I have been reflecting on the uncertainty of hu- ſatisfactions, and placing you among the vanities th the ſun, I have nicely ballanced the pleaſure atigue, that attend every earthly joy, and fortify'd ind with many a wiſe maxim in proſe and verſe.

*'Tis expectation only makes us bleſt,*
*Enjoyment diſappoints us at the beſt.*

But as Monſieur *Paſcal* ſays, * *L'exemple ne nous i point; il n'eſt jamais ſi parfaitement ſemblable; q ait quelque delicate difference; & c'eſt de la que tendons que notre eſperance ne ſera deçue en cett comme en l'autre.* 'Tis certainly nothing but d ginary difference, ſome delicate diſtinction, ſom circumſtance, that makes us repeat the ſame ex and tire ourſelves with a fairy chaſe 'till life a period: And tho' you are at a great diſtance 'tis time for me to grow wiſe, on paſt experi fairly to give up my hopes, without the fatig further trial.

YOUR Ladyſhip will tell me (for I am r ſpeak for you, as well as myſelf) that I mi excus'd my diſobedience to your commands, wi tedious moral lecture on the ſubject.

BUT with all theſe fair pretences, I am afr hardly keep the character of a reaſonable There is ſomething in your converſation ſo el agreeable, that it looks like ſtupidity, to loſe portunity of enjoying it: And I muſt own were wing'd with pleaſure that I ſpent at —— this is only humanly ſpeaking, and with rega preſent world; for I can't carry the complim as to ſay it made me more fit for the nex found myſelf mortify'd to the love of tranſito and better prepar'd to die, while I was with had quite the contrary effect; I was never mor to earthly objects, nor more unwilling to lea I found a perfect complacence for things bel loſt my reliſh for ſuperior joys. I begun to l

---

* Experience does not make us wiſer: Caſe ver ſo perfectly ſimilar, but there remains ſome ference; and hence we expect that our hopes w deceived in this, as on former occaſions.

his vain world, and was very much disposed to
p my rest in it. Your conversation had intirely
il'd me to life, and given me a taste for its enjoy-
; and I am hopeless of conquering my inclina-
for these sublunary things, 'till you are forgot

*Madam,* *Your*, &c.

*P. S.* If I assure my Lord ———, that one reason
ny directing my letters to him, is the pleasure of
ing his name; such a well-bred excuse will, I hope,
ain his Lordship's pardon.

## LETTER XXXV.

*To the same.*

MADAM,

I MUST express myself very awkwardly, if any thing I said could bear the sense your Ladyship has given it. My words had certainly no resemblance to the intention of my thoughts, on that occasion; nor were at all agreeable to the esteem I have for such superior merit as yours. Your letters are the greatest entertainment this world gives me; and this is, perhaps, the only satisfaction I could not quietly resign. Your silence would make my life seem like a perfect blank, and as insignificant as sleep.

Religion ought indeed to give the mind a greatness and equality in prosperous or unhappy events; but there are some instances, in which reason and philosophy seem but empty names, when we come to try their

# LETTER XXXVII.

## *To the same.*

MADAM,

*COWLEY*'s essays must be entertaining to your Ladyship, if they are new to you: They will acquire new graces to me from your approbation, and when I read those essays again, it will be with double pleasure.

You are so good a judge of what is graceful and proper in the conduct of life, that you seduce me into an assent to your reasons for young people's frequenting Plays; but the same reasons, from any other person, would not have convinc'd me half so easily, after what Mr. *Law* has wrote with so much wit and piety on the subject. But in the view of the world and a publick life, 'tis hardly possible to persuade one's self to be singular; and perhaps it might have an ill effect, and would dress up virtue in too rigid a figure.

I LOVE music to excess, and yet I can't help thinking it a perfect farce for reasonable creatures to make such serious quarrels for mere trifles, and seem more concern'd for the entertainments of the stage, than for the joys of paradise.

IT would be vanity in me to make an excuse for my short letters; my long ones need it much more.

*I am*, &c.

LETTER

…e, indeed, vanity enough to think that …ave kept you from writing to me, but …of your hands; yet I am ſo diſintereſted, …ther any reaſon ſhould keep you ſilent, than …health; and if you will but oblige me with …telling me you are alive and happy, I ſhall …

…ſo long ſince I heard from you, that I …you never had any but a poetical ex… my happineſs has been all a romantic …own forming: Perhaps I have been only …with ſome pleaſing dream, and amuſing my… glittering fallacy; or elſe, between ſleeping …a fairy viſion has ſmil'd on me, and then …d'd from my view.

…d I have put you into the claſs of dreams and …if you don't write, and do yourſelf juſtice, …doubt whether you are a charming reality, …e gay production of my own imagination, …know whether you are ſomething or nothing, …either be ſilent, or addreſs you according to …ty.

…ad my Lord ——— commends the *Critical …England*; the two firſt volumes are very en…, and I am poſitive you would like them. If …ldren or grandchildren, nephews or nieces, …d read them. I don't love hiſtory at all, I …; but theſe books are fit for all good Chri…t love their country, and wiſh the happineſs …y of mankind.

*I am*, &c.

*Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we die.* 1 Corinth. chap. xv. ver. 32. I have ſet down the verſe and chapter, becauſe Mr. *Rolli* may not know where to borrow a concordance, and I am in hopes he will read the whole chapter, it will do him no manner of harm.

I SHALL exactly obey my Lord ——— in returning the paper he has ſent, in letters to your Ladyſhip, on condition I may indulge my talent of impertinence, and not be ſtrictly confin'd to write common ſenſe.

IF there are fairies, (as I am not ſuch an infidel as to deny) they are certainly very happy beings, and poſſeſs'd of a great many privileges which unhappy mortals want: If you could convey yourſelf in a letter, I ſhould receive it with great tranſport; for my impatience to ſee you is much greater and more juſt than yours can be. But this world has no unmingled happineſs; and I'll endeavour, with as much tranquility as I can, to wait 'till death draws the curtain, and unfolds the ſcenes of immortal pleaſure.

HERE you will diſmiſs me, and give me leave to ſubſcribe myſelf

*Your*, &c.

## LETTER XXXIX.

### *To the ſame.*

THE news of the King's death has given my thoughts a very ſerious turn. 'Tis impoſſible not to be affected with ſuch a melancholy inſtance of the *vanity of* all human joys.

Illuſtrious

# LETTER XXXVIII.

## *To the ſame.*

AM,

E you think me dead, as I certainly ought to
n my own defence, ſince that would be an un-
: excuſe for my ſilence: Not but that I ſhall
ys of greater conſequence to impart to you
e immaterial world, and I am perſuaded ſhall
inclinations of converſing with you unchang'd.
in the ſenſe of any paſt pleaſures, it will be
ſtion that ſome of your reflections have given
n at preſent I can't fancy a more agreeable en-
, than the pleaſure of informing that juſt
: curioſity, that you ſo often expreſs concern-
re ſtate.

AD Mr. *Watts*'s ſermons with ſincere delight,
did not commend them to you, for fear you
hink me more partial to the Diſſenters than I
n.

an eaſy tranſition from thoſe ſermons to Mr.
ngs, which are exceeding fine. This is a very
raphraſe on St. *Paul* to the *Corinthians*:

* *Beviam, o Dori, godiam, che il giorno*
*Preſto e al ritorno, preſto al partir;*
*Di giovinezza godiamo il fiore,*
*Poi l'ultim' ore laſciam venir.*

---

; drink, my *Dorus*, let's enjoy
)uth's flow'ry prime, before 'tis paſt;
leaſure ev'ry hour employ,
ien, when it will, arrive the laſt.

# LETTER XL.

## *To the same.*

MADAM,

I AM very fond of politics, when writ in such soft and gentle language as yours. You have inspir'd me with a public spirit, and charm'd me so much with your description of the King and his Parliament, that I wish you were to attend her Majesty to the house on all important debates. My Lord ——'s address and eloquence could not exceed the beauty of your relation.

I AM exceedingly touch'd with these fine lines of Mr. *Pitt*, on the late King.

*So well he lov'd the public liberty,*
*His mercy set the private captives free.*
*Soon as our royal angel came in view,*
*The prisons burst, the starting hinges flew;*
*The dungeons open'd, and resign'd their prey*
*To joy, to light, to freedom, and the day:*
*The chains drop off, the grateful captives rear*
*Their hands, unmanacled, in praise and pray'r.*
*Had thus victorious* Cæsar *sought to please,*
*And rul'd the vanquish'd world with arts like these;*
*The generous* Brutus *had not sworn'd to bend,*
*But sunk the rigid patriot in the friend;*
*And* Cato *reconcil'd, had ne'er disdain'd*
*To live a subject, where a* Brunswick *reign'd.*

HOWEVER libertine principles would degrade human nature, I find there is such a thing as disinterested friendship, and a sincere concern for another's happiness, remote

*ious ſhadow! where are thy deſigns?*
*lorious proſpects and heroic ſchemes?*
*and thy thoughts, in one unhappy day,*
*ther periſh, and are ſeen no more.*
*promis'd bleſſings, the unbounded hopes*
*virtues gave, for ever diſappear.*

of monarchs ſpeak a thouſand ſolemn
are the moſt pathetic lectures of mortality;
the living are inſenſible of theſe ſacred *Me-*
and go on in the ſame vain purſuits. Grandeur
re appear in the ſame inchanting forms; 'till
lves the ſpell, and puts the ſovereign and
on a level: All diſtinctions are then loſt, but
:h virtue gives; and thoſe muſt be great to
e been benefactors to mankind, and a na-
lory and protection. ——— But theſe grave re-
ought to give place to the public joy, in which
you ſincerely ſhare, and juſtly deſerve to be
ornament in the court of a Queen, who is the
id pleaſure of a great and happy people.

T a dialect I am got into? this is talking out
fter, and wandering from my rural ſimplicity.
lvan ſcenes are much more ſuited to my taſte
guage: Where, amidſt all the tumults of the
I find repoſe in an inglorious ſolitude, which at
dulges the indolence of my temper, and gives
re to reflect on the vanity of human life.

our Ladyſhip's great conſolation, I have but juſt
ough to ſubſcribe myſelf

*Your, &c.*

# LETTER XL.

## *To the ſame.*

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*To joy, to life, to freedom, and the day:*
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*Their hands, unmanacled, in praiſe and pray'r.*
*Had thus victorious* Cæſar *ſought to pleaſe,*
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*To live a ſubject, where a* Brunſwick *reign'd.*

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om any hopes of perſonal advantage or reputa-
this is a height of benevolence, which only reli-
inſpires; and without that, all the ſpecious names
r and beneficence are mere mockery, and inſo-
ts of vanity. My concern for you is perhaps
Heaven on my ſoul, ſince it chiefly regards
elicity. Whatever other change death may
ity mind, this diſpoſition muſt riſe to a more
ght in the regions of perfect amity and bliſs.
e myſelf with the thought, that departed
the place of guardian angels to their
they delight to follow them in their ſo-
, watch their nightly ſlumbers, and make
on their ſleeping fancy, to warn them of
g dangers. 'Tis not unlikely, that the tem-
human paſſions are ſometimes compos'd by the
ing whiſpers of thoſe propitious beings, while
of joy have open'd their glories in viſionary
to their ſleeping imagination.

would think I were got into ſome golden dream,
ncy'd myſelf in paradiſe. I find ſome occaſion to
ſelf, whether I am awake or aſleep, dead or alive?
the number of mortals, or departed ſpirits? ——
ver I am elſe, 'tis with great certainty that I ſub-
myſelf

*Your*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER XLIII.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I HAVE waited for the letter you promis'd great impatience; but whether you write or you find I am reſolv'd to moleſt your—repoſe, I going to ſay, but I believe I may recall that ſoft for one of a more vexatious meaning, and flatter m that I only interrupt a ſort of magnificent hurry, in your Ladyſhip is engag'd.

I CAN'T perſuade myſelf to impute your lc to inclination; but have invented a hundred ou dents that have depriv'd me of the pleaſure o y Ladyſhip's Letters. So rooted a thing is vanity in man nature! and indeed it is one great privilege of being, and makes us as well ſatisfy'd with ſome ple fiction, as the moſt real happineſs. For my part, I always eaſy, as long as I can perſuade myſelf not call in queſtion my own merit; which, however i ginary, leaves me in perfect tranquility, 'till a fit of i deſty raiſes ſome doubts and ſcruples to interrupt felicity.

MY brother begs you to accept a volume of l compos'd by Mr. *Rowe*. I believe I am not ſaying, there never was a better judge of the t of the *Engliſh* language, and of the graces of n life, than Mr. *Rowe*; and as they were publiſh'd at importunity of two or three of the author's frie who are perſons of great wit and learning, I don't q ſtion they will paſs for finiſh'd eſſays.

*I am*, &c.

# LETTER XLIV.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

YOUR good-nature, I am ſure, would not ſuffer you to be ſilent ſo long, but for ſome real or imagin'd offence that I have given you. I cannot recollect what, becauſe I forget my letters as ſoon as they are ſeal'd; but certainly, Lady ———, I could as ſoon deſign an injury to my own ſoul, as to you. I confeſs, I have the guilt of too many idle and unguarded words to anſwer for to Heaven; but I appeal to you, if ever you knew me make an envious or an ill-natur'd reflection on any perſon upon earth, or deſcend to any thing of artifice or diſguiſe in all my conduct. In what interval of madneſs, what moment of folly and darkneſs, could I ſay any thing diſobliging to you? I muſt be lunatic, and under the influence of ſome very fanaſtic planet; an error muſt be involuntary, that was ſo contrary to the diſpoſition of my mind, and quite the reverſe to my ſettled inclinations. If I did not know how perfectly innocent I am of the leaſt intention to diſoblige you, Madam, I ſhould never forgive myſelf for acting ſo contrary to the rules of juſtice and gratitude, beſides your own merit, which, without any other move, would ſecure my admiration and eſteem, you have added to this a thouſand obligations for the advantages of your converſation, which command my higheſt gratitude. Theſe motives, I hope, would govern me, if

**was a mere Pagan, and unacquainted with the ſacred rules of the Chriſtian religion.**

*Were fields of light, and bleſt ethereal plains,*
*The gay conceits of viſionary brains;*
*Were there no palms, nor ſtarry crowns prepar'd*
*The glorious toil of virtue to reward:*

If

## LETTER XI

*To the ſame.*

at the coronation. But, ye vain grandeurs and
fements, how little ſatisfaction can you give?
dam, are not happy, where are the boaſts
is and pleaſure?

*dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind?*
*, but in ſhades remote from humankind;*
*w'ry vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,*
*never comes within the palace gate.*

Ld. LANDSDOWN.

. *Ramſay's Life of Cyrus* will be perfectly enter-
; to me; I have never ſeen it, and am impatient
d it; for it has been recommended to me by a
ood judge; but I prefer your taſte to every body's
nd ſhall read it with great partiality.

ISH your Ladyſhip had the privilege of being in
aces at the ſame time, that you might enjoy your
r'd country delights, and ſhine in a court that will
s be the glory of the *Britiſh* hiſtory, 'till the ſun
aſure days and months no more. And yet to
r the publick is but glorious miſery. What ex-
nortal, in the laſt hour of life, would not reſign
advantages of greatneſs and power, for a few
ts of leiſure and obſcurity? when nature in her
eſt agonies

*ts at the awful proſpect of the deep,*
*! fears t'explore the dark and unknown way,*
*! backward ſhrinks, and meditates delay,*
*s out the time, and lingers in debate,*
*leas'd to try an unexperienc'd ſtate.*

(it being a-propos you will think)

*Your*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER XLVI.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

YOU need not be aſham'd to own you are 'tis a joy to the world, and the moſt agre news your Ladyſhip could have told me; it heigh my enjoyment of the charming ſolitude thro' which Mr. *Thomſon*'s muſe leads the thoughts with a juſt and reaſonable delight.

THERE is a ſort of noble melancholy that the loves to indulge; and, amidſt ſome of the grea gayeties, we are conſcious that we came into the worl for ſome more important end than to laugh. Not t I can pretend 'tis a crime to laugh, to you that been ſo frequent a witneſs of my diſpoſition to it; certainly mirth ought to be the effect of chance ſurprize, and not of deliberation and deſign. and burleſque appear to me an indignity to human nature, when propos'd as an entertainment for reaſona and immortal beings who are in ſuſpence and abſolutely uncertain, whether their future deſtiny will be the extreme of happineſs or miſery.——It is well for you, Madam, that I am interrupted, or you would have thought me at defiance with ſinging and laughing.

ANY thing of your Ladyſhip's drawing I ſhall highly value, and I am extremely pleas'd that you are extending the limits of your happineſs; for nothing can more ſincerely amuſe the mind than imitating the ſcenes of nature.

*When from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light,*
*A new creation riſes to the ſight;*
*The blooming ſpring appears at your command,*
*And ſmiling nature waits upon your hand.*

'TIS

'Tis [illegible]er whether they are the ſtone-trees that [illegible]y [illegible]tor, or the four-footed birds, 'tis the pro[illegible]y [illegible]hat gives the pleaſure. I ſhall finiſh Lady ——'s fan very ſoon: I employ my pencil for her uncommon delight.

[illegible] character of *Selima* in the *Travels of Cyrus* [illegible]. I fancy, if you was in the ſame circum[illegible], you would have acted with a ſpirit as heroic.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER XLVII.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

THE formality of waſting paper, and beginning at the bottom of the page, is a very good expedient for a dull invention; and in no other caſe am I a ſlave to ceremony, nor in that always; for I have no great averſion to nonſenſe, unleſs when I am writing to your Ladyſhip; and then, tho' I have a thouſand things to ſay, the language of mortal men does not ſeem expreſſive of my thoughts.

I HAVE been reading *Harry the fifth* in *Shakeſpear*, which gives the moſt ſolemn image in the world of the end of human greatneſs. Death ſeems to enter a cottage only as a gentle deliverer from the miſeries of human life, but into courts and the ſeats of grandeur with inſult and terror. To languiſh under a gilded canopy, to expire on ſoft and downy pillows, and give up the ghoſt in ſtate, has a more gloomy aſpect, than

at

at the call of nature to expire on a graſſy
ſign the breathleſs clay back to its ſ
What does a crowd of friends or flat
that important hour to the moſt glorious
of his numerous attendants would ſtand
death, deſcend into the ſilent priſon of the
him, or anſwer the ſummons of the ſupr
You'll forgive me, Madam, for dwelling so
this mortifying ſubject; if theſe things were
tions, I ſhould be glad never to mention, nor
them.

I HAVE finiſh'd a fan for Mrs. ———, with
———'s picture in it, as exact as I could
her charming face; but the wit and elegance
pencil can deſcribe.

I AM, by a thouſand obligations,

*Your, &c.*

## LETTER XLVIII.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

BOTH your letters found me a miſerable
to my great mortification; for I ſhould be
commence a higher order of beings, that I might
verſe with your Ladyſhip more on a level.

I HAVE read Dr. *Burnet*'s deſcription of the
*nium* with ſo much pleaſure, that I am not ſur
ſuch a ſubject ſhould give you ſo many agreeable
ges, and be more entertaining to a temper like

…dal; …laſt, the politeſt con-

…* letters your Ladyſhip recom-
…them, without exception, on
…tive would tempt me to wiſh
…leaſt ambition of being in
…not juſtify myſelf ſo ſeriouſly on
…ing of the fourteenth, I confeſs,
…ar Lady ———.

——— has very much oblig'd me by the
…s on a lady. The view of ſuch
…d a great delight, in ſhewing to
…ection mortals can riſe; the mere
…uch virt… pleaſes, becauſe it is ſtill hu-
…be in …

… does neceſſarily govern me, when I
… or prejudic'd, not from any
…aintance, but from a real aſcendant you
my judgment; but in this caſe I give my own
… own I like the *Provok'd Huſband*; there
…o be nature, wit and good morals in it,
…pe you like it. *Shakeſpear*'s Play I
…what is become of Mr. *Kelli* and *Mil-*
…pe has found the book that was loſt; 'tis
…on mould be robb'd of ſuch a noble tranſla-

*I am*, &c.

---

* *Friendſhip in Death.*

LETTER

## LETTER XLIX.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

IF you will not let me write to you, I write to my Lord ———, and [illegible] I know, by my own heart, you will not be me in earneſt; if you take ever ſo mu[illegible] you have ſo little malignity in your tem[illegible] wicked with ſo much difficulty, that when you trial, you will deſpair of ſucceeding in the There will be peace betwixt us in this world; o ſide 'tis nature, 'tis neceſſity,

* *Come l'acqua ſcende, el fuoco* ———

And in the next world nothing will break the an eternal amity. I ſhall then act in the perf my reaſon; but while I am a mortal, I ſhall c ſay and do a thouſand fooliſh things: 'Tis the pnvu of human nature, and I ſhall inſiſt on my claim; pretenſions are evident, and indiſputable, and I am you have not the conſcience to deſire me to be infal and free from miſtakes both of opinion and pra But not any of my errors has given me ſo much neſs, as ſpeaking to you, in my laſt, in ſo artful a ma ner, and uſing any ſort of diſguiſe: It has put me mo in the ſpleen than I thought any misfortune could done; and I think (if I know myſelf) I would not guilty of another equivocation, if I might gain the e pire of the world by it. I owe this confeſſion to t rules of virtue and friendſhip. And now that my n is at peace with itſelf, I find that nothing can eſcape penetration of your genius. I confeſs it would ha been a pleaſure to me to know your Ladyſhip's opinio

* As water deſcends, as fire mounts. GUARINI.

ou had not known the author; but I hope the reſt he world will continue ignorant, except two or three know my impertinent manner of thinking. How-, I am pretty quiet, 'tis a harmleſs folly; and as all events and characters are fiction, if it does nobody ood, it will do them no hurt: And I believe I ſhall ent myſelf for the future with copying the vanities my imagination for your peruſal; only I muſt warn to beware of reading them when you are inclin'd to , for fear a mortal lethargy ſhould be the conſe- ce. Next time I write, I will copy ſomething for Ladyſhip, but 'tis pretty long, and not quite niſh'd, you had need be a little prepar'd for the heavy ance of reading any more of my works.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER L.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I AM ſincerely griev'd that you had not my letter, to prevent your ſending for me. I dare not think of a journey in my preſent circumſtances: I have a weight on my ſpirits like death. My humour is not ſplenetic without ſome real cauſe; and I am not fit now to enjoy my friends, nor hardly myſelf, which is not a common accident to my temper. As I am now, if I ſhould ſee you ſo ill and languiſhing as when I was laſt at ——, nothing on earth could ſupport me in ſuch a melancholy ſcene. But I am at preſent detain'd, by expecting ſome relations of Mr. *Rowe*'s, who ſent me word, they would come and ſee me for a day or two; and I would always ſhew them the reſpect they merit.

I AM

I AM glad, for your ſake, that the library is got ———; but for me, when I am capable of e ing any thing, your converſation has charms enough entertain

*Your*, &c.

## LETTER LI.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

THE woods and ſtreams, and country ſcenes, to which you are retiring, will yield to a temper like yours more real delights than all the noiſy pleaſures of the town; and yet, if there was no ſuperior happineſs to be ſecur'd, I ſhould think plays and opera's the height of human enjoyments. I can't be guilty of diſſimulation, and pretend to an indifference for thoſe entertainments, on any other view, but the hopes of ſomething more noble and laſting, in exchange for preſent pleaſures; otherwiſe the birds might ſing, and the rivulets murmur at their leiſure, for me.

WHAT ſhall I ſay to expreſs the remorſe and confuſion I am under at the knowledge of your diſappointment? But really you have no loſs by my abſence; for I am ſo ſtupid, that not even your converſation could awake me into life and ſenſe. I have no prejudice againſt myſelf, and therefore you may believe there is no injuſtice in this confeſſion. But I have ſtill ſome ſenſe of morality left, and own myſelf under an obligation to wait on you; if in mere charity to yourſelf, you will not ſuſpend my happineſs 'till next ſpring. As I am not yet well, if I come now, I ſhould not let any body in the houſe live at eaſe, 'till I am ſent back again. As long

g as I have a whimſy in my head that I am mortal, hall chuſe to meet death in this humble retreat; where : univerſal terror ſeems to put on a gentler aſpect, in in the view of greatneſs, and the amuſements of : : The greateſt fortitude and moſt ſerious diſpoſition little enough to ſupport the ſoul in that important and emn hour.

I TAKE all opportunities to inquire after your health, d am overjoy'd to hear that you are no longer in the aſt danger of a conſumption, and that you are almoſt rfectly recover'd. May all the joys that virtue can ve, attend you, and angels guide you in the paths to mortal bliſs.

I AM glad my Lord will ſoon return, for then all e world beſides will be inſignificant to you: 'Tis a llinction that is due to ſo much merit.

*I am, &c.*

## LETTER LII.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I AM tranſported at the thoughts of ſeeing your Ladyſhip here, tho' I believe it will prove but a golden ream. It would not be civil to offer you ſuch lodgings mine; but I can command very good rooms at a priate houſe; unleſs you chuſe mine, which are really ot fit for you. I hope you will ſtay more than a night, r *Longleate* is but two or three little miles off, nor Mrs. ——'s; and I'll ramble any where with you, on conition I may be left here, to breathe my laſt in this perct ſolitude. Heaven grant that grand and deciſive

moment may look as unclouded near, as it
diſtance. O happy period!

*O celeſtial point,*
*Which ends this mortal ſtory!*

I am,

## LETTER LIII.

### *To the ſame.*

IF you don't come in a very little while,
be no laurels nor holly-oaks left in the co
my waiting-gentlewoman has ingroſs'd them all
her chimneys: Nor will there be a handful of b
in the town to make poſſets for the ſick, if
ſhip defers your journey much longer. I
houſe for you better than any other, and
bear it, I ſhall be perfectly happy while you
'Tis but to forget that you are the Counteſs of ——
and that will not rob you of one good quality;
you liv'd in the woods, you might inſiſt on the righ
nature, and be ſovereign of the rural inhabitants,
reign unrivall'd on the plains.

YOUR promiſing not to plague me (as you cal
makes me half angry with you; 'tis the greateſt im
priety of language you can be guilty of, beſides
great injuſtice of ſuch a thought: I hope you will
to repent the criminal ſuppoſition. Your company
give me unmingled joy, nor will it be poſſible for
to put me into the leaſt hurry, if you will but give
ders what you will have to eat and drink; for I
expect you ſhould live ſuch a celeſtial life, as to
nouriſh'd with the pure ether. But I hope your

[illegible] your luxury to the common food of mor-
it would be an unreasonable caprice here to take it
your head to banquet like the immortals on *Nectar*
*Ambrosia*. But if your Ladyship will dispense with
of these niceties, and content yourself with
viands, you will highly oblige me by writing your
of fare every morning: I must own, without
, I could as soon compose a new almanack for
1720, as perform such a laborious task.

ave hired all the children in the neighbourhood
to cry nor hollow while you are here; but if
ecessary for them to utter some audible sound, and
their voices, I have desir'd it may be only in
g, which I hope will be as moral, tho' not so me-
an entertainment, as the *Beggar's Opera*. I
you will forgive my impertinent aversion to that
ndance, and the ill manners of contradicting the
ation of the public.

ow happy shall I be, if you like my house!
are two chambers for your Ladyship, and a
apel for Mrs. ———; of which she shall have
keys in her possession, and where she may retire
she will for her contemplations. Only there are
ells nor organs, but there is a cupola and arch'd
ows; and perhaps her meditations may not always
re a place of more sanctity. The room I have
ted for your Ladyship has been truly consecrated
y father's devotions. One would think I told you
that you might not fright yourself with the thoughts
ghosts and evil spirits. Perhaps the same angels
guard you there, that waited to conduct the dying
to paradise: Never was the last part of life acted
greater fortitude. I can't help copying these fine
sent me by Mr. *Grove*.

---

* The Meeting-house.

*Here Death I saw, not that wan, ghastly sh*
*By guilt and melancholy fancy made,*
*Of aspect stern, deform'd all o'er, and blind;*
*But gentle, soft, beneficent and kind.*
*Down by his side a golden quiver hung,*
*Full was the quiver, nor his bow unstrung.*
*A silver shaft he chose ('twas tipt with love*
*This to the man, he said, most dear to Jove.*
*Then twang'd his bow, away the pointed dar*
*Flew swift as thought, and pierc'd the fav'ri*

*A sudden night involv'd his unclosing eyes;*
*And the glad soul dismiss'd, sought out her*

*NOT distant far I saw a lonely cave,*
*The passage steep and gloomy, call'd the*
*Dismal it seem'd, but after short descent,*
*Open'd into a plain of vast extent;*
*Where happy winds, from gay unfetter'd,*
*Fit dant the fields beneath, the skies serene*
*No summer's drought, nor winter's cold are*
*No lazy mists to clog the purer air.*
*Broad streams of bliss from living springs*
*With smooth, majestic currents gently glide.*
*Along the shore angelic forms are seen,*
*And hymns divine are heard ———*

*YE blissful seats, &c.*

I MUST descend; how I got here I cannot excursions to the skies are always short, and unnatural; and, as you can witness, I have a pathy for my native element the dust, and can these gross regions without the least difficul long as I live in hopes of seeing your Ladysh some peculiar engagements to the world.

like this house, before you favour me
t, I will certainly go to one that I am
I beg you to let me know when
es. It would be more compli-
nour, but I am insensible to
re, that inchanting thing, which is my
thick of conversing with you, I would
Countess of ——— for the honour of
y sound would have no charms for me on
on.

g a book, instead of writing a letter. I
to subscribe in any form; ceremony must

*Finis.*

## LETTER LIV.

*To the same.*

M, *Sep.* 7, 1728.

s at present a set of thoughts not to be ex-
d in the common language of mortals; but
n yet a stranger to the figures of celestial elo-
I must content myself with vulgar forms, and
y thanks for your visit; in terms very inferior to
I have of the vast obligation.

*Ineffable the rest,*
*I by immortal tongues alone to be exprest.*

ght of good humour and sparkling wit, that ap-
n your conversation the whole time of your stay
harm'd me beyond every thing else; but has
e such a disgust for whatever comes in my way,

that I am just ready to quarrel with every body I meet for not looking and speaking like you. I am grown so unreasonable as to have an aversion to human creatures, for mere impossibilities. The reflection on a pleasure past, your Ladyship will find, has a very different effect on my imagination, from what the hopes of a satisfaction to come had: I am now as splenetic to find the pleasure for ever gone, as I was gay in the view of it when future.

MRS. ——— has left a handkerchief here, which shall be safely return'd. I wish she had left her heart, tho' it would have been an argument she had lost her wits: I am so much govern'd by my own interest, that I should rejoice at any thing which would be a motive to bring her here again.

I HAVE with many arguments prevail'd on Mrs. ——— to have some charity for *David*, tho' he was guilty of the great immorality of laughing to himself, on such a serious exigence, as the being reduc'd to toast cheese with the fire shovel; which I find is the only crime he was ever guilty of.

WHEN shall I recover my indolence and indifference to earthly enjoyments? Really, Madam, I find it necessary to my peace and tranquility to forget you as soon as I can, which, I fear, all my pious endeavours will not be able to complete.

*Be this vain world in ev'ry form forgot!*

This is but a sort of imaginary triumph; for still I find myself engag'd beyond the common formality of subscribing myself

*Your, &c.*

LETTER

# LETTER LV.

*To the same.*

MADAM, *Sep.* 16, 1728.

HOW many obligations have I to you for your last pacquet? without flattery these lines may be apply'd to you.

——————*Diffusing life around,*
*The light of glad society; and touch*
*Love, innocence and joy to mix again,*
*As in the days of* Eden.

You are Mrs. ——'s everlasting theme, she remembers every sentence: Every word that escap'd your lips is treasur'd safely in her memory, and is as authentic with her as Mr. *Dod*'s sayings. She has repeated them so often to her brother and sister, that they have them by heart. She had no notion, she owns, of beauty and elegance before, but now she thinks with pleasure of what perfection human nature is capable.

I CONFESS I expected this place would have put me past redress into the spleen: I was most agreeably disappointed to find that you crown'd the too fleeting moments with wit and innocent mirth, the whole time of your stay; and I shall ever recall the happy hours with pleasure.

IN imitation of your Ladyship's benignity, that would give satisfaction to the meanest of human kind; I have rejoic'd Mrs.——with the intelligence of Colonel——.

I AM, by a thousand engagements,

*Your*, &c.

# LETTER LVI.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

'TIS an age ſince I heard from you, and I
queſtion whether my paſt happineſs has b
or a dream, and if there is any ſuch agreeable p
Lady ——— in being, or that I have only ent
myſelf with a ſort of fairy viſion. With you
thing elſe ſeems to vaniſh into a ſtate of doubt
certainty. 'Tis not impoſſible that the world
ſtill inhabited by human creatures; but to me it ſe
perfect ſolitude, and I begin to fancy myſelf the
poſſeſſor of the earthly globe: Only the misfort
'tis of no uſe to me; this ſnowy weather prevent
from travelling to view the extent of my vaſt domini
But, dear Lady———, if you are in any corner of
univerſe, let me know it; 'twill be a real joy to
tho' I ſhould quit half my ſhare both of ſea and
your poſſeſſion.

*I am*, &c.

# LETTER LVII.

*To the ſame.*

ADAM,

JUST begin with what moſt concerns me, whic
our want of health. I have the moſt exqu
of any affliction of that kind that reaches
could not be confin'd to the doctor's hands f
tri

have ſeen your temper in violent pain, and I perſon has more fortitude and calmneſs of mind occaſions; ſo that I ſhall not be perfectly eaſy, ir you are recover'd.

much better qualify'd to write a religious diary epiſtle to a perſon of your Ladyſhip's wit and 1. My ſcene of action is my own chamber, he uſe I have of human ſpeech is talking to This weather ſeems to confine every body to ited circle, juſt where they are they muſt con- es to ſtay. However, I am very well ſatis- long as I hear of your welfare, and I am no quiſitive, whether the world is aſleep or awake, in agitation.

on't write a diary, and, with *Du Bartas*,

—*Sing myſelf my civil wars within*;

, 'tis a practice that I can't but approve in other But, for myſelf, the daily recital of my own ould be an inſupportable mortification: And yet ill come, when I muſt ſtand a ſeverer judge than . conſcience. Sometimes, for want of greater , I read the *Map of Man* in this author: 'Tis a icture of human nature, and the general caprice nd.

*If I'm merry, I'm mad,*
*Say the ſevere; if I'm ſad,*
*The merry griggs me mopiſh call.*
*Is't poſſible for any man*
*At once to pleaſe, do what he can,*
*God, himſelf, the world and all?*

o firſt, however, are more eaſily pleas'd than the d 'tis not of much conſequence, if Heaven and ce give their approbation, tho' the world ſhould and make a different judgment.

You could not more oblige me, Madam, t putting a ſubſcription for me to Mr. *Thomſon*'s p which I hope will meet, as they deſerve, great en ragement.

You may command me to copy my impertin any kind in proſe or verſe. I never conceal any o my follies from you, but when I am doubtful y you will excuſe them; and when I am afraid y not, I had rather half the world beſides ſhould them: But when my vanity prevails, and make re cure of pleaſing your taſte, I am impatient to my productions with the greateſt parade and Whatever I can hope will be to my advantage, I never make a ſecret.

I HAVE ſent you a perfect miſcellany; and to conclude, I wiſh my Lord———and your Ladyſhip many happy new years.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER LVIII.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I SHOULD pity your Ladyſhip, but that it looks like a ſort of inſolence, in the ſplendor of your circumſtances, to imagine that you are an object of compaſſion. If it would not look like unpardonable vanity, I ſhould expreſs a world of good nature and tenderneſs for you, on this occaſion; but I believe you will adviſe me, ſince I have a mind to cry, and am ſo charitably diſpos'd, to find a more proper ſubject for my grief and commiſeration. If Lady———and Lord——— are in town with you, there is the leſs need of my pity, for they are innocent and reaſonable delight.

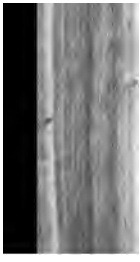
I BEG

I beg you to let nobody read the inclos'd but Mrs. [illegible]. It is writ in imitation of ſomething of this [illegible] which I read in manuſcript, wrote by one who [illegible] very young, and with great joy and ſatisfaction; [illegible] probably was from the ſenſe of having in this [illegible] manner renew'd the ſacred engagements made for [illegible] baptiſm. No motive in the world, but that ſin[illegible]cere tender concern I have for your happineſs, could [illegible] prevail'd with me to ſend it; but when I conſider [illegible] an advantage it has been to my own reſolutions, [illegible] could not in conſcience but let you ſee it. Oh! [illegible] you ſtand unterrify'd, when the pillars of the [illegible] ſhall tremble, and the mountains melt before the [illegible] of the Almighty Judge. I ſhall not reſign my [illegible] for you, but when I give up my life, nor I think then neither. My friendſhip is not divided, and [illegible] makes all my hopes and fears about mortal things [illegible] in you.

*I am, &c.*

## A COVENANT *with* GOD.

INcomprehenſible Being, *who ſearcheſt the hearts and tryeſt the reins of the children of men*, thou knoweſt my ſincerity, and my thoughts are all unveil'd to thee. I am ſurrounded with thine immenſity; thou art a preſent, tho' inviſible witneſs of the ſolemn affair I am now about. I am now *taking hold of thy ſtrength, that I may make peace* with thee, and entering into articles with the almighty God. Theſe are the happy days long ſince predicted, *when one ſhall ſay, I am the Lord's, and another ſhall call himſelf by the name of* Iſrael, *and another ſhall ſubſcribe with his hand to the Lord; and they ſhall be my ſons and daughters, ſaith the Lord* Jehovah. Therefore with the moſt thankful ſincerity I take hold on thy covenant, and humbly accepting thy propoſals, bind myſelf to thee by a ſacred and everlaſting obligation. By a free and deliberate action, I do now ratify the articles which were made for me in baptiſm;



dishonour, let them fully against me words condemn me.

E

THUS have I subscrib'd to thy and engag'd myself to be the Lord's malice of men, and the rage of de me, I can defy all their stratagems, become my friend.

unalterable. The mountains ſhall be re-
me hills be diſſolv'd, before the everlaſting
on ſhall be cancell'd.

## LETTER LIX.

*To the ſame.*

AM,

would be unreaſonable to expect any part of
r Ladyſhip's attention 'till the triumphs of the
y are paſt. I love ſhew and magnificence, I
; but I have a much greater pleaſure in hearing
reflections of, a mind form'd like yours, on
id tumults. In the midſt of them, I fancy,
e always at leiſure, and perfectly diſengaged in
oughts. If I can gueſs at your temper, it is
m the worſt of plagues, ambition; that, attended
vy and reſtleſs ſuſpicion, muſt make a court-life
of unmingled miſery. But, as you are as truly
s you can be, this muſt keep your mind in ſuch a
r and eaſy ſituation.

s ſtory of *Lavinia* is told with a natural and be-
eaſe; but I read it in a very ill humour, be-
ou had not writ a line with it. If your Lady-
id but taken the pains to put Lady ———'s
ord——'s name in the empty ſpace, it would
iven me ſome delight, and I ſhould not have been
l to fold up the paper, and read my name and
of abode on the ſuperſcription, as I did over
ver, in order, firſt, to ſatisfy myſelf that you
alive; and ſecondly, that the auguſt aſſembly
parliament had not made it treaſon for women to
ngliſh, and write in a legible character. After I
had

tion; I religiously devote myself to thy service, and intirely submit to thy conduct. I renounce the glories and vanities of the world, and chuse thee as my happiness, my supreme felicity and everlasting portion. I make no articles with thee for any thing besides: Deny, or give me what thou wilt, I will never repine, while my principal treasure is secure. This is my deliberate, my free and sincere determination; a determination, which, by thy grace, I will never retract.

O THOU, by whose power alone I shall be able to stand, *put thy fear in my heart, that I may never depart from thee*: Let not the world, with all its flatteries, nor death nor hell, with all their terrors, force me to violate this sacred vow. O let me never live to abandon thee, nor draw the impious that would deny thee!

And now let surrounding angels witness for me, that I solemnly devote all the powers and faculties of my soul to thy service; and when I presumptuously employ any of the advantages thou hast given me to thy dishonour, let them testify against me, and let my own words condemn me.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

THUS have I subscrib'd to thy gracious proposals, and engag'd myself to be the Lord's: And now let the malice of men, and the rage of devils combine against me, I can defy all their stratagems, for God himself is become my friend.

O HAPPY day! transporting moment! the brightest period of my life! Heaven with all its light smiles on thee. What glorious mortal can now excite my envy? what scene to tempt my ambition could the whole creation display? Let glory call me with her exalted voice; let pleasure with a softer eloquence allure me; the world in all its splendor appears but a trifle, while the infinite *God is my portion*. He is mine by as sure a title as *eternal* veracity can confer. The right is unquestionable, the

*reſign'd to ſome thick ſhade retire,*
*a graſſy turf in peace expire.*

death is like falling into a gentle ſleep, and has terrible in its approach. May the pious ſuppli- you have inclos'd aſcend like incenſe from an hand, and bring back every bleſſing on your

ſt be a joy to the public to have Prince *Frederic* a ſort of confirmation of the nation's preſent l a preſage of their future tranquility.

ER s any thing more ſprightly than your laſt e turn'd the raillery moſt unjuſtly ; a crime I ſhould never have forgiven in any in the world.

*I am*, &c.

---

## LETTER LXI.

### *To the ſame.*

IS with great concern that I hear you are con- fin'd to your room, in the midſt of ſo many lights, as the walks you are contriving muſt n. Your Ladyſhip's deſcription has given a very l ſcene to my imagination, and entertained me charming ſylvan retreat: I hope my Lord and l long enjoy it. Not that I would wiſh your life d to the date of an antediluvian; you have a uſt opinion of mortality, and I am glad you an excuſe to talk of theſe dull, or grave ſubjects, m what you will, as long as you remember you rn to die, I am ſatisfy'd. And indeed you al- xpreſs yourſelf on this occaſion with ſo much nſe and true greatneſs of mind, that it ſets your character

had made these rational inferences, I assum'd my native peace and tranquility again, and live in hopes of further confirmation of these great truths.

*I am, &c.*

## LETTER LX.

### *To the same.*

MADAM,

I HOPE this letter will find your Ladyship safely return'd to ———, and in the full enjoyment of those natural and guiltless delights that Lady ———'s wit, and Lord ———'s innocence must give you.

*MILTON*'s morning hymn to the Creator must be a noble entertainment to a mind form'd like yours: I almost hear the harmony of it in Mrs. ———'s beautiful description of that performance.

I HAVE been reading the last chapter of *Ecclesiastes*, with many a melancholy pause on the strength and justness of those figures that describe the decay of nature; 'till I came to the close, where the dust return'd to the earth, and the spirit to its great original; here the scene brightened, and the reverse to so many gloomy memorials was all unclouded and serene. The face of nature looks now so wild and wintry, that 'tis a relief to the mind, to think itself but a passenger thro' such dreary and inhospitable regions. As Mr. *Watts* says,

*Long nights and darkness dwell below,*
*With scarce a glimm'ring ray;*
*But the bright world to which we go,*
*Is everlasting day.*

THE *Verses to a Friend* have given me a very agreeable image of a peaceful life, and as charming a scene of death.

Calm

*Calm and reſign'd to ſome thick ſhade retire,*
*And on a graſſy turf in peace expire.*

Such a death is like falling into a gentle ſleep, and has nothing terrible in its approach. May the pious ſupplication you have inclos'd aſcend like incenſe from an angel's hand, and bring back every bleſſing on your head.

'Tis muſt be a joy to the public to have Prince *Frederic* here; 'tis a ſort of confirmation of the nation's preſent happineſs, and a preſage of their future tranquility.

Never was any thing more ſprightly than your laſt letter, only you have turn'd the raillery moſt unjuſtly on yourſelf; a crime I ſhould never have forgiven in any other perſon in the world.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER LXII.

### *To the ſame.*

'TIS with great concern that I hear you are confin'd to your room, in the midſt of ſo many rural delights, as the walks you are contriving muſt give you. Your Ladyſhip's deſcription has given a very beautiful ſcene to my imagination, and entertained me with a charming ſylvan retreat: I hope my Lord and you will long enjoy it. Not that I would wiſh your life extended to the date of an antediluvian; you have a more juſt opinion of mortality, and I am glad you give me an excuſe to talk of theſe dull, or grave ſubjects, call them what you will, as long as you remember you were born to die, I am ſatisfy'd. And indeed you always *expreſs yourſelf* on this occaſion with ſo much *good ſenſe and true* greatneſs of mind, that it ſets your character

own concern, but to excite yours, who are tereſted in this ſubject. Heaven can witneſs, cere my concern for your happineſs is; the of it is expreſs'd in ſubſcribing myſelf

*Your, &c.*

## LETTER LXIII.

### *To the ſame.*

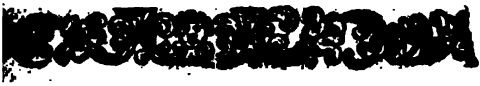
MADAM,

I RECEIV'D an agreeable, I can't ſay a long letter, from your Ladyſhip. Nothing can be more obliging than your invitation to *M*——, and you would pity me, if you could conceive how much I am diſtreſs'd, at once to expreſs my gratitude, and unwillingneſs to leave this retreat. Compar'd to this, *M*—— is a theatre, a court, nations, and languages, the whole univerſe aſſembled together: and it ſeems more decent to ſpend the laſt part of life in privacy and retirement, than to intrude on the *Grand Monde* ſo unſeaſonably. I can't poſſibly flatter myſelf that time ſtands ſtill, or that my ſun runs backward. The world ſeems to be at an end to me, and the time is haſtening, which will bring a pathetic evidence of the truth of that melancholy deſcription *in Eccleſiaſtes. When the ſun and the light, and the moon and the ſtars ſhall be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain; when the keepers of the houſe ſhall tremble, and thoſe that look out of the windows be dark; when the daughters of muſic ſhall ceaſe, and the graſshopper ſhall be a burthen; when the pitcher ſhall be broken at the fountain, and the mourners go about the ſtreets.*

I AM

in free of my quotations, as if your Ladyſhip
durſt to read, or was forbid by ſome popiſh
look into the Bible.

*I am, &c.*



## LETTER LXIV.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

YOUR reproaches are but too juſt, nor dare I add
to the guilt of violating my promiſe, that of de-
myſelf by any falſe excuſes; but you would
pardon me, if you knew the ſecret regret that this
ſo conduct gives me. It will certainly prevent
m ever making a promiſe in the moſt common
of life. But I am the only ſufferer in this, and
ne is my moſt ſevere and exquiſite puniſhment:
Ladyſhip's converſation is a pleaſure that of all
human ſatisfactions I find the moſt unwillingneſs
gn. Unleſs I can have this houſe intirely to
I believe I ſhall remove; and if I do, I may
e to be near enough to enjoy the advantage of
ociety, and ſecure my own freedom and retire-
But juſt at this inſtant being diſorder'd with
t pains in my head, the cold and ſilent dwellings
dead are the very ſeaſonable ſubject of my
ts.

charity is very large, and from this catholic ſpi-
ve often canoniz'd ſome atheiſt or libertine for a
aint; but I am pleas'd to think I made an infalli-
gment of Mr. ———'s merit and piety.

'Tis

'Tis your Ladyſhip's talent to oblige p
the beſt grace in the world, you almoſt pr
impatience for, the pleaſure of reading Mr. Ro
*Hymn on Solitude*, which is really fine. I fancy
have read a pamphlet call'd the *Tryal of the Wi*
*of our Saviour's Reſurrection*; they ſay it was
my Lord Chancellor *; whoever was the
worthy of a man of ſenſe and piety.

*I am*, &c.

## HYMN *on* SOLITUDE.

HAIL, ever-pleaſing Solitude!
Companion of the wiſe, and good!
But, from whoſe holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools, and villains fly.

OH! how I love with thee to walk!
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk;
Which innocence, and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.

A THOUSAND ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in ev'ry ſhape you pleaſe;
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone Philoſopher you ſeem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky,
And nature triumphs in your eye:

---

* It is now known that Mrs. *Rowe* was miſinfo
as to the author of this excellent performance; for
the publick univerſally believes itſelf indebted, not t
late Lord *King*, but to an eminent and learned prel

[illegible] train again you court the shade,
[illegible]ng hang the pensive head.
[illegible]d next, you haunt the plain,
[illegible]le forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
[illegible] sweet passion in your face!
[illegible] divided, you assume,
The gentle-looking HERTFORD's bloom,
As, with her PHILOMELA, she,
(Her PHILOMELA fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.

THINE is th' unbounded breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland's dumb retreat;
But chief, when ev'ning scenes decay,
And the faint landskip swims away,
Thine is the doubtful dear decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

DESCENDING angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain;
Plain innocence in white array'd,
And contemplation rears the head;
Religion, with her awful brow,
And rapt URANIA waits on you.

OH, let me pierce thy secret cell!
And in thy deep recesses dwell;

For

For ever with thy raptures fir'd,
For ever from the world retir'd;
Nor by a mortal ſeen, ſave he
A LYCIDAS, or LYCON be.

## LETTER LXV.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

THERE are not many things capable of me a moment's uneaſineſs; but your L has ſtill an intire aſcendant over my thoughts, a raiſe my hopes and fears, juſt as you think fit. not have expected more from any enjoyment in life, than I promis'd myſelf from your conve and if the ſtars have any thing to do with the pointment, I have much more reaſon than you t plain of their malignant influence. However, t pleaſantneſs of the ſeaſon, and the hopes of ſeei in a more agreeable houſe in the ſpring, leſſen t fliction. Nothing but the natural lazineſs and vity of my temper, will keep me from removi 'tis at preſent my real intention. Why has deſti ſign'd you a Ducheſs, and given you accompli to ſhine in a court? Had your lot confin'd you t neighbouring plentiful farm, how happy had I every ſummer evening to have croſs'd two or flowery fields to viſit you, and have found you on ſome graſſy bank, making cowſlip balls fo children, or gathering pionies in your garden, t up the ſpacious chimney in your hall! I will more, becauſe the impoſſibility of ſuch a happine

[illegible] me. Adieu, ye gentle scenes of innocence [illegible]; I muſt quit the viſionary bliſs for greatneſs [illegible], and addreſs myſelf to the Counteſs of ——; I am afraid, will hardly pardon the ſtrange meta-[illegible] I have been contriving.

*Ideas and notions we purſue,*
*That ne'er had being but in thought;*
*And, like the* Grecian *artiſt, woo*
*The image we ourſelves have wrought.*

PRIOR.

I CANNOT but truly ſympathize with your Ladyſhip in your anxiety for Lord ——. I hope he will eſcape, by the protection of Heaven, this worſt of in-[illegible]tempers *.

*Vale, &c.*

## LETTER LXVI.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

FIND, by a too guilty experience, that people in low life take an inſolent ſort of pleaſure in levelling their ſuperiors; but I muſt own, that ſince I have deſired you of your tides and equipage, you are grown more intimate and familiar to my imagination, and my affection for you is heighten'd by converſing upon an equality

* The Small-pox.

equality with you. I have viſited your without any ceremony, and wander'd in gre ſtures ſtock'd with lowing herds and bea Only your domeſticks are not quite ſo elegant as I wiſh. Inſtead of ſuch nice romantic damſels as *A* I meet harmleſs, unthinking, round fac'd laſſes; a powder'd beaux in ſhining liveries, mimicking airs and ſongs, I meet *Colin* and *Lubberkin*, with coats and ſun-burnt faces, whiſtling ſome aukwar or roaring out a country ballad with voices as their fellow animals which bellow on the However, to make you amends for this, ever elſe is as elegant as the abode of ſome ſylvan g joy and feſtivity ſurround you, and nature po all her bleſſings for you. But to leave theſe v ſcenes, I can't but in reality admire the agree nocence and regularity of your wiſhes: The he your ſtation has not perverted your taſte for th leſs happineſs, which nature in her perfectior form'd to enjoy.

I CANNOT be unconcern'd for Lord ——— the ſmall-pox is ſo near you; all my hopes ar in that heavenly guard, whom you have made yo fidence.

MRS. ——— is now in town, where I hop Ladyſhip will find her always entertaining an Envy is not my favourite vice; if it were, I ſh as ſoon jealous of your favour, as of any thing or but inſtead of that, I am pleas'd to find merit mend itſelf to your eſteem in every appearance I really think Mrs. ———'s good qualities w the ſtricteſt and moſt nice examination; and a l quaintance with her, inſtead of diſcovering fau veals new virtues. If I remove, it will be ſe eight miles nearer you, to convince you that I going to conceal myſelf from you. I had a tl

ather enjoy your converſation in my own pri-
reat, than ſee you in ſuch a crowded ſtation as
n.

the ſmiles of Heaven brighten your paſſage
e gloomy tracts of life, and direct you in the
g paths to immortal joy.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER LXVII.

### *To the ſame.*

DAM,

OU have given me a very agreeable image of
the gardens at *Kenſington*; but your Ladyſhip
ave a perfect command of your temper, to turn
houghts to the planetary regions, amidſt thoſe
ng retreats, and all the ſoft amuſements of a
where to my great ſatisfaction, I find you can
is ſeriouſly, as if you were in a deſart. I wiſh
adyſhip would tranſcribe ſome of your midnight
ons; when

*A thouſand lamps of golden light*
*ung high in vaulted azure charm the ſight.*

Dr. WATTS.

AVE guilt enough, Heaven knows, to humble me,
may ſafely aſſert that I have hardly ever in my
oke a promiſe deliberately; and I beg your La-
would now prevent my guilt, for if you do not
n the engagement, I am ſtill free and innocent.

If I was twenty years younger, and could ſhare amuſements of ſociety with a good grace, I would tend you 'till you were inclin'd in charity to yourſelf diſmiſs me; but you would not adviſe me to 'till I was blind enough to knock my head againſt thing that ſtood in my way, nor 'till I was ſo de not to hear without a ſpeaking-trumpet. Y ſhip, I am ſure, has too ſincere a value for the of my character, to adviſe me to intrude on the 'till I carry

*In my face*
Memento mori *to each public place;*
*While rival undertakers hover round,*
*And with his ſpade the ſexton mark the ground.*

Dr. YOUNG.

I AM a hundred years older than when I ſaw you laſt.

*Not num'rous are our joys, when life is new,*
*And yearly ſome are falling of the few;*
*But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,*
*And downward tend into the vale of age,*
*They drop apace; by nature ſome decay,*
*And ſome the blaſts of fortune ſweep away;*
*'Till naked quite of happineſs, aloud*
*We call for death, and ſhelter in a ſhroud.*

Dr. YOUNG.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER

# LETTER LXVIII.

*To the same.*

a great happineſs to be either inſenſi-
t on human events; to be too
, to be concern'd at the bright, or
or life. If I had but ſagacity enough
q, that whether you are ſick or in health,
will
on their round, nature obſerve its
ſun bring back the day, it might re-
on re of my thoughts; but in the height
, I e not wit enough to reaſon ſo well
endeavour to perſuade myſelf that
en; but in my fits of infidelity, that does
me the leaſt conſolation, and I am ſo wicked
you groveling on the earth among wretched
. At preſent I know not where to find,
place your Ladyſhip to my full ſatisfac-
pernaps leſs to your own: For I am not ſure
ank me for ſending you to the ſkies ſo early,
e you find any reaſon to be weary of this

)uchefs of———'s dying at———, ſeem'd
nelancholy circumſtance, which ſeldom hap-
eople in a low rank; to be in the hurry of a
midſt the agonies of death, had ſomething
it. I have not time to tranſcribe the ſermon
s. ——— I would ſend your Ladyſhip, and
not be quite ſo impatient for it, as you would
tragedy.

ar you ſhould not have ſpirits enough to read
id which is worſe, a dull letter, I will ſub-

*Your*, &c.

# LETTER LXIX.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

YOUR Ladyſhip's letter has freed me moſt racking ſuſpence, and given an my mind, like eaſe after pain; and how agre alteration that is, you are very ſenſible, by you very from your late tormenting diſorder. But w Lord continues ill, I find you will not enjoy ſing of your own eaſe; nor is it poſſible to bl cern ſo juſt and graceful: And yet the height of pity cannot give a moment's relief in pain, that mo tolerable of mortal evils. But tho' the power empire could not exempt the greateſt of mankind this one calamity, I may with a very good gr your Ladyſhip many happy new years, as you are delight and admiration of the publick. If I thank for your good wiſhes of this ſort, 'tis in mere c mony; for I ſhould intreat you to reverſe your p if I were prepar'd for that important moment, that decide the grand uncertainty, whether I ſhall be n able or happy for ever. Could that doubt be fully ſolv'd on this ſide the fatal darkneſs and gloomy ſage of death; were all the proſpect bright and uncl thro' the horrid vale;

*I then ſhould cloſe my weary eyes in peace,*
*And ſtretch compos'd upon my duſty bed.*
*O Death! thy ſilent and refreſhing ſhade*
*Would yield a long, an unmoleſted reſt*
*From all the fruitleſs toils and vanity*
*That dwell below the ſun.*

I am, &c.

LETT

# LETTER LXX.

## *To the ſame.*

)AM,

HE new diſtemper is at preſent very fatal in this
t m, and my own ſervant is ill in it; which
1 into a more ſerious temper than uſual. I
meet death, whenever it comes, without any
no ſurprize. The greateſt pleaſure I take, while
1 this temper, is writing a ſolemn farewel to my
I have been looking over one letter, I kept
to your Ladyſhip, and am now going to burn it,
ite another, as I expect that I ſhall quit the toil of
before you.

*may ſome gentle ſpirit have command,*
*1 waft my ſoul to the celeſtial land;*
*There I fair* Delia's *coming will attend,*
*ill freed from earth ſhe thither ſhall aſcend.*

ıot at all in the ſpleen, but it is not reaſonable
to expect an exemption from a general diſor-
As to this world, I have as much to do as will
me two or three hours, and then I am even with
ıkind, in point of human juſtice. I have no
on to make, nor the leaſt known injury to re-
and I verily believe there is not an ill-gotten
leſcended to me from my humble but pious an-
I lay a much greater ſtreſs on this part of re-
that regards mankind, than I do on any height
otion, as neceſſary as I think it to reconcile the
) death.

r will pardon me, Madam, the familiarity I have
ı running into a ſubject ſo particularly my own
ı; it was not in the leaſt my deſign, but there is a
e in talking freely to one in whom I ſo intirely

*I am*, &c.

# LETTER LXXI.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

MR. *Rolli's Milton* is a charming [illegible] the quiet and ſolitary hours I enjoy. ——— has highly oblig'd me, by giving me a tainment ſo perfectly agreeable. I would with the vanity of a critic; but to me there all *Milton*'s beauty and ſpirit, with the moſt exac lation in the world.

YOUR Ladyſhip's laſt letter charm'd me ſo much, I got every word of it in my memory. I h powers of darkneſs will never be able, with all policy, to draw you to their party, for then their ments will be reſiſtleſs. I would rather think y ments oppoſite to their intereſt, and that you v ſuade me from an inſignificant life, that has n view but a private ſelfiſh happineſs. Mr. *Thomp* furniſh'd me with ſome of the moſt agreeable lines world to expreſs my thoughts.

*I want to be alone, to find ſome ſhade,*
*Some ſolitary gloom; there to ſhake off*
*This weight of life, this tumult of mankind;*
*And there to liſten to the gentle voice,*
*The ſigh of peace.* ———

'Tis a noble * tragedy; I can't help preferring Mr. *Addiſon's Cato*. The language and ſentiment all a peculiar grandeur. The following lines gi a very good opinion of the author.

---

* *Sophoniſba.*

*Ye myſterious pow'rs,*
*Whoſe ways are ever gracious, ever juſt,*
*Ye think wiſeſt, beſt, diſpoſe of me.*
*But whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,*
*Or on your mountains walk, give me the calm,*
*The ſteady, ſmiling ſoul, where wiſdom ſheds*
*Eternal wiſdom, and eternal joy.*

ing this, a ſort of divine contentment ſpreads on
; I ſeem to want nothing, but to be wiſer and
; of which you will think there is evident ne-

am beyond expreſſion oblig'd to your Ladyſhip for
r of the pretty peaceful apartment, ſo ſuited to
e; and your neighbourhood is what I ſhould
to all earthly enjoyments: But ſtill—*I want to*
*e*,—tho' not for ſuch meditations as *Maſſiniſſa*'s.
he limits of life are very ſhort, and I ſeem to have
othing to do but to take a decent farewel of human
ings. As for the common pretence people have for
aunting public places as long as they can ſtand, that
f doing good; I can't in my conſcience make any
ich pretence, nor can I be poſitive 'tis ever my deſign.
ſhould think it a very romantic attempt, to reform the
'orld. 'Tis hardly poſſible in the decline of life to act
n applauded and exemplary part: Virtue then, tho'
ver ſo real and unaffected, looks like neceſſity, rather
ıan choice: People ſeem reduc'd to goodneſs, and to
y to religion as a retreat.

A WANT to be interrupted, like *Sancho*, I can't rea-
ın long without ſome convenient pauſe and intermiſ-
on; which will be at preſent as ſeaſonable for your
adyſhip, as for

*Your*, &c.

# LETTER LXXII.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

YOU have reaſon to be thankful for this li
terval of quiet and leiſure, which I have f
you to enjoy amidſt your country amuſements;

*Sooner or later all things have an end,*

the period of my ſilence, and your Ladyſhip's t
lity is expir'd; and if I ſhould not moleſt you,
preparations for a birth-night will ſoon require your a
tention to the pomps and vanities of the world;
you can bring yourſelf to be as compos'd and ce
amidſt the magnificence and gallantry of a drawin
room, as Dr. *Watts*, in his height of charity, imagi
However, he has done your Ladyſhip but juſtice, in a
miring your conduct, while you can move and ſhine

*On this inchanted ſpot of treach'rous ground,*
*Nor give your virtue, nor your fame a wound.*

BUT I have a concern of a different nature that
at my heart for you. This inlighten'd age is bl
ſo many *Beau* apoſtles and polite miſſionaries, that i
in ſome pain for fear you ſhould be converted to I
theniſm. 'Tis ſo modiſh a thing to turn Pagan,
we have need of all the fortitude Chriſtianity can inſp
to own a ſinking, tho' in reality, a glorious cauſe. M
the heavenly powers preſerve you from this grand a
ſtaſy! I have a concern ſo ſincere and ardent for y
immortal intereſt, that I cannot command my te
while I think it poſſible you ſhould be perverted fr
the paths of ſacred truth.———I muſt make a viſit
your farm to divert the gloom of my imagination; a
never were the ſcenes of innocence and peace m
charmingly deſcrib'd than in your letter.

*I am*, &c.

LETTE

# LETTER LXXIII.

## *To the ſame.*

laſt letter, tho' too ſhort, gave me an un-
ble ſatisfaction, at a time when very few
world could have given me the leaſt plea-
have had ſome ſhort fits of this univerſal
nd want of health, without a chain of
clear demonſtration of the vanity of mor-
s. The only circumſtance in your Lady-
hat gave me ſome uneaſineſs, was your ill-
you ſeem'd to think it a ſlight diſorder, I
by this time in perfect health.

joy'd to find I had no reaſon to ſuſpect
y. You would forgive my impertinent
I could make you ſenſible, how ſincere
r your happineſs: Indeed it is not equal
tance of the event, in which immortality
nor is it poſſible, in this gloomy ſtate of
e apprehenſions ſuitable to the grandeur of

———'s hiſtory with great ſatisfaction.
Ladyſhip will pity my ſtupidity, that can
in folio. I had once the ſame ſprightly
iſe every thing that had the air of plain
and probability; but now it is much
le to me than the gayeſt fiction.

—— is charm'd with Lady ——— and
—; yet how uncertain are human expecta-
elling of the death of Lady ———'s little
ſome uneaſy thoughts.

'Tis well for you that I am not quite cas
was, you might not be ſo ſoon free fi
tinence of

*Your, &c*

## LETTER LXXIV.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I CANNOT excuſe, tho' I ſtill find a great
to indulge myſelf in what you call a ci
quility; but I am ſo fond of your good o
ſhould be content to have my vices paſs for virt
you, and would fain have you believe this a
ceremony and dependance, rather proceeds from
neſs of mind, than from pride: Nor am I leſs
impoſe on you than on myſelf; for whom I ſelo
partiality, and never fail in the exerciſe of the m
tenſive charity. And yet I have too much ſincerity
perſuade you, that 'tis rather my duty than my hap
neſs that I conſult by this retreat from the public;
if I ſhould confeſs, that an abſolute freedom from all
formalities and cuſtoms of the world is a part of
felicity, you would think I have a very odd notion
happineſs, and will certainly adviſe me to regulate ſi
a licentious and irregular diſpoſition; and not to ſan
that to wake or ſleep, to ſit or ſtand, to laugh or c
it my own leiſure, is a point of liberty worth ſtri
ling for.

I KNOW not what orderly and governable inclinati
me people have acquir'd; but to me it ſeems a
ivilege, to be ruſtic or polite, wiſe or impertine
with

being cenſur'd, or accountable to my fellow-
But this may perhaps be ſoothing myſelf in a
olence; for people are not ſent into the world
ı ators, to wake and ſleep, and ſtare at the
/ ror a few years, and then to make their exit.

l, Madam, I have not the vanity to pretend
t retirement, nor affect any recluſe notions
ı; my thoughts of that are juſt the reverſe,
aſy and ſociable.

HAVE form'd many a viſionary plan of coming
to ———, and appearing, and retiring, juſt as
Ladyſhip's commands, or my own caprice ſhould
; but ſomething or other has ſtill fruſtrated my
ıs, while I have been moſt ſincere in my deſigns,
ertain'd myſelf with a thouſand agreeable ſcenes,
view of ſuch an happineſs. By my deliberation,
will think I fancy myſelf juſt coming into the world;
: I can find leiſure to form ſchemes of diſtant feli-
, and purſue them as ſlowly, as if I had an hundred
ı leaſe of life before me. 'Tis juſt the contrary;
negligence ariſes from the narrow limits in which
man life appears to my view; which ſeems ſo con-
d, that 'tis hardly worth while for mortals to change
e ſcene and vary the action.

*Swift as the ſun revolves the day,*
*We haſten to the dead.*

Dr. WATTS.

I HAVE been reading the life of the Counteſs of *War-
ick* with great pleaſure, and the more becauſe ſome
autiful parts of her character reſembled yours. May
e laſt part of your life (however diſtant) be as glo-
ous! Tho' it is not very modiſh to pray, perhaps it
ay not be altogether unneceſſary; and in aſking bleſ-
ıgs for you, my devotions are moſt unaffected and ſin-
re.

*I am*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER LXXV.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

THIS wintry weather has ſpoil'd all m
and confin'd all my views of hap
ſolitary limits of a clean room and a clear fire.
I muſt ſuſpend the hopes of ſeeing your L
ſome diſtant and unknown futurity; which,
ever it will arrive, is beyond the ken of mortals.
ſhould not, 'tis but having a little patience, and w
meet, I hope, where the height of virtuous frien
and every other joy will be complete: 'Till then I
quietly ſit down in ſome verdant ſhade, and
ſummons to happier worlds: Heaven bleſs you:
never ſee you in this again. But the pleaſure of
verſing with you, is not a ſatisfaction I can reſign
half the coolneſs and moderation that you have r
ſented. Your Ladyſhip has indeed ſpoke for
much more wit and eloquence than I could ever
mand; but if I had made a ſpeech for myſelf it wou
have been very different, and much more agreeable t
the real ſentiments of my heart.

You are not more delighted with a country farm
than I am with an old parſonage houſe, in a little vi
lage, where I was lately a few hours; ſo ſituated to m
content, that I ſeem'd to want nothing but your refle
tions and ſociety, to form a complete happineſs.
large garden and orchard, half modern and half an
quated, long codling hedges, old faſhion'd bowers, el
and apple trees, green ſquares and maple buſhes, all
the moſt gay and agreeable confuſion imaginable: The
ſcenes infinitely charm'd me; and, with the unaffecte
piety and politeneſs of the family, gave me an exce
ng favourable opinion of their principles, and a ſort
ſpicion of my own.——If I had made the tour

*From*

, and ſeen the gardens of *Verſailles*, it would been excuſable to have been ſo communicative of isfaction; but to trouble your Ladyſhip with the tion of old monaſteries and box-hedges, is ſome- mpertinent I confeſs.

UR Ladyſhip will, I hope, be half aſleep, when ad my letter, for, at the ſecond reading, I per- ſome inconſiſtencies in it; but writing nonſenſe is very humbling circumſtance to me, becauſe it is ect of neceſſity rather than choice: All I can do caſe is to caſt myſelf on the charity of my gentle ndid reader, which has been my conſtant refuge in diſtreſſes of this nature.

AVE been entertain'd with ſome very beautiful re- on the expreſſion us'd in the ſacred writings, of triarchs dying and being gathered to their people. reconcil'd me to aſſemblies, by giving me ſuch a idea of that auguſt and ſparkling aſſembly, to the ſpirits of the juſt have been gather'd ſince the es of the world. As little as I love crowds, I am lingly pleas'd with the thoughts of that numberleſs rſe of the great immortals, join'd together to paſs dleſs duration, in an immenſe variety of joy and ete felicity.

*While they rove*
*Forever thro' new regions of delight;*
*Where pleaſure leads her everlaſting train,*
*Beauty and youth, in all the roſy bloom*
*Of charms immortal, and unfading life.*

IE muſe deſcends, and in dull proſe

*I am*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER LXXVI.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

IT gives me a ſincere pleaſure to hear that Ladyſhip got ſafe to ———, and found L ———well, and Lord ——— recovering. I ſtay'd 'till the middle of the next week, after you left the *Bath*, in which time I ſpent a few hours agreeably with my Lady ———; who brings back to my remembra one of the moſt amiable characters I ever knew, which gratitude will never ſuffer me to forget.

I SHOULD be miſerable if my mind was always in that impertinent ſituation, that I find it, amidſt the noiſe and amuſements of this world; a train of inconſiſtent images, a ſucceſſion of chimera's run thro' my imagination, without the leaſt propriety or order. I could compare my head to nothing but the caſe of a *Raree-ſhew*; and if the figures had been viſible, I might have entertain'd the mob with the ridiculous pageantry. How ſuperior to thoſe vanities are the ſatisfactions of reaſon and virtue! If religion is a cheat, let me be ſtill deceiv'd; let me indulge the gay deluſion, and recreate my ſoul with the tranſporting expectation. Stand forth, ye glorious phantoms, and entertain my attention in all your viſionary ſplendors! Let me be well deceiv'd, and at leaſt be happy 'till death ſhall put a period to the pleaſing dream. Were the Chriſtian heaven as fabulous as the poets *Elyſium*, I would meet the height of human cenſure and contempt, rather than be undeceiv'd and cur'd of the charming delirium. But the preſent pleaſures of virtue are to me a full demonſtration how bright its future reward muſt be.

YOUR Ladyſhip has highly oblig'd me, by wiſhing me among the angels; the moment I am fit for that ſociety, let

me reſign my breath, and join the illuſtrious aſſem-
y. But if the prayers of departed ſaints can prevail,
u ſhall not ſtay long behind me: Conſider, there are
ver trumpets as well as golden harps to entertain you.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER LXXVII.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

YOU will think me very blind to my own follies, if I tell your Ladyſhip, that I have an averſion to be impertinent and troubleſome, and that I never am ſo without great caution and diffidence of myſelf; but 'tis an experienc'd truth, and I feel a ſecret anxiety, leaſt this letter ſhould moleſt you in ſome moments of tranquility, when you would fain be at reſt from any interruption. And this is the third vexation I have given you, ſince I heard from you; but Mrs. ———'s account of your illneſs has given me many uneaſy thoughts.

No advantages can ſecure from diſeaſe and death; the laſt account I heard of Lady *Scudamore* was very melancholy; but ſhe muſt be happy, be the event what it will. I am in great pain for Lord ——— ſince I heard the ſmall-pox is ſo very mortal, and I wiſh this letter may find you in the country.

IN my dull way, I have been diverting myſelf with copying one of the prints of *Albanus*; but 'tis no matter what I have been doing, nor do I ſuppoſe you are much concern'd to know. However, I long to hear what you have

have been doing or thinking; for I begin to f
have only an imaginary being, and are but ſome
ling idea, which in the flight of a poetical fancy I
been delighted with.

I HAD writ ſo far in my letter, when your Lad
came with the ſad tidings of Lady *Scudamore*'s d
All that allays the gloomy event, is the certainty o
happineſs. But to the public there is no reparat
for ſuch a loſs (when you are excepted.) But 'tis
long before her virtuous friends will again enjoy her ſo-
ciety; while her favour'd lot has call'd her firſt to the
ſeats of peace and full felicity.

I SHOULD be extremely griev'd, if I thought your Ladyſhip's retirement from public places was the effect of want of health or ſpirits: 'Tis a pleaſure to me to believe, that it is only owing to good ſenſe, and a juſt opinion of human life.

*I am, &c.*

## LETTER LXXVIII.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

'TIS a pleaſure to me, to hear your Ladyſhip complain of a hurry, and to find you are not ſatisfy'd with that thoughtleſs unmeaning ſort of happineſs. Leiſure and freedom are certainly the principal ingredients of human felicity; and while you want theſe, I ſhould certainly beſtow my compaſſion on you, if it would not look like inſolence, within the obſcure limits of a ſolitary chamber, to pity the Counteſs of ———. But your Ladyſhip will excuſe me, when I own, it is only

with regard to the next world, that I ſee any diſ-
ntage in your ſtation; and yet every difficulty gives
endor to your example, and makes the victory more
ious.

THE verſes following were writ by a man of good
e, who ſince he wrote them, is gone to make the im-
ant diſcovery in the inviſible world.

*Hark! my gay friend, that ſolemn toll*
*Speaks the departure of a ſoul;*
*'Tis gone——that's all we know; but where,*
*Or how th' unbody'd ſoul does fare,*

*In that myſterious world, God knows,*
*And God alone, to whom it goes;*
*To whom departed ſouls return,*
*To know their doom, to ſhine, or burn.*

*Ah! by what glimm'ring light we view*
*The unknown world we're going to?*
*Heav'n has lock'd out the future age,*
*And planted darkneſs round the ſtage.*

*This hour, perhaps, our friend is well,*
*Death ſtruck the next, cries out, Farewel,*
*I die! And then, for ought we ſee,*
*Ceaſes at once to breathe and be.*

*Then launch'd from life's ambiguous ſhore,*
*Ingulph'd in death appears no more;*
*Temerge where unſeen ghoſts repair,*
*In diſtant worlds, we know not where.*

*Spirits fly ſwift; perhaps 'tis gone*
*A thouſand leagues beyond the ſun,*

Or

*Or twice ten thouſand more twice told;*
*E'er the forſaken clay is cold.*

*And yet who knows, the friends we lov'd,*
*(They may not be ſo far remov'd)*
*Only the veil of fleſh between,*
*May oft glide by us, tho' unſeen?*

*While we (their loſs lamenting) ſay,*
*They're out of hearing, far away;*
*Guardians to us, perhaps, they're near,*
*Conceal'd in vehicles of air.*

I am, &

## LETTER LXXIX.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

YOU have juſt reaſon to think my ſilence a ſ
bleſſing than my letters. I am afraid this is
the caſe, and that your Ladyſhip rejoices at this i
of tranquility I have given you. However, as
in ſo abſtract and diſintereſted a manner conſulte
quiet, after this long pauſe, I hope you will i
me in purſuing my own happineſs; which, ho
ſelfiſh the motive, I muſt own is my preſent c
I am impatient to know whether you are in
mour for this world, or the next. 'Tis not envy
makes me wiſh this may not be your reſting plac
pure chriſtian charity. If you were exempt from
clouds that ſometimes caſt a ſhadow upon all h
bliſs, ſuch a ſerene ſtate might be fatal to your
hope.

NOT

NOTHING but mere dullneſs and want of invention kept me from writing another epiſtle to Lady———. ere is no conquering inſuperable difficulties, nor ſtri- g againſt nature and neceſſity.

ET me beg the favour of your Ladyſhip to write in ittle time. My practice is no rule for you; if I e myſelf a full diſpenſation from the rules and forms this world, 'tis becauſe I think I am going to an- er ſett of beings, and muſt ſhortly practice cuſtoms manners different from the ceremonies of mortals: youth and ſprightly years are ſtill before you, and world will not yet give you an abſolution from its s and precepts. However, you may command . ——— to let me know you are alive, if ſhe has made a vow never to write to me again. The ing from you will be a ſincere pleaſure to

*Your*, &c.

## LETTER LXXX.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

HOPE, tho' your health has ſome little interruptions, your life will long be a joy to your friends, and a uliar bleſſing to your own family.

F I ſhould be ſo unhappy, as not to return juſt ſuch anſwer as you would have me, 'tis becauſe I can't p it. Human actions are not always voluntary; how- r we boaſt of choice and freedom, ſome inviſible vers put obſtacles in our way, and prevent the moſt miſing deſigns. I find it by experience, and am now under

under the influence of a ſort of fatal m
makes it abſolutely impoſſible for me to
Ladyſhip at this time: But I ſincerely believe
in *London*, ſome time after *Chriſtmas*; and
have any leiſure moments, or I any ſprightly one
to Heaven, they ſhall be at your command;
be much better than teizing you with my comp
the riſing to the ſetting ſun,

*From morn to noon, from noon to dewy night.*

If this appointment fails, 'tis my preſent real d
wait on you in the ſpring; but, at this time, I
will excuſe me, becauſe it will be a prodigi
niency, if not abſolutely impoſſible for
now.

You have all the ſweetneſs of temper
human being could boaſt, and that gives me the
even at this juncture, to beg of your Lady
me ſomething or other that I have not ſeen.
whether you have ſeen theſe verſes, which
me by the author, Mr. *Birch*; I fancy they will
you.

You have a better opinion of me than I deſerve
have not wrote any pious meditations of late.
warmth of devotion, perhaps, as well as other paſſi
declines with life; but I hope the calm, the reaſon
and ſolid part of religion ſtill will be improv'd. W
ever changes there are in my mind, my friendſhip
you is an equal and immortal flame, and will outlive
ceremony of ſubſcribing myſelf

*Your*, &c.

## e DEATH *of a beloved Wife.*

*ten by her husband on her coffin.*

HILE pining anguiſh, wild deſpair,
Increaſe my pangs, prolong my care;
l of all my ſoul held dear,
ng joy and love ſincere;
ound the gloomy ſcene's diſplay'd,
th ſtill deepens ev'ry ſhade;
nt, dark, the pomp of woe!
row's eye forbear to flow?
ll, ye tears! ye ſighs, complain!
ut ſighs and tears alike are vain!

here all pale and dead ſhe lies!
flow, my ſtreaming eyes!
men, with extinguiſh'd fires!
ptial bliſs, and chaſte deſires!
fled, the loveliest mind;
weetneſs, wit, together join'd.
Dwelt faith, and wit, and ſweetneſs here?
the change, and drop a tear!
theſe eyes each grace was ſeen,
ve and mildneſs ſhone ſerene:
ft perſuaſion tun'd her tongue,
h ſincere, and ſweet as ſong:
his cold hand could touch the lyre,
ry tender thought inſpire:
nking to its parent clay,
ng'd, the body ſeems to ſay,
ife, a ſhadow, fleets away!

O WHIS-

O WHISPER ſtill, thou voice divine!
Thine be the lore, attention mine.
And while this awful object lies
Expos'd before my weeping eyes,
Teach me, ſome genius from on high,
Like her to live, like her to die;
To emulate the paths ſhe trod,
All humane, gen'rous, great and good!
Like her the rage of death to charm,
And ev'ry ſting of pain diſarm:
Riſe as ſhe roſe, a ſpotleſs ſoul,
Who aim'd at joys beyond the pole;
And raptur'd on the verge of day,
Smil'd to behold the ſhining way.

BUT, hark! the ſadly ſolemn bell
Sullenly ſounds my laſt farewel.
Lo! round the corſe the plaintive throng
Slow-moving, ſilent ſtalk along,
The torch that lends its mournful light,
The myſtic pray'r, the fun'ral rite,
The weeping friend, th' expecting ground,
The ſilent horror all around,
Have tempted *Sorrow* from her cave,
And now ſhe hovers o'er the grave;
Now ſinks our hearts, impearls our eyes,
And bids a gen'ral groan ariſe;
Exclaims that man was doom'd to mourn,
And ſits in pomp to guard the urn.

'TIS done!——O ever dear, adieu!
Each tender name is loſt in you.

thou once kind, lovely fair!
ing of joy, relief from care!
may Love, with ev'ry Grace,
'ry Virtue, guard the place!
ne receives the lonely bed,
oſtrate, ſilent as the dead!
I preſs the well-known place,
inly ſeek the dear embrace;
low and drear the minutes roll,
guiſh racks my inmoſt ſoul.
ut ſee! what heav'nly pow'r ſerene
ently thro' the gloomy ſcene?
! ingliding from above;
ne her form, the ſame her love.

P'ST thou, my deareſt? weep no more!
anſient ſcenes of life are o'er:
orlds now open to my view;
nowledge, virtue, boundleſs, true;
ſouls with ſocial raptures glow,
in and vengeance reign below.
ightly I, thy guardian pow'r,
conſcious of the hour
in'd our hearts, deſcend to keep
reſt charge; to watch thy ſleep,
ter dreams; to chaſe away
ror's miſt, and bright diſplay
m of virtue to thy ſight;
r thy ſoul a ſtronger light;
n's voice to whiſper ſtill;
r bliſs direct thy will;

A beamy

A beamy cloud around you throw,
And viewleſs guide you as you go.
Lo! (few ſhort moments roll'd between)
I preſent change the darkſome ſcene;
Diſpel the awful ſhades of death,
And gently eaſe your parting breath;
Glad hail to you the realms above,
Dear, bleſt, immortal as our love!
Thus while we leave thy lifeleſs clay,
To ſome bright orb thy ſoul convey,
Where virtue, truth, and pleaſure join,
And raptur'd ſay——This ſeat be thine!
Here knowledge great as ſouls can know,
Shall purge the errors learn'd below;
Enlarge thy pow'rs, improve thy ſight,
And ſhew thee truth in native light.
See there yon happy ſhades employ
Their hours in bliſs and ſocial joy;
High-rais'd on virtue's eagle wing,
The patriots act, the poets ſing;
With purer fires the lovers glow,
Than youth or ſenſe inſpire below.
Here join we then the kindred race,
That ſprings to meet our ſoft embrace;
Or in ſome ſweet ſequeſter'd grove
Mix flame with flame, and love with love.
Hence wing'd with thought excurſive fly,
From orb to orb, and range the ſky,
View wiſdom, pow'r, and goodneſs ſhine
Thro' nature's frame; their ſource divine.
——O call theſe ſcenes to thy relief,
Bright future ſcenes! and calm thy grief:

happy; nouriſh ſtill the love,
bleſt on earth, and joins our ſouls above.

E ſpake, ſhe ſmil'd, ſhe ſoar'd away;
e comfort glanc'd a healing ray.

*Aug.* 3, 1729.

## LETTER LXXXI.

*To the ſame.*

DAM,

HIS is not my farewel-letter; nor can you hope for that, 'till I take my leave of the ſun and ſtars. endſhip will follow you 'till then, nor expire with iod; 'tis commenc'd for immortality, and is ab- rom all human motives or intereſt. Nor really, ——, am I ſo much to blame as I appear; for ot your laſt letter, 'till after mine was gone by the t was beſt that it happen'd ſo; for I was taken ſo y ill, two or three days after, in the new ſort of er, that you would not have thought I had a o live, and I am hardly now recover'd. You can't ry, without doing violence to the benignity of vn temper. Conſider, if I have a boaſt, a joy on 'tis your good opinion. I hope I have not been of a breach of promiſe, in not waiting on you, I am ſo careful never to promiſe any thing abſo- Let me beg you to write, if 'tis nothing but to ne with my ill deſerts, and your own ſuperior which ſhall be moſt readily acknowledg'd by

*Your*, &c.

# LETTER LXXXII.

*To the same.*

MADAM, *Nov.* 26, 1731.

'TIS your ease rather than my own, that I have consulted in this long silence: But in spite of moral speculations, I find a great part of my happiness depends on your Ladyship's welfare and good opinion; and when I don't hear from you, I grow anxious for you, or diffident of myself.

YOUR description of the Duke of *Lorain* is too beautiful to be read with mere insensibility: However, 'tis only in some moments of vanity, that grandeur and equipage charm me; for if I know myself, I should certainly chuse that peaceful retir'd life, which Heaven in great indulgence has determin'd for me. But I am not lost in such a dead calm, as to be indifferent to all the shining characters in the *Grand Monde*; for it would extremely oblige me, if your Ladyship would sometimes mention your acquaintance with Lady ——— and Lord ———; of whose merit I should certainly be sensible, if they had neither titles nor quality, and liv'd at the next country farm.

I SINCERELY intended to be at *Hampstead*, this winter; but now the fatigue appears nearer, I find myself as likely to make a pilgrimage to *Loretto*, as take a journey to *London*.

'TIS too late, or I would write to Mrs. ———; her last letter gives me real uneasiness. I must have been guilty of some fantastical preciseness, that she misunderstands; for my soul stands clear of malignity, or design'd injury. But this is the world of errors and mistakes; which will be all set at rights in the regions of purer illumination.

*I am*, &c.

LET-

# ETTER LXXXIII.

*To the ſame.*

M,

HETHER I ſpeak or am ſilent, my ſenti-
ments for you are full of good will and benig-
this Heaven is a conſtant witneſs, who ſees my
d moſt retir'd wiſhes for your happineſs. The
ſuch merit as yours inſpires, muſt be ſuperior
on forms and ceremony, and govern'd only by
noble dictates. I muſt confeſs, that I ſometimes
yſelf of a too negligent ſincerity; but this your
may eaſily excuſe, when you conſider I have
u perſonate a rural nymph ſo long, that I have
rgot you are the much happier Counteſs of——.
vantage is indeed your Ladyſhip's, as well as
——'s; for whom I am ſincerely afflicted to
has had ſo ſevere a fit of the gout: But if any
uld eaſe ſuch anguiſh, it muſt be the tender and
d humanity your actions expreſs. But I muſt
when I am ſo ſelfiſh, ſo intereſted, (as I ſome-
) to trouble myſelf for nobody's happineſs but
I then wiſh your lot had been in the humble
y of a lower ſtation: Becauſe among the hu-
there is no perſon whom I am half ſo much
to treat with freedom and intimacy; nor who
tertain my thoughts with pleaſures more rational
me, if fate had not plac'd you at ſuch a painful
——I ſuppoſe, after this confeſſion, you will
t your ſtars, for making you a Lady, inſtead of
ſhepherdeſs, and placing a coronet, rather than
r wreath on your head.

Ladyſhip has oblig'd me by naming Lady
nd Lord ——; tho' you leave me only co

conjecture the little graces and elegancies, that must tend their ſociety. It will be great clemency in Ladyſhip to write very ſoon to

*Your*, &c

## LETTER LXXXIV.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM, *Apr.* 14, 173[illegible]

YOUR affliction touches my very ſoul. I fi eaſy to conceive the anguiſh you endure for I ———'s and Lady ———'s illneſs, at a time w your own diſorders require ſo great a ſhare of patie But as Heaven has favour'd you with every circumſt of human happineſs, perhaps, this allay may be n ſary to fix your thoughts on a ſuperior felicity, and you a full evidence of the vanity of human th Your Ladyſhip's ſituation in life, eſpecially in an terval of unmoleſted proſperity, gives me as much xiety, as if I ſaw you ſtanding on ſome dangerous cipice; and (if I don't myſelf miſs the road to he it delights me to think how ſincerely I ſhall congrat you on your ſafe arrival thither, thro' ſo many f and inſinuating temptations. I ſhall certainly ha peculiar affection for the celeſtial guardian that at you, and is your inviſible protector in a thouſand u dangers.

MRS. ——— is ſtill in great danger, tho' her ſician has, with very good ſucceſs, been, in the han Heaven, hitherto the means of preventing the retu her diſtemper; but the dizzineſs and weight ſhe fe her head make her afraid to walk in the ſtreets

Tho' ſhe has ſtill a great deal of natu-
ſudden death is a circumſtance that keeps
erpetual anxiety; as ſhe apprehends herſelf the
nt reeling into her grave, and juſt ready to
al fate decided. This does not however
r gloomy, but fills her mind with great
ideas; and I muſt own, I never found her
more agreeable. I know you will excuſe
ount of a perſon ſo inconſiderable in this
in the next, I believe ſhe will find a ſplendid

RETURN you a thouſand thanks for the *Minute Philoſopher*, which tho' I have not ſeen, I know I ſhall your approbation being the greateſt authority

*Your*, &c.

## LETTER LXXXV.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM, *April* 22, 1732.

YOU have given me a real and extenſive ſatisfaction, by the * book you ſent me. I read it with ſtrong gratitude to the author, as being a benefactor to mankind, in endeavouring to ſecure their higheſt intereſt: nothing can be writ with more argument and vivacity, more ſeaſonably, in this juncture of apoſtaſy from the Chriſtian religion.

* *Alciphron, or the Minute Philoſopher.*

THE following lines are, I fear, only a p flight; for I dare not aſk myſelf whether I really ſo diſintereſted.

*O be thy int'reſt ſafe, thy cauſe ſecure!*
*Whatever clouds hang on my future hours,*
*I paſs them all—thy ſacred will be done!*
*I am of no importance to myſelf;*
*I could reſign my being, ſink again*
*To my firſt nothing, could thy glory riſe,*
*When I am blotted from the rank of being.*

IT is a ſenſible pleaſure to me, to hear that Lord — and Lady —— have got rid of their coughs; but it i ſatisfaction of a higher nature, to find the *Grand* has no charms for your Ladyſhip.

I HOPE you will find ——— a retreat as el Mr. ——'s deſcription has made *Ickworth-Park.*

*While books and walks divide the vacant time,*
*Unconſcious all of folly or of crime;*
*While you each morn reſpire the balmy air,*
*And breathe it out again in praiſe and pray'r.*

This is certainly going to heaven with a very g grace, and ſhewing what virtue is, in her native eleg and beauty; 'tis making the paths of philoſophic more ſmooth and delightful than all the popular v of vice and luxury.

FOR want of public amuſements, I muſt ente your Ladyſhip with my own private ſatisfactions; communicate the pleaſure I have had in reading laſt tome of the life of Dr. *Rivet*, who was tutc one of the princes of the houſe of *Orange*. No f of earthly grandeur (as much as I admire trumpets

ke

ettle drums) ever excited my envy, like the triumph nd fortitude, with which the pious man met the uni-erſal terror. Thus let me quit the ſhore, and launch ut into immortal joy! It will be more ſeaſonable to ſay ay prayers another time: But you will pardon this ex-urſion from

*Your*, &c.

## LETTER LXXXVI.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM, *May* 27, 1732.

YOUR Ladyſhip is the laſt perſon on earth to whom I would put myſelf in a ridiculous light; nd yet 'tis a misfortune to which I am often reduc'd, n ſpight of all my ſolicitude to avoid it. However I ave ſome excuſe for my obſtinate attachment to obſcu-ity and ſolitude, from your own charming deſcription f it. You have furniſh'd my imagination with a glo-ious ſcene of ſylvan delights at ———; but I am con-ent with the range of two or three flowery fields hedg'd ound with hawthorn, that are near me; of which I eaceably take poſſeſſion, when I would indulge a ſerious hought, and place myſelf in a ſituation ſuperior to arthly fears or hopes. In theſe ſerene moments your ompany would be as agreeable as the viſit of an angel. Whatſoever ſtupidity you reproach me with, I am ne-er ſo abſtract, as to think of you with indifference: In ny moſt ambitious excurſions, when I am got beyond he period of all human things, I promiſe myſelf the noſt refin'd pleaſure, in a happy and unlimited duration; vhen you will be improv'd in every excellency, and I ncapable of any folly that may leſſen your eſteem. You

already ſpeak the language of immortality in what you ſent me. May all thoſe bleſſings that inſpire your ſoul with ſuch exalted gratitude, be continu'd to you!

If you knew what joy every letter of yours gives me, you would not call it moleſting me, tho' you did me the favour to ſend me a billet by every winged wanderer that makes its airy tour this way. In a poſt or two I will return you my thanks, at large, for the obligation of your laſt letters; for at preſent I have only juſt time for the ceremony of ſubſcribing myſelf

*Your*, &c.

## LETTER LXXXVII.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM, *Sep.* 6, 1732.

I WAS in hopes every poſt would bring me a letter, but at laſt my gay expectations vaniſh'd into trackleſs darkneſs, and gave me inquietudes of another nature; ſince you are not exempt from the ills of vulgar mortals, and 'tis poſſible for your head to ake, tho' diſtinguiſhed with a coronet: However, as it is not my buſineſs to preſcribe to you, or confine you to your chamber, when you are in perfect health; I will diſmiſs that gloomy reaſon for your ſilence, and rather think it voluntary.

I AM ſatisfy'd you muſt approve of my delay, in not coming at this juncture, when the ſmall pox rages ſo *much here*: If my fears are ever ſo whimſical, if there *is but* a ſhadow in them, there is ſtill ſome merit in this

'tis on Lord———'s account. You so ſtupid, ſo inſenſible to all that is gay in life, as not to have a taſte for yours. There is not among the ld ſo form'd——a temper——a turn of nner of expreſſion, that pleaſes me like more to Mrs. ——— than to any body ſhe admires, and is capable of entering s of your character. And yet, after ge ſort of fatality, that puts ſome erable obſtacle or other in the way of my in-happineſs: However, I can't but hope for nterval of that felicity, on this ſide the ſun, uture happy period.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER LXXXVIII.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM, *Octob.* 8, 1732.

HAVE been putting your letters and papers in order. When I die, I deſign to leave them in ———'s ds, as a truſt ſacred to friendſhip and virtue: Thoſe ers and my pictures being the only things I find inclination to carry with me. You cannot imagine w the ſettling this, and ſome other little affairs in er, ſooths and pleaſes my imagination. No perſon r took more ſatisfaction in preparing for a journey pleaſure, than I do in ſetting things in a juſt deco- n for that laſt and grand removal. But I am ſtill ſible no forecaſt can prevent many natural fears, and idental exigencies that may oppreſs the ſoul in that portant action. 'Tis impoſſible to know, 'till the ex-

periment is try'd, what pains of bo or mind, may add horror to the fatal dar it muſt be paſs'd, 'tis of the utmoſt conse deavour to prevent a ſurprize, by growing death and all its attendant terrors. The gl has been met not only with contempt and with a ſort of pious inſult and triumph: Of what inſtance of one that I knew dwells on my m in the bloom of life, and the affluence of h the world with the ſame graceful eaſe, that who had juſt finiſh'd his meſſage, would ſpread ou and return to his native ſkies. I will not talk any longer, for fear you ſhould reproach me for ting it in practice.

I am,

## LETTER LXXXIX.

*To the ſame.*

*Nov.* 11. 1732.

*WHEN will the drudgery of life be o'er,*
*And we be landed on a happier ſhore?*

Your Ladyſhip's part of life has been too ſhort to plead the privilege of being diſmiſs'd ſo ſoon, however impatient you ſeem to advance in your race of life, and put yourſelf forward; while youth and nature forbid the impoſſible attempt. But, I believe, there are few of your fair contemporaries will find themſelves inclin'd to keep you company, ſo that your expedition will not be prevented by a crowd. And yet to bid adieu to the charms of youth, and reſign the bloom of beauty with

ſuch

an inimitable grace as the verſes in one of your hip's letters expreſs, is more to be envy'd than the parade of life. However, this is a period only to ſir'd by a virtuous mind, as an introduction to im- l youth and felicity.

*Come, gentle age! to me thou doſt appear*
*No cruel object of regret or fear;*
*Thy ſtealing ſtep I unreluctant ſee,*
*Nor would avoid, or wiſh to fly from thee.*

HE * books in vindication of revelation I have read a real pleaſure, and will return them to you with irſt ſafe opportunity. Your Ladyſhip's approbation very point of my ambition; and if the † *Inchanted* , or any thing of mine pleaſes a taſte ſo juſt as , I am intirely ſatisfy'd with myſelf.

AM perfectly ſenſible of the obligation I have to for your four laſt agreeable letters; and if I was e *Grand Monde*, that ſcene of action, and you was d alive in a cavern, and had nothing to ſay but occurr'd in your own thoughts, I ſhould certainly the charity to write twenty letters for one. 'Tis ng time ſince I read a news-paper, but I am juſt to get the account of the birth-night, that I may ſome conjecture how your Ladyſhip ſpent the y time.

OUR Ladyſhip is too much an infidel, to believe s of apparitions, and would laugh at me for ſuch ions; but if I could have got a deſcription of ſome lights,

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* *Revelation examin'd with Candor*, 2 vol.

† A tranſlation from *Taſſo*, publiſhed in the third part *etters Moral and Entertaining.*

lights, that were ſeen in the ſky, from ſome inte
mortal, I would have ſent it: But ſome tell m
like one thing, and ſome another, ſo that I ca
preſent tell what it was like: But 'tis a certain
that I am

*Your*

## LETTER XC.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM, *Jan.* 1, 173

YOUR letters are favours ſo free and unm
that I cannot complain of the intermiſſion
any manner of decency; tho' I ſuffer ſo much
that I ſhould certainly have interrupted your pe
I had known precifely whither to direct for you.
yours, in a literal ſenſe, is the journey of life;
grimage, without a metaphor. As the weather i
milder, I hope your Ladyſhip will be freed fron
cold, and your confinement to a chamber, at
charming hermitage. Your Ladyſhip's deſcripti
it, and the park at *Richmond*, are beyond the cha
poetry. I ſhall never forget that there are ſuch
able perſons in being, as Lady ——— and Lord —
tho' your Ladyſhip ſeems reſolv'd never to m
them. You will be pleas'd, when I tell you, th
ſtead of writing moral eſſays, I have employ'd m
ſure, this winter, in the harmleſs amuſement of dr
landſcapes; and ſometimes have dar'd the incleme
the ſky, by walking in the fields this froſty wea
The proſpect exactly anſwer'd your compariſon
landſcape cut in white paper.

*I am,*

LET

# LETTER XCI.

## *To the ſame.*

*Jan.* 24. 173$\frac{2}{3}$.

AM,

OUR letters would never be dull to me, tho' the rds were put together as accidently as *Epicu-* ms; I am perſuaded, even then, they would ap- h ſome peculiar beauty and ſpirit.

AM eaſily perſuaded your Ladyſhip would have l your time agreeably in Lady ——'s converſa- if it had been in a place leſs charming than you : deſcrib'd your hermitage. 'Tis a pleaſure to me ear that my Lord —— has ſo perfectly recover'd health; both as it regards your Ladyſhip's happineſs, l is ſo great a bleſſing to the public. Nature would : inſtructed Lady —— in the art of drawing nout a maſter. It is a ſort of hereditary qualifica- in your family. It delights me to hear that Lord —— reſembles Mr. —— either in perſon or per; for never could human nature poſſeſs more perfection. I have been reading Mr. *Fielding*'s new comedy, *The Modern Huſband*; and can't help thinking it a good play, if nature, wit, and morality can make it ſo.

YOUR Ladyſhip gives me a ſecret pleaſure, while you flatter me with the thoughts of ſeeing you at ——; and yet I check thoſe gay expectations, and number them with thoſe viſionary delights, with which people pleaſe and delude themſelves to the laſt period of life. It ſuits my circumſtances better to reflect that the night is near;

*The fatal night of death, when I ſhall ſleep*
*Unactive in the damp and gloomy grave.*

T

*The period haſtens on, that puts an end*
*To ev'ry vain deſign: My trial comes,*
*The ſolemn hour draws near, that muſt a*
*My everlaſting ſtate; and no appeal*
*From that tribunal e'er will be allow'd.*

I WISH your confinement, and the hurry o
may not increaſe your cold. I can't help h
greateſt concern for your health; tho' your
almoſt forbids me to wiſh you many happy
Indeed there is ſo ſmall a ſhare of happineſs
lot of the moſt favour'd mortals, that I have ſom
ple of wiſhing any perſon a long life; unleſs th
ſuch, as I think, may juſtly deſpair of m
circumſtances in the life to come.

YOUR Ladyſhip has made Mrs. _____
naming her: We are both mightily pleas'd
Amazon's head which I have drawn, which we
is exactly your ſide face; there is as much be
the air and feature, (if my pencil has not fail'd in
ing the original) as ever ſparkled in a human face.

*I am, &c.*

## LETTER XCII.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM, *Feb. 2. 173⅞.*

YOU have reaſon to rejoice, that my paper pro-
miſes but a ſhort letter, for my thoughts are at
this inſtant in a very gloomy ſituation. I can't flatter
myſelf that this chagrin riſes merely from a diſintereſted
concern

n for the public calamity, unleſs my friends were
mortal and ſecure from general danger. Your
hip's laſt letter gave me the ſatisfaction to know
you are recovering from this fatal diſorder; and I
your next will inform me, that thoſe of your fa-
on whom your welfare depends, are all paſt
er.

AM ſincerely oblig'd to Mrs. ——, for the news-
rs. 'Tis a pleaſure to me ſometimes to know the
re of human affairs. It would be giving yourſelf
eceſſary trouble, to doubt whether you ſhould tran-
e a thing from a public paper, for fear of moleſt-
me with the agitations of the buſy world; as long
he arches of the ſky are ſtanding, and the pillars of
earth fix'd, I am at reſt: And I hope, if they were
ken, I ſhould look with ſerenity on the glorious con-
n, and welcome the happy period, that will bring
ighter ſcene in view.

HE new fever rages here, and is very fatal; and
I can't help wiſhing you in the country, for the
muſt be leſs contagious here than in *London*. Where-
you are, may the peculiar protection of Heaven
d you from *the arrow that flies by day, and the*
*ence that walks in darkneſs*. Quoting ſcripture would
e a fanatical air to one of leſs piety; but as you
e join'd that, to the greateſt elegance of taſte, and
moſt refin'd manners, I ſhall eſcape the ridicule I
uld expect from an inferior character to your Lady-
's.

'o my great joy I have juſt receiv'd a letter from
, which brings me the welcome news, that you
all well. I have had a ſhort fit of the fever, to
roach my ingratitude to Heaven, for a ſeries of un-
rrupted eaſe, with which my days have been bleſt.
wever, I am ſtill confin'd to a tenement of clay; my
it cannot yet get releas'd from its mortal fetters; I

ſpeak

ſpeak it with a ſort of confuſion. Whenever come period comes, I ſhall injoin Mrs. ——— you know it; but I ſhall never intrude on your The ſcandal of what people call walking, wi me to keep myſelf inviſible, whatever pl attending your retirements.

YOUR good wiſhes will add to my brother's neſs; and it will be no detriment to yours, if I myſelf

*Your, &c*

## LETTER XCIII.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM, *March* 26. 173

YOU have conquer'd the difficulties of an which will be a certain amuſement in ſome o moments of chagrin, which no ſtate of life is exem from. This thought pleaſes me as much as the ch ing picture you have favour'd me with, which has the delight of my eyes ever ſince I receiv'd it.

MAY Heaven reſtore you again to a ſtate of pe health, and crown your days with every circumſtan felicity. I hope you will not be negligent of your for a relapſe into this new diſorder ſeems to be dangerous to people than the firſt ſeizure. This weather increaſes my concern for you.

SUCH a character as yours, gives me too grea opinion of human nature, to ſuffer me ever to p ſolitude for itſelf; and I am ſo far from deſignin

ſec

eclude myſelf from ſociety, in the bliſsful bowers, that tis a pleaſure to me to think of meeting countleſs umbers of gentle ſpirits, as elegant and refin'd as yours. And yet, according to my preſent apprehenſion, I ſhall nd ſomething peculiarly agreeable in your ſociety; from hich I promiſe myſelf a moſt laſting and ſincere de-ght, when we meet in that ſplendid concourſe, which all come from every tribe and language on earth, to orm the numerous aſſembly.

If ever you attempt copying your own picture, let e beg to have it, and I will never aſk another; that ill be the higheſt obligation you can lay on

*Your*, &c.

## LETTER XCIV.

*To the ſame.*

Madam, *April* 1733.

'T is a ſort of mortification to me, to believe that I need make no apology to your Ladyſhip for my ence; but this is certainly the caſe, and it would be ere vanity in me to make excuſes, for what you will ther thank than reproach me. I need not inform you, at the ſpring is now in its bloom, that daiſies and wſlips adorn the verdant field.

*While birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,*
*At nature's joyful reſtoration ſing;*
*How ſweet the morn! how gentle is the night!*
*How calm the ev'ning! and the noon how bright!*

The

THE news of popular tumults and d
my envy of ſplendor and ſuperiority into ſenous
ſion, to find that no heights of merit can be ſ
from public cenſure, and the ingratitude of ſ
tho' uneaſy people.

IT would be cruelty to myſelf, to renounc
joy I have, which is your converſation; |
all other earthly pleaſures, is no ſooner enjoy'd,
paſt; and 'tis no more than an agreeable d
ſing ſpeculation, which, without the leaſt ra
can entertain herſelf with.——You will thi
ſon'd all human things into mere ſhadows.

'TIS but expanding thought, and life is not

*Ages and generations paſs away,*
*And with reſiſtleſs force, like waves o'er waves,*
*Roll down th' irrevocable ſtream of time,*
*Into eternity's unbounded depths.*

YOUR Ladyſhip has highly oblig'd me by the
tation of another picture of your drawing. I ha
mis'd Mrs. ——— that of *Cornelia* when I die
which ſhe ſeems ſo overjoy'd, that I'm afraid
wiſh the time ſhorten'd: However, it will not be

*To thee, O Death, my fleeting moments tend,*
*In thee the hurricane of life muſt end.*
*Tho' murm'ring waters from the ocean crowd,*
*From thee by nature no return's allow'd:*
*For tho' the ſeas have leave to ebb and flow,*
*The ſtreams of life muſt always forward go.*

A THOUSAND bleſſings attend you! be the
ſpirits your protection in every known or unſeen da

*I am,* &

# LETTER XCV.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM, *May* 9, 1733.

YOUR Ladyſhip's deſcription of the hermitage entertains my fancy with the moſt inchanting proſpect on earth. If I did not expect a more pleaſurable ſituation, after a few ſhort months or hours are paſt, I would envy you the happineſs of your charming retreat; which might be, and certainly is, a haunt for angels, when you are there.

*The guard of Providence is ſure about you,*
*And you were born to bleſs an impious age.*

IT gives me a ſincere pleaſure to hear Lady ——— got into your Ladyſhip's way of thinking; with that advantage, how ſparkling will her character be! while the ſpirit and gracefulneſs of her blooming years ſet off every virtue. Be it eaſy, or ſevere, it muſt attract love and imitation, and ſtrike the ſenſes as well as the ſoul; the heavenly flame will mingle with the luſtre of her eyes, and the beneficent diſpoſition make itſelf viſible by a thouſand nameleſs graces.

'TIS the effect of a perfect humanity, that your Ladyſhip will give me leave to flatter myſelf, that my abſence is not a thing wholly indifferent to you: If it be ſo, it will always be an act of charity in you to conceal it; for the value I ſet on your good opinion, will, perhaps, be the laſt attachment, from which my mind will be diſengag'd in this world.

WHENEVER I think of ſeeing your Ladyſhip once more, the firſt thought ſets a ſcene of pleaſure in my view; but it is ſoon damp'd, when I conſider what a

venerable

venerable figure people make, at my time of perſons of your gayer years and temper. Lady———, and Mrs.———, with ſe of my grave contemporaries, riſe in a viſio before me; and by their reverend example my reſolution of concealing the concluding life in a decent retirement. Nothing appears i mal to me, than being a dead weight, a ſort o incumbrance to ſociety. This is, perhaps, b nice, and refining beyond what a ſtate of m permit.

In meer compaſſion to your Ladyſhip I leave ſubſcribe

*Your,*

## LETTER XCVI.

### *To the ſame.*

Madam, *June 2,*

You have made me very happy with picture of your drawing, which I have receiv'd. I am glad you don't take a fancy to mits and philoſophers; your devotees are yo handſome, and pleaſe with *Copel*'s airs, who I is my preſent favourite painter: nor do I wonder deſigns are entertaining to Lady———'s cleg and genius.

Nothing can be ſo ſparkling to my imagi your hermitage. You have brought back th ſcenes to their primitive grandeur, and a farm-h pears as polite as a palace. Inſtead of an ai

our cows and ſheep give it the appearance of the chal wealth and plenty; and Lady ——, I pre-guards her fleecy charge, in as genteel a habit as oetical ſhepherdeſs that ever grac'd the ſtage.

NISH you may like the * *Dialogue on Devotion*; our approbation would be more to the young au-than that of half the univerſe beſides.

*I am, &c.*

## LETTER XCVII.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I would be mere vanity in me, to make an apology for leaving you ſo ſoon; without any affectation, or ng myſelf airs of modeſty, I ſincerely think my ab-e never requires an excuſe: However, if your La-hip knew what inquietude and regret I felt, when I bey'd you, it would atone for my obſtinacy. I can-expreſs the remorſe it gave me: Not that I repent journey to———; for it has certainly furniſh'd me h ſome agreeable images both of beauty and virtue, ich perhaps are not to be found in any other place, at leaſt not ſo ſuited to my taſte.

I SHOULD have begun my *Japan* table as ſoon as I ne home, if *Les Penſees de Paſcal* had not accidentally ne in my way, and given my thoughts a ſituation ſu-ior to all earthly things. In reading that book I loſe

* By the reverend Mr. *Tho. Amory*.

loſe every care, and grow indep
ſkies: The trifling hopes and fear
before a more important intereſt,
evidence of theſe juſt reflections.

* *Il ne faut pas avoir l'ame fort élevée,*
*prendre, qu'il n'y a point icy de ſatisfa*
*ſolide, que tous nos plaiſirs ne ſont que*
*maux ſont infinis, & qu'enfin la mort, qu*
*chaque inſtant, nous doit mettre en peu d*
*etat eternel de bonheur ou malheur. L*
*l'ame eſt une choſe qui nous importe ſi fort,*
*touche ſi profondement, qu'il faut avoir pe*
*ment, pour etre dans l'indifference de ſçavoir*
*Toutes nos penſees & toutes nos actions doi*
*toutes ſi differentes, ſelon qu'il y aura*
*eſperer ou non, qu'il eſt impoſſible de faire*
*qu'en le reglant par la vue de ce point,*
*notre dernier objet.*

I AM, by a thouſand unmerited obligations,

*Your*

---

* It needs no very elevated underſtanding, to
that there is here no true and ſolid ſatisfaction,
our pleaſures are but vanity, that our evils are m
can be numbred; and, in fine, that death, which t
us every moment, muſt in a few years fix us in an
ſtate of happineſs, or miſery. The immortality
ſoul is of ſuch importance, and intereſts us ſo deep
one muſt have loſt all feeling, to be indifferent a
All our thoughts and all our actions ought to tak
ſo different, according as there are eternal goo
hoped for, or not; that it is impoſſible to treat
aright, without regulating it by a regard to this
ought to be our ſole object.

# LETTER XCVIII.

## *To the ſame.*

DAM,

ill do you no real harm, for me to begin at the of the paper; tho' my head is at preſent ſome- acant, and I find myſelf at a much greater loſs o ſay, than 'tis poſſible your Ladyſhip can be, aving ſaid ſo many fine things on every agree- bject in nature. It would be more juſt in you, plain for want of new worlds, and ſome unſeen es, than for want of invention. When the ce- rch, the groves and flowery lawns, have been de- , mortal eloquence is exhauſted. Indeed the fol- mankind would afford a wide and various ſcene; arity would draw a veil of darkneſs there, and to be for ever ſilent, rather than expatiate on that choly theme.

M taking a great deal of pains to convince your hip that it is not for want of wit, but variety, that nvention is cramp'd; the narrow creation is my laint. In a more modeſt diſpoſition, I may be t with the limits of the univerſe, and think the wide enough; but at preſent it ſeems as diminu- s the painted globe in Queen *Elizabeth*'s hand, or bap bubbles my Lord ——— blows into the air. poetic boaſts

*Of thoughts which wander thro' infinity,*
*And ſoar above the ſkies,*

but little conſolation: After all their ethereal ex- ns, we have got but very dark intelligence from nviſible world; and are ſo far from finding our enlarg'd, that we are forc'd to degrade the bright- der of Angels into human figures. Perhaps your Lady-

Ladyſhip's ſparkling imagination does not dreſ
in broad-cloath and beaver-hats; but even
and diamond buttons, would make but
above the Stars. However, there is no
theſe inconſiſtencies, till the curtain falls,
the glories of immortality in their native ſp

ONE would imagine, when the univerſe
a deſpicable figure in my view, that even ſtar
ters, crowns and ſceptres, ſeem transform'd
one would think, in ſuch a ſuperior ſituation,
have no attachment left for a *Japan* ſcreen; but
own, I long to ſee it.

I AM afraid your Ladyſhip will allow me
of your attention, 'till after the birth day; I
hope you will give Mrs. ——— leave to le
you are well, which will be the greateſt ſatisfactio

*Your, &c*

## LETTER XCIX.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

YOUR Ladyſhip would not thank me, I a
ſuaded, if I wiſh'd you a thouſand happ
years in this world, crown'd with youth and c
tranquility; but when I wiſh you an immorta
happineſs in the next, Heaven can witneſs the ſi
of my ſoul.

I FANCY the Prince of *Orange*'s ſtory would
very beautiful novel, if the ſcene was laid in ſo

r, would make a very ſhining figure. I
...clination, in ſome ambitious moments, to
in imitation of *Telemachus*, and addreſs it to
——.

owing verſes are the eſſay of a very young
. *we*'s nephew, that your Ladyſhip has ſeen
*aa*, who has a promiſing genius for his early

## *Nuptials of the* PRINCE *and* 'RINCESS *of* ORANGE.

### *Mr.* NICOLAS MUNCKLEY.

D with the fame of *Brunſwick*'s royal race,
ɔrn'd with every virtue, ev'ry grace;
*·ange* long aſpir'd to be ally'd,
ıly he could find an equal bride.
ıughty *France*, or *Auſtria*, to his arms
n all the pride of youthful charms
ng princeſs, bleſt with ev'ry grace,

IMMORTAL *William!* thy victorious hand
From the proud *Gaul* reſcu'd thy native land;
Nor to one nation were thy arms confin'd,
Thou hero ſent by Heav'n to ſave mankind!
*Albion* oppreſt, low proſtrate begs relief,
Her flowing tears perſuade the pitying chief;
He ſaw the Queen of nations wretched doom,
Giv'n up a prey to tyranny and *Rome*.
Hell with new rage its miniſters inſpires,
They whet their axes, and prepare their fires;
Already they believe the conqueſt gain'd,
And in their greedy hopes devour the land:
Vain expectation! let a *Naſſau* come,
Where is the confidence of hell and *Rome?*
He comes, and bids the reſcu'd nation ſmile,
And liberty returns to bleſs the iſle.
Triumphing hoſts ſpread their great leader's fame,
And lawleſs tyrants tremble at his name.
*Namur*, thy walls, and, *Boyne*, thy rapid flood,
Choak'd with ſlain legions, and defil'd with blood,
Confeſs him great in arms; his trembling foes
Trenches, or mounds, or tow'rs, in vain oppoſe;
In vain the baſtion guards the hoſtile wall,
And ramparts mock a foe—he comes—they fall.

FROM his illuſtrious line young *Orange* came,
Alike in virtue, as alike in name.
For blooming *Anne* the youthful hero figh'd,
The only lover worthy ſuch a bride:
He ſues, *Britannia*'s monarch heard his pray'r,
And to his wiſhes gave the royal fair.

THE joyful hero waits for fav'ring gales,
dden they riſe, and fill the ſwelling ſails.
ıe prince exulting leaves the *Belgic* ſhore,
ɔr the winds threaten, nor the billows roar;
s guardian Genius bids the tempeſts ſleep,
ıd ſmooths the ſurface of the briny deep.
v'd by the hoary ſurge, white cliffs from far,
ı glad the lover's longing eyes appear;
ift glides the veſſel to the crowded ſtrand,
ıd gives the promis'd hero to the land.
ı proud *Auguſta*'s tow'rs with eager haſte,
ıe deſtin'd ſcene of all his joys, he paſs'd.
ıheeded ſhout her ſons, unheeded riſe
ɛr domes and glitt'ring ſpires, that wound the ſkies;
s ardent paſſion claim'd his total care,
ıd all his thoughts were on the royal fair.
', ſhe appears to bleſs his longing ſight!
ıe fair appears in native beauty bright.
ɔt fairer ſeem'd the fabled Queen of love,
ɛſcending from the ſkies to *Ida*'s grove:
ıſt in ſurprize, the *Trojan* boy beheld
ɛleſtial beauties to his ſight reveal'd.
ɛceive the prize, O *Paphian* Queen! he cry'd,
ɔ *Pallas*, and the wife of *Jove* deny'd:
vain my choice thy rival's charms would move,
ɔvely are they, but thou the Queen of love.
'ith like ſurprize the *Belgic* prince ſurvey'd
he blooming beauties of each royal maid.
ıch lovely nymphs he ne'er before had ſeen,
he faireſt daughters of the faireſt Queen:
ıt chiefly *Anna*'s charms the hero move,
aptur'd he gaz'd, and loſt himſelf in love.

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rely nymphs he ne'er before had ſeen,
reſt daughters of the faireſt Queen:
ſly *Anna*'s charms the hero move,
d he gaz'd, and loſt himſelf in love.

Beauty ineffable adorn'd her face,
And ſpoke her of the lovely *Brunſwick* race.
Her native majeſty each look expreſt,
And all the princeſs ev'ry ſtep confeſt:
'Midſt her attendant train ſo *Dido* mov'd;
The ſon of *Venus* ſaw, admir'd, and lov'd.
Nor leſs her mind th' illuſtrious lover fir'd,
Poſſeſt of all that makes her ſex deſir'd:
Much he admir'd her form, her virtues more;
They fix'd the conqueſt beauty gain'd before.

But an amazing ſtroke his joy reſtrains:
Thus the ſevere decree of Heav'n ordains!
A ſudden heat ſhoots thro' his glowing blood,
And noxious ardor taints the vital flood.
Celeſtial pow'rs, ye guardians of the brave,
Your mighty charge from threat'ning danger ſave
Kind Heav'n aſſents, nor longer will delay
The bliſs of *Albion*, and th' auſpicious day;
The day indulgent fate ordains ſhall join
The race of *Neuſtan*, with the *Brunſwick* line.

The happy iſle exults; with gen'ral voice
Her ſhouting ſons applaud their monarch's choice
Enjoy their preſent bliſs, and hence preſage
Their bliſs continu'd thro' each future age.
They ſee new heroes hence derive their birth,
And other *Neſtors* glad th' expecting earth:
And, ſhould offended Heav'n again ordain
To threat the nations with the *Gallic* chain,
From this illuſtrious line they hope redreſs,
And a new *William* to redeem and bleſs.

all my criticisms, I am charm'd with your Ladyship's sentiments, as they express a noble ambition to reach the heights of virtue.

If I should have an aversion to such a place as———, I must be insensible to all that is agreeable in art or nature; nor can I suffer your Ladyship to have such an unjust opinion of me. If there is a spot on earth to which my imagination is fix'd and inchanted, 'tis there: I haunt the grove, ascend the mount, trace the rivulets, and wander thro' every verdant walk. 'Tis true, in my solitary caprices, I take full possession of the house and gardens, and banish every intelligent being from the place, except your Ladyship and the angels; with whom I may own, without breach of modesty, I am so good as never to be out of humour. You will think I am very gracious, not to exclude celestial beings from my retirement; in which I am happy enough, while I can make a virtue of necessity, and credit the moralists, who tell us, that all human pleasures are better in speculation than in reality. For twenty miles, to me, are twenty thousand; and I could as well think of a pilgrimage to the *Holy-Land*, or of taking a journey to the moon with *Ganza's*. But I hope some favourable event or other will bring your Ladyship to———; and then you cannot avoid this road, when I may be so happy as to see you *en passant*.

There is a sort of infallibility in your judgment of books; I never question the merit of an author which your Ladyship recommends, and will get *Rollin*'s history by the first opportunity. Your Ladyship's mentioning Mr. *Hallyburton*'s life, when I was with you last, made me read over the account of his death; in which there are some aukward particulars, and little domestic matters, that are very disgusting; but abstract from this, such an exit would have made a glorious figure in a language answerable to the dignity of his sentiments; and thro' all the cant and disguise of a Scotch dialect,

the saint and the hero still appear. I was charm'd to find him blessing the hour of his birth, and triumphing that ever he had commenc'd an immortal being; at a time when the guilty part of mankind are wishing they had never been born, and loading the inauspicious hour with execration, and would sink back into their primitive nothing.

*I am, &c.*

## LETTER CII.

*To the same.*

MADAM, *July 6, 1734.*

YOU would have been molested with my impertinence before this, if Lady———'s commands had not employ'd me in drawing; which I am afraid was more to flatter my vanity, than to please her own inclination; but that still heightens the favour. I have copy'd the Pastoral Muse from a print Lady *Scudamore* sent me: The figure is negligently lolling on the grass, in a romantic scene, with cascades, and swans, and little birds on the branches of trees. I will send it as soon as I have an opportunity: The only compliment I desire in return, is something of Lady———'s drawing.

I AM pleas'd to find your Ladyship has had one interval of what you call real solitude: I should have been so perverse as to have call'd it a crowd, if your obliging wishes to have me with you, could have taken effect. Where ever you are, I shall frequently visit you in my imagination; and those sort of intellectual com-

ts, your Ladyſhip may be aſſur'd, will always and never incommode your moſt important nor will theſe airy rambles be attended with fatigue.

NG in Dr. *Watt's Juvenile Miſcellanies* gives pleaſure than the deſcription of the *Temple of* hich is really fine. Nor is it poſſible to read *ul Philoſopher*, without the warmeſt emotions de to Heaven, for a thouſand diſtinguiſhing ſpecially that of living in one of the moſt glorious periods, that ever the *Engliſh* nation s I can't help thinking the preſent is, ſince I *Rapin*; which has often excited my gratitude, not fated to breathe in the days of King *Eg*ng *Sweno*.

had a thouſand panics for fear you would not ep the ſcreen; for it is ſo pretty, and you ſo much pains about it, that I had not the to expect or deſire it; but if you don't make t back again, it will be a ſurprizing obligation. ublic benefit to this town, and the joy and f all that ſet their eyes upon it.

OSE a horſe with four legs is, by this time, an animal for Lord ———, and he would have a horſe with wings like *Pegaſus*. I am ain, when I recall with what ſpeed he us'd to ie plains.

*I am*, &c.

# LETTER CIII.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM, *Aug.* 2, 17

COULD any circumſtance in the world envy, it would be the happineſs which enjoys in your Ladyſhip's converſation and f but inſtead of exciting an uneaſy thought, it giv the higheſt ſatisfaction, to find you juſt to ſo merit. Your Ladyſhip may juſtly reproach , n enjoying a ſociety in which I confeſs there ſo charms. Mine is, indeed, a fantaſtic ſituation of there is ſomething of mechaniſm in my reaſoni culty, as well as in my devotion; which ſeems pend on juſt ſuch a place, and ſuch a ſet of Indeed, I cannot boaſt of any great ſhare of goodneſs, but I ſeem entirely deſtitute of both, my own chamber. My happineſs is a ſort of Qu there is ſomething in your way of life too glar tumultuous for the natural ſedateneſs of my If Mrs. ——, inſtead of drawing the picture, co ſibly be transform'd into a real St. *Genevieve*; anc ſit under a tree, with a good book in her lap, w her ſheep in a very flowery paſture that I could her, I ſhould viſit her at the riſing morning and ſile ing. Nor ſhould I have the leaſt objection to th at ———, if your Ladyſhip could be metamo into a plain good woman, without any attenda Mrs. ———, and ———, ſunk into *Lucy* and I dare not carry the transformation to ſuch a pro extent, as to turn my Lord ——— into a re Divine, tho' with regard to the next world, perh would be no diſadvantage to his Lordſhip. No I the leaſt inclination to make any alteration houſe or gardens, which, I confeſs, have a nea ſemblance to my plans of paradiſe, than any oth

ect which comes within my view; unleſs what Mr. ——'s drawing gives me, which is done with exiſite ſkill, and came ſafe to me.

My imagination could be no manner of help in the ntrivance of your grotto; nor can an invention ſo rkling as yours want aſſiſtance, which appears by the auty of your deſcription.

You will be ſo obliging as to make a compliment to rd———, and Lady———, from

*Your*, &c.

## LETTER CIV.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

WHILE you meet with ſo many inſtances of the vanity of earthly grandeur, I need not be very ith of my morals on that ſubject; and yet when I in the humour of dictating, I cannot help ſaying, at you know very well, without the addition of my timony to this melancholy truth, that even the reves of a kingdom cannot procure an exemption from pains of ſickneſs, or the menaces of death, nor chaſe one moment's eaſe for the moſt diſtinguiſh'd of rtals. There is no relief in that gloomy hour, but

*That glorious ſolace of immenſe diſtreſs,*
*A conſcience, and a God; a friend within,*
*And better friend on high. His eye-lids ſend*

*Beams*

*Beams of immortal youth thro' heav'n bright regions,*
*His all-powerful word can health create,*
*And bid the bleſſing come amidſt the wintry froſt.*

I HOPE Lord ——— is by this time recover'd from his feverish diſorder. I can't but ſhare with your Ladyſhip in the concern you feel for him, with regard to the ſmall pox. May Heaven protect the little angel from that peſtilential diſtemper. If any thing can ſoften Lord ———'s tortures, it muſt be your Ladyſhip's attendance: You are the balm and joy of life to all about you; every gloomy event gives a luſtre to your character, and brings the benignity of your temper into action. And amidſt all the changes of human affairs, a virtuous mind will feel a ſecret complacence in believing

*The courſe of human things is all decreed,*
*With each minuteſt circumſtance, above:*
*No fickle chance, no blind contingencies,*
*No unforeſeen events ariſe, to croſs*
*The purpoſes divine.*

I HAVE always the brigheſt expectations from an author that your Ladyſhip recommends, nor have I been diſappointed in *Rollin*'s hiſtory; the two firſt volumes of which I have been reading with a true regional delight: His remarks on the conduct of divine Providence are a proof to me of the author's piety, and thro' every page the delicacy and juſtneſs of his ſentiments appear. Lady ———'s retreat puts one wiſe thing in my head, that there is no happineſs but in innocence and obſcurity. —— But to your great comfort my morality is abridg'd for want of room.

*I am*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER CV.

## *To the same.*

MADAM,

YOU will pardon me, I am sure, for presuming to think a person in your station and altitude an object of compassion; but you are really so, even by your own confession: Nor could your Ladyship have form'd one circumstance of misery greater than that of being confin'd to a crowd of people, who are all of them in a state of hostility and ill humour with one another; or at least not so peaceably dispos'd, as your Ladyship's sedate and gentle disposition would wish them. But while I pity, and am ready to pray for you, it diverts me, to find you only a little discompos'd, in a situation that would bereave me of my senses, and drive me quite out of my wits.

I AM glad your Ladyship is disgusted with ———; the whole seems to be writ with a malice more than human, and has surely something infernal in it. 'Tis surprizing, that a man can devest himself of the tender sentiments of nature so far, as deliberately to give anguish and confusion to beings of his own kind. Slander and invective do an injury never to be repair'd, and consequently are unpardonable sins.

I SHALL easily dispense with your drawing for me, when it puts you to the least pain. Mr. ——— outshines us all. I have hung his drawing in an eminent place, in my parlour, and no body that comes there thinks it worth their while to look at any other performance, 'till they have admir'd this: I own myself indebted to him for it. I have just receiv'd a present of the seasons by *Watteau*; the scenes are fine, and the faces very handsome; and I should be glad enough h

hear the muſic, but averſe to being one of the
I muſt tell you all the ſecrets of my heart, w
are guilty or innocent.

It gives me the moſt abſtract and refin'd plea
hear your Ladyſh p's character and fine genius
You are my vanity and pride, nor is it p
to be more delighted, to find the public doing
Lady ———'s charms and merit, than I
juſtice done to yours. I am often pleas'd with
tunity of applying theſe lines of Dr. *Young* to
dyſhip's character:

*She ſtrikes each point with native force of mind,*
*While puzzled learning blunders far behind.*
*Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,*
*The great are vanquiſh'd, and the wiſe are taugh*
*Her breeding finiſh'd, and her temper ſweet;*
*When ſerious, eaſy; and when gay, diſcreet;*
*In glitt'ring ſcenes o'er her own heart ſevere,*
*In crowds collected, and in courts ſincere.*

Mr. *Duncombe* ſent me his propoſals for printi
*Hughes*'s works. I am glad he finds encouragem
he is really an author of genius and ſtrict morals. I
you will not make ſuch a long pauſe as your laſt, I
you write to

*Your,*

TTT

# LETTER CVI.

## *To the ſame.*

ADAM,

OU cannot communicate your joys to any perſon
that more ſincerely ſhares in your Ladyſhip's hap-
than I do. While your amuſements are ſo rea-
e and innocent, you need not ſcruple making con-
s of yourſelf to a much ſeverer temper than mine
d if you tell me the worſt of yourſelf, as I believe
o, you are certainly very good. Not that this
ard common compliment, of telling people they
ry good, does reach your Ladyſhip's character, or
expreſs my meaning: But I muſt content myſelf
human language, for I cannot yet ſpeak in the
of immortality; tho' I wiſh for that privilege
nore impatience than I ought.

* *O longo eſilio! O troppo lenta morte!*

E viſionary pleaſure that your deſcription of a
y ſcene gives me, perhaps, exceeds what I ſhould
n the reality; and ſetting aſide the beauties that
ſparkling imagination and fine language give to
thing that you are pleas'd with, trees are trees,
aiſies are daiſies, at *Frome*, as well as at the hermi-
And even your Ladyſhip's nice taſte would be
ted with ſome verdant incloſures, which are my
nt haunt, and where I am ſure of enjoying an un-
ed ſolitude. However, I am not going to per-
you to incloſe *Windſor-Foreſt*, and baniſh every
n appearance from it; for the ſociety you are bleſt
has every thing in it agreeable and charming. I
ot ſurpriz'd that with your juſt and elegant turn of
thought,

* O tedious exile! O too tardy death!

thought, you ſhould prefer that innocent wit and
fected chearfulneſs, that you find in your own h
to all the noiſy mirth of public entertainments.
pleas'd with a thought I lately read in a modern a
who ſays, (ſpeaking of ſolitude) ' *is even delightfu*
*think there is a world of ſpirits, and that we are*
*rounded with intelligent beings, tho' inviſible, rather*
*in a lonely unconſcious univerſe, a wilderneſs of in*
*matter.*

I HAVE read your two laſt letters over and
they infuſe a ſecret gladneſs into my ſoul; the
and ſerenity of your temper appear in every line:
hear the nightingale's ſong; and all the gay landſcape
the flowery ſcene, which gives you ſuch a chear
riſes in full bloom before me.

I'LL leave you now to trace the ſun, and viſit the
planetary worlds; while I, confin'd to this earthly globe,
remain

*Your*, &c.

# LETTER CVII.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I HAVE at laſt had the ſatisfaction of reading Madame *de Lambert's Avis à ſa Fille & à ſon Fils*. Such juſt train of reaſoning, and ſo noble reflection, would have given me a ſincere pleaſure, if I had not been eyaſ'd by your Ladyſhip's good opinion of the author but as I was, the entertainment was more complete. What ever has the ſanction of your applauſe, I admire without reſerve or diffidence: I grow poſitive and infallible

an

thout being popiſhly inclin'd in any other point, I an implicit aſſent to all your determinations. llowing ſentence pleaſes me, becauſe it is exactly Ladyſhip's manner of thinking; and that is the compliment I can make the author. * *Le bonheur dans le paix de l'ame; vous ne pourrez jouir des de l'eſprit, ſans la ſanté de l'eſprit. Tout eſt plaiſir pour un eſprit ſain.* And I am particularm'd with this thought: † *La plus grande qu'on eſt né avec des grandes qualitez, eſt de ſans envie.* This is the conſtant happy ſituation ind form'd like your Ladyſhip's. Heaven conhat ſacred peace, which is the reſult of unaffected

I am, &c.

# LETTER CVIII.

## *To the ſame.*

DAM,

OU can ſay nothing more to Lord ——'s advantage, than that he reſembles your own ng ſiſter in her temper and virtues. I can't vondering that with your Ladyſhip's ſparkling ation, you will take the pains to ſee ——, or

---

ſappineſs conſiſts in the peace of the ſoul. You enjoy the pleaſures of the mind, without the of the mind: Every thing almoſt is pleaſure to an ul mind.

The ſureſt mark that one is born with great quali- to live without envy.

or any other fine place, when you may ſit ſtill, ercise your own invention, without any manner tigue, or the tumult of a Lady of quality's eq and attendance. For tho' your motions y quite ſo unwieldy as the *Rhodean* Coloſſus, yo ſtir without many a cart, yet not, as *Cowley* out many a mule; and that muſt be a ſtr brance to the ſimplicity of all rural entertai ſylvan pleaſures. You find I have loſt my to grandeur and pageantry, and am going to you to diſmiſs your coachman, and ſell your ho to ramble thro' the wild woods on your own legs, der to exerciſe the ſelf-moving principle, with nature has endowed you; or elſe to ſit ſtill in yo apartment, and raiſe palaces and plant groves, leiſure.

WHY will you force me to recall thoſe happ which I paſs'd with you at ———? That period never returns on my memory, without ſ regret that 'tis paſt.

*But there are ſoft* Elyſian *ſhades,*
*And bow'rs of ſweet repoſe;*
*Where never any ſtorm invades,*
*Or tempeſt ever blows.*

THIS proſpect ſcatters every human care, an a divine tranquility on my ſoul. The mom wing'd, I find, by the flight of ten years, that ſince I was at ——.

GIVE me leave to make my compliments ———, and to ſubſcribe myſelf

*Your*

LET

# LETTER CIX.

## *To the ſame.*

DAM,

*LLIA* is certainly a beautiful novel, and appears be the production of a fine genius. Never was andeur and beauty of your own mind more ele- expreſt, than in the character of *Tullia*; which am admiring, it heightens the pleaſure, to know ch perfection and virtue is more than an agreeable

RHING makes me more repine at the incumbrance ortal body, than that it confines me from the moſt ble place and converſation on earth. I have now ſion to all ways of travelling; a chair is my ter- d even a coach and ſix is quite out of my good I am reconcil'd to nothing but walking, and ſooner begin a pilgrimage to ſee your Ladyſhip, devout Papiſt to viſit our Lady of *Loretto*. But it t be long before I ſhall drop theſe earthly fetters, mence a ſtate of greater agility; and then, tho' no intention to haunt you as a ghoſt, I ſhall cer- nake you ſome friendly, tho' inviſible viſits, and make my compliments, at your firſt entrance on eſtial coaſts. 'Till that happy period, I am, with ateſt ſincerity,

*Your*, &c.

# LETTER CX.

## *To the same.*

MADAM,

*DO those who on a rack for Heav'n expire,*
*Love angels and eternal brightness there?*
*'Tis sure they do!*

as *Lee* says; and 'tis full as sure, that my mind in a state of indifference with regard to your L I am not yet arriv'd to such an height of mor to the pleasures of human life, as to make a r of seeing you no more. That would be resig would at once; and I am so far from that stoi ference, that I often sooth myself with the th conversing with you in some happy distant But no prophetick impulse yet discovers when, or how; when I would fix, the visionary joy in trackless air, and is lost in the uncertain future events.

YOUR Ladyship will make me turn critic, of reason and nature. The easy transition o and graceful language of the translation are in but considering *Julia* was design'd by *Mod- bert* for a perfect character, I think, she indul der passion for *Lentulus* a little too far. that guilt is excus'd, by the heroic virtue that her retreat; and nothing can be more cha natural than the effect of her retirement, wh a tender passion into a generous and innoce ship; and it delights the reader, to find two the greatest merit happy without a crime. I mark a thousand other beauties, but at pres be convenient to conclude my annotations. don't write to me sometime in this month, I I must resign you, in the next, to the Princess

royal weddings, and birth days; which great degree of humility, I may own are e importance than

*Your, &c.*

## LETTER CXI.

*To the same.*

ne, ye powers, the faculty of writing ſpark-nonſenſe! for then I find I could compoſe ightful letters. —— Indeed I know not well , for my genius owes all its vivacity to ; and at preſent my own guilt will not ſuffer plain of your Ladyſhip's ſilence. However ne violence to my own inclination, out of re- our tranquility, which I thought was but too eſted by the hurry of the *Grand Monde*; but ave a ſort of vacancy, I beg you to write in ſts, ſince the hearing from you is the only I can call a reaſonable pleaſure, that relates rld. The pleaſures of the imagination are of r claſs, and thoſe I have had, in finiſhing the or which I had pictures enough, and ſome left, have given to Mrs. ——— to make her a pboard, to her great joy and content. I am iz'd to find your Ladyſhip diverting yourſelf ſcenes of low-life, in the print you are copy-e fields and cottages ſeem to be the abodes of and peace. I muſt own that ſcenes of gran-art pleaſe me better; but then 'tis only in ſpe- and at a diſtance: for without pretending to philoſophical than I really am, I ſhould chuſe

to

to be confin'd to the peaceful ſhade of ſome remote wilderneſs, rather than to the hurry of the moſt ſplendid court. I am glad to hear that Mr. ——— has his reſidence ſtill among mortals, tho' I wiſh myſelf in a ſuperior ſtation; but while I am in this, with the greateſt ſincerity,

*I am, &c.*

## LETTER CXII.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

SINCE your Ladyſhip will give me leave to flatter myſelf, that you writ to me from inclination, and not to fill up the vacancy of an amuſement, I ſhall willingly aſſent to ſuch an agreeable truth, without raiſing any modeſt objections on the occaſion.

I AM delighted with all your entertainments, except the *Tent-ſtitch*; and that I own, I admire, but then 'tis as ſome people admire virtue, only in ſpeculation. It ſeems to me an ante-diluvian invention, a taſk for thoſe long breath'd people, who ſpent a ſort of eternity on earth, compar'd to the ſhort duration of a modern period. However, I am in no pain for your Ladyſhip; whether your attempt is a chair or a ſtool, I ſuppoſe it will be an hereditary occupation; if you finiſh the branch of a tree, and Lady ———, a ſhepherd's crook, the ſervice of your generation is done, and you may contentedly leave the reſt to be finiſh'd by your *children*'s children.

'Tis

is a thouſand to one, but you have ſeen theſe lines
y Lord *Orrery*'s, but for fear you ſhould not, I will
myſelf the pleaſure of tranſcribing them.

## To Mr. POPE.

*Entomb'd with Kings tho' GAY's cold aſhes lie,*
*A nobler monument thy ſtrains ſupply;*
*Thy matchleſs muſe ſtill faithful to thy friend,*
*Thy courts unaw'd, his virtues dares commend.*
*Lamented GAY! forget thy treatment paſt,*
*Look down, and ſee thy merit crown'd at laſt:*
*What deſtiny more glorious who can hope?*
*A life belov'd, in death bemoan'd by* POPE.

THE laſt part of your Ladyſhip's letter ſooths the
d into a pleaſing indifference to all human events:
ſperity and adverſity loſe their diſtinction, and are
y preferable, as the allotment of Heaven orders
m.

y the partiality of ſome of my acquaintance, the
n of *Joſeph* has been ſo often tranſcrib'd, and is
into ſo many hands, that I have been at laſt flatter'd,
eiz'd, into a conſent to let it be publiſh'd, on condi-
the author is never known or nam'd. As for ſuc-
, I have no manner of vanity or concern: I am as
ud of adjuſting a tulip or a butterfly in a right poſition
a ſcreen, as of writing heroics.

*I am*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER CXIII.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

THIS will perhaps moleſt your Lad i moment of importance, and amidſt the of the preparation for a birth-night; but I am 'till you know I am intirely ignorant of * *Curl* mance of my life and writings; only what I have in an advertiſement. I was told of his deſign in and wrote, and poſitively deny'd him the libert printing any thing of mine: But they tell me he mere ſavage, and has no regard to truth and humai and as he has treated people of greater conſequen the ſame manner, I am adviſ'd to ſuffer no frie take the leaſt notice of his collection; and for my peace, if ever it comes in my way, I never in ſee what is in it. I have often ſecur'd my happ by governing my curioſity; and I am ſure of doi in this caſe, becauſe I am ſo perfectly indifferent t trifles I have writ, and have at preſent no ma ambition, but

*In rural ſhades, exempt from care and ſtrife,*
*To lead a calm, ſecure, inglorious life.*

---

* This performance is worthy of its author; contains nothing beſides the names of ſome of *Rowe's* works; and an account that ſhe was ma and buried her huſband and father, with wrong to each of theſe events. So that, like the reſt of biographical writings, it only informs the public, he was intirely ignorant of every thing relating t perſon whoſe memoirs he attempted to compoſe.

ook on the various events of human things rence, as I know I ſhall very ſoon quit the enes of mortality, and enter on a more laſt- portant ſtate.

harm'd with Mr. *Pope*'s poem on death, in ition of his works. I wiſh I may be in the oſition to repeat theſe lines at that final pe-

*world recedes, it diſappears;*
*av'n opens on my eyes, my ears*
*With ſounds ſeraphic ring:*
*nd, lend your wings! I mount, I fly;*
*grave! where is thy victory?*
*O death! where is thy ſting?*

ose your Ladyſhip will not inſiſt on my giving oſt immediately.——Indeed this is not a ſubject , nor for ſuperſtitious terror; tho', perhaps, he beſt extreme.

been reading over Mr. *Thomſon's Seaſons* and truly rational delight. One would think at for the picture of the ſpring. The reſem- ound induc'd me to copy it; for drawing is t amuſement of my leiſure time.

*I am, &c.*

# LETTER CXIV.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

YOU have had the prime of my th
find to my coſt, that human intelle
tremely confin'd; 'tis but the ſame ſet of
turn, however various the expreſſion. This a
ſon, indeed, that all the world ſhould turn
fear of ſpeaking the ſame words to day, t
yeſterday; nor can it give you any pretence to be
while a thouſand novelties, that riſe fr
humours and paſſions of mankind, ſupply you wit
reflections. But for me, who know nothing
what paſſes in my ſolitary thoughts, or the
ſcenes in which the mute creation appears. I
well excus'd from endeavouring to entertain a
who knows all that paſſes in the polite world.

YOU will certainly give me leave to be dull
future, without ſuch a tedious apology; eſpeciall
I have nature and neceſſity to plead in my excuſe.
ever, I do not deſcend to trifling and impertinen
my own approbation, any more than with you
ſometimes 'tis to avoid the other extreme of ap
too wiſe or too good, which is a ſort of oſtent
would carefully ſhun: And yet this perhaps is a c
modeſty. One would not think it poſſible to b
ſolicitous in providing for an eternal intereſt,
preparing for a death bed was a matter of leſs fo
than dreſſing for a ball. A perſon that can we
tragedy, need not be offended at another, for dr
a ſilent tear in the warmth of devotion; nor for li
to a ſermon, with as great attention, as a lover of
would mind an opera.

EVER, I have no manner of occaſion on my ount to make an apology for being either too too good; if you never find cauſe to reproach he oppoſite extreme, it will be a great happineſs

*Your, &c.*

## LETTER CXV.

### *To the ſame.*

DAM,

ou knew the ſentiments of my heart, you would l no reaſon to complain. You engage more of ention than any other earthly thing; and if it ſible, I would think of you with more indiffe- But I have not attain'd ſuch a degree of philo- as you imagine, nor ever hope to reach ſuch a of mortification, as it would require, to break a hip with one of the moſt generous and agreeable on earth.

latters my pride, that you have put me on making ology for my ſilence; which I always thought a relief to you, tho' not to myſelf. It was my own eſs that I purſu'd in writing to you, without once ing it could contribute to yours; but nothing umble my vanity, after the obliging reproaches ve made on this occaſion.

s making myſelf a greater compliment than I can you, when I confeſs that you have refin'd my nto a ſort of diſguſt for every body's converſation, our own; and I am ſo careful to keep your good

opinion, as if my whole flock of reputation
on your cenſure or approbation. However, I
this attachment is not voluntary; I
ſhould have this aſcendant over my th
if poſſible, be diſengag'd from every
ſtars: But there is a ſort of fatality in y
will always compel the admiration of

Your

## LETTER CXVI.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I WISH your happineſs, as I wiſh the welfare
own ſoul; and yet I find a ſecret pleaſure
uneaſineſs. I am glad you are diſcontented, a
you have not made this world your reſting-pla
are in purſuit of joys more laſting and refin'd. I
be ſorry to find you among the ſerene and th
mortals, that are content with a repetition of
vanities from *January* to *December*, without th
variety, or ever forming a wiſh for more reaſonal
exalted delights.

I AM forcing the character of a ſaint on your
ſhip in ſpight of your heart; for I verily belie
had not a thought of acquiring that dignity by an
in your letter: But I hope and believe, you
found in that glorious claſs, when all other diſti
of grandeur are forever cancell'd.

I AM charm'd with your beautiful deſcription of
———'s grotto; which has given me all the p

ew of it could afford, without the fatigue of going r to ſee it. Theſe intellectual pleaſures are agree- to my taſte, and this is a way of being happy, out the toil that attends the ſatisfactions of ſenſe.

OUR Ladyſhip's commands to anſwer your letter be firſt poſt, are perfectly obliging: When I delay, often to avoid being impertinent, and for fear you ld drop my correſpondence, before the approach of h ſhall warn me to ſend you a final adieu.

*ranſporting period! when wilt thou appear?*
*hou bliſsful dawn of that immortal day,*
*hat ne'er ſhall ſee a duſky ev'ning ſpread*
*o veil its light; which ne'er ſhall need the ſun,*
*Nor ſtars, nor glimm'ring moon to chear its ſhade.*

*YE fair inhabitants of bliſsful ſeats,*
*Unfold your golden gates, and call me hence:*
*ick of this mortal ſtate, this round of error,*
*Of darkneſs and miſtake, I long for reſt.*

ERHAPS this impatience to retire from this tempe- us world may be the effect of cowardice. I own e public rumours of war, and nation riſing againſt on, have a diſmal proſpect. The angel ſtanding in ſun (as he is deſcrib'd in the *Revelations*) ſeems to making his ſolemn invitation to all the fowls that in the midſt of heaven, *to gather themſelves toge- to the ſupper of the great God, that they may eat fleſh of kings, and the fleſh of captains, and the fleſh horſes, and of thoſe that ſit on them.* ——This invi- on has in it a ſurprizing grandeur.

Adieu *ſans cerimonie.*

# LETTER CX.

## *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

*DO thoſe who on a rack for Heav'n expire,*
*Love angels and eternal brightneſs there?*
*'Tis ſure they do!*

as *Lee* ſays; and 'tis full as ſure, that my mind is in a ſtate of indifference with regard to your Lad I am not yet arriv'd to ſuch an height of mortii to the pleaſures of human life, as to make a of ſeeing you no more. That would be reſig world at once; and I am ſo far from that ſtoica ference, that I often ſooth myſelf with the thou converſing with you in ſome happy diſtant But no prophetick impulſe yet diſcovers when, or or how; when I would fix, the viſionary joy in trackleſs air, and is loſt in the uncertainty future events.

YOUR Ladyſhip will make me turn critic, i of reaſon and nature. The eaſy tranſition of and graceful language of the tranſlation are inir but conſidering *Tullia* was deſign'd by *Medam bert* for a perfect character, I think, ſhe indulg der paſſion for *Lentulus* a little too far. H that guilt is excus'd, by the heroic virtue that ap her retreat; and nothing can be more charm natural than the effect of her retirement, wher a tender paſſion into a generous and innocent ſhip; and it delights the reader, to find two p the greateſt merit happy without a crime. I m mark a thouſand other beauties, but at preſen be convenient to conclude my annotations. don't write to me ſometime in this month, I a I muſt reſign you, in the next, to the Princeſs

, and royal weddings, and birth days; which ut any great degree of humility, I may own are of more importance than

*Your, &c.*

## LETTER CXI.

*To the ſame.*

ADAM,

E mine, ye powers, the faculty of writing ſpark- ling nonſenſe! for then I find I could compoſe moſt delightful letters. —— Indeed I know not well t to ſay, for my genius owes all its vivacity to letters; and at preſent my own guilt will not ſuffer o complain of your Ladyſhip's ſilence. However ve done violence to my own inclination, out of re- to your tranquility, which I thought was but too n moleſted by the hurry of the *Grand Monde*; but you have a ſort of vacancy, I beg you to write in ew poſts, ſince the hearing from you is the only ng that I can call a reaſonable pleaſure, that relates this world. The pleaſures of the imagination are of inferior claſs, and thoſe I have had, in finiſhing the en; for which I had pictures enough, and ſome left, ich I have given to Mrs. —— to make her a ner cupboard, to her great joy and content. I am ſurpriz'd to find your Ladyſhip diverting yourſelf h the ſcenes of low-life, in the print you are copy- , while fields and cottages ſeem to be the abodes of ocence and peace. I muſt own that ſcenes of gran- ur and art pleaſe me better; but then 'tis only in ſpe- ation and at a diſtance: for without pretending to more philoſophical than I really am, I ſhould chuſe

to

'Tis with great reaſon I am more impa
abſence than you can be of mine. I hope
diſappointed of hearing from you
thing but that can give me any pa te at
rance from you. Pray be here as ſoon as
'till then adieu. May every watchful a
you.

## LETTER CXIX.

*To the ſame.*

I Could not content myſelf with ſending my
to you by Mr. ———; there was ſor
that is cold and formal, and ſo unequal to
reſs I would expreſs, that I reſolv'd to write to y
ſend you all my ſoul; but words cannot paint
cere affection, that amity and juſt eſteem, that
as yours has inſpir'd. However, I would flat
that your own heart will dictate ſomething or
would ſpeak, and inform you with what impatie
are expected by

Your PHILOS

LET

a thouſand to one, but you have ſeen the firſt
ord *Orrery*'s, but for fear you ſhould never, I will
ſelf the pleaſure of tranſcribing it.

## To Mr. POPE

*d with Kings tho'* GAY*'s cold aſhes lie,*
*ler monument thy ſtrains ſupply;*
*bleſs muſe ſtill faithful to thy friend,*
*s mourn'd, his virtues dares commend.*
GAY! *forget thy treatment paſt,*
*lown, and ſee thy merit crown'd at laſt:*
*iny more glorious who can hope?*
*e below'd, in death bemoan'd by* POPE.

laſt part of your Ladyſhip's letter ſooths the
to a pleaſing indifference to all human events:
ty and adverſity loſe their diſtinction, and are
able, as the allotment of Heaven orders

ne partiality of ſome of my acquaintance, the
f *Joſeph* has been ſo often tranſcrib'd, and is
ſo many hands, that I have been at laſt flatter'd,
l, into a conſent to let it be publiſh'd, on condi-
: author is never known or nam'd. As for ſuc-
have no manner of vanity or concern: I am as
f adjuſting a tulip or a butterfly in a right poſition
een, as of writing heroics.

*I am*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER CXXI.

## *To Mrs.* SARAH ROWE.

I AM extremely concern'd, that my brother *William* has his health no better than when he was at the *Bath*, and ſhould have been very glad, if he could have ventur'd himſelf in the country. Tho' I don't ſee you, the intereſt and happineſs of your family is never out of my thoughts. I pray for nothing with greater ſincerity, than for bleſſings on you and your children; and tho' the dear youth on whom I plac'd all my happineſs, is rent from my arms, my future life is devoted to his memory, and my ſpotleſs vows ſhall be forever his. My heart bleeds afreſh when I name him, and tears put a ſtop to what I would ſpeak.

*I am, my dear Mother,*

*Your,* &c.

# LETTER CXXII.

## *To the ſame.*

I AM ſorry I have given my dear mother ſo much trouble, as it muſt be to diſpatch ſo much buſineſs ſo ſoon. I am glad to hear I have money enough to pay my bills. My wants have been hitherto plentifully ſupply'd by the divine Providence, on which I deſire immediately to rely, without the leaſt regard to ſecond cauſes. I would turn my eyes from the whole creation, and direct all my expectations to the God before whom my

fathers

rs have walk'd; the God that has fed me all my ong 'till now, the Angel that has redeem'd me from vil.

*O who has taſted of his clemency*
*In greater meaſure, or more oft than I?*
*Which way ſoe'er I turn my eyes or feet,*
*I ſee his goodneſs, and his mercy meet.*

n every comfort on earth fail'd me, he knew my in its adverſity; and was all my ſupport, when leſs and deſpair ſurrounded me. *Bleſs the Lord, O ul, and forget not all his benefits!* While I have ory and thought, let me not forget his goodneſs, affer his mercy to ſlip one moment from my thoughts. ne remember the vows of my diſtreſs, and perform to my gracious Benefactor.

HAVE my health, I thank God, at preſent, and ot half ſo lean as I was in the winter; but I am ſtill aded I have not long to ſtay in this world.

*Oh! if my threat'ning ſins were gone,*
*And death had loſt his ſting,*
*I could invite the angel on,*
*And chide his lazy wing.*

Mr. WATTS.

HE news of your illneſs has given me a thouſand cholly thoughts. May Heaven long preſerve your on many accounts beſides mine; to me indeed it is f the greateſt bleſſings I enjoy: For I feel the ties atitude and virtue to be as tender and ſenſible as rongeſt ties of nature. I hope your next will bring e welcome news of your perfect recovery, and the h of all your family, which is the moſt ſincere r of,

*My dear Mother,*

*Your*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER CXXIII.

*To the same.*

*My dear Mother,*

I FEEL exquisite affliction for my brother's illness; but 'tis not his interest in this world, nor even his life, that gives me the most sensible concern: If Heaven gives his mind a relish and disposition for immortal happiness, I confess my warmest wishes are answer'd. O may that God, that has been your dwelling-place from generation to generation, confirm his covenant with the seed of the righteous; and may you find that treasure you have committed to him secured, when the times of refreshing shall come! Indeed I have no fears left on this head, when I consider the souls of your children were made the charge of Providence by the prayers of their dying father. A just man would take the charge of the estate of an orphan left to his care, and *shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?* I am satisfy'd, I shall find the spirit of my much lov'd husband triumphing before the throne of God, as soon as my release from this tiresome world is sign'd.

*O fly, ye ling'ring hours!*

I DARE not persuade my father to change the air, nor undertake a journey to *London*, for fear what the consequence may be. Our ways are in the hands of God, who prevents, or succeeds our designs; there is a determin'd event to every thing, which 'tis not in the power of man to resist. These thoughts keep my mind from much anxiety. There can pass but a few circling years, and all will be well; mortality itself is the greatest incumbrance: But 'twill not be long before these walls of separation will moulder into their primitive dust, and we shall meet in perfect purity and joy.

*I am my dear Mother,*

Your, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER CXXIV.

## *To the same.*

xtremely concern'd to hear that my dear mo-
as not her uſual health. It ſhall be my con-
er, that Heaven may long preſerve your life,
ing to your family, and an example of unble-
ty to all your friends. I cannot but hope we
again in this world, and pleaſe myſelf with
ts of enjoying my dear mother the next ſum-
e country. I am elſe hopeleſs of ſeeing you;
ore I think, the more I am reſolv'd on an
etreat from this world, of whoſe vanity Hea-
ffectually convinced me, in the breach of the
engagement of life. I have now no fears or
at regard this world; and as to the next, I
d, and aſcribe it intirely to his goodneſs, all
cts are gay and tranſporting: And I am only
ere, like the hireling, for the cloſe of the
which is drawing on apace, and then I ſhall lie
eſt.

, my dear mother, God grant you may be
inued a joy and conſolation to all your friends,
ne more than to

*Your*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER CXXV.

## *To the same.*

IF I knew any arguments to allay my own grief, I would use them with my dearest mother. The news of my * brother's death came in a time when I was ill prepar'd for it: But I am persuaded the lives we lament are both perfected in immortal glory.

My brother's ill state of health has hung heavy on my soul, ever since he was here. Heaven can witness, how often, amidst the watches of the night, I have sent up petitions for his eternal welfare; and I am persuaded the Spirit of God assisted me with more warm and prevailing arguments than were usual in other cases to my formal heart. And amidst all the bloom and gayety of youth, that powerful voice that said, *Let there be light, and there was light*, could easily, and in an instant, give the soul a disposition for immortal pleasure, and the splendor of the beatific vision; of which I am fully persuaded my much-lov'd brother is now possess'd.

I take much more care of my life than 'tis worth, on any account, but what regards another; for, oh! I long to be at rest; tir'd with vanity and life, I would fain lie down in the peaceful solitude of the grave; in the grave, where all my earthly joys lie buried.

*I am*, &c.

---

* Mr. *William Rowe*: He died on the same day with Mr. *Singer*, *April* 18*th*, 1719.

## LETTER CXXVI.

*To the ſame.*

R letter, my dear mother, brought me very eeable news, after a thouſand fears and anxious for my poor ſiſter; and I deſire to join with moſt ſincere and pious gratitude to her great God has bleſt you with children, that in ect might be the pride and boaſt of the hap- iers; and if there ſhould have been no allay, faction would have been too great for a ſtate in as mortal life. Thoſe that are gone, like the ſpring, appear'd, and ſoon retir'd to the f life and beauty; where you'll find them for iſhing in the paradiſe of God.

now making up accounts with the young gen- whom my father was guardian, and in a few hope to be intirely free; and as to all affairs orld, to ſet my houſe in order to die. And I may be as ready as to my ſpiritual and great and then, how welcome will my releaſe and ected freedom be, from a life, which tho' with unmerited bleſſings, yet at beſt, is but ut I am on the borders of reſt, and the happy e almoſt in ſight.

endeavour'd to make reſolutions of going to his ſpring; but there ſtill hangs a dead weight ul, that takes off all the ſprings of action; and my next remove will be to the manſions of There is no ſight, on this ſide heaven, more ne, than that of my dear mother; but I dare ſelf with no proſpect of happineſs on this ſide ies of Paradiſe.

*I am*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER CXXVII.

## *To Miſs* SARAH ROWE.

AFTER I have told you, my dear ſiſter, your brother is well, I have nothing in the v of conſequence to ſay to you. Perhaps you expe ſhould excuſe my ſilence; but my letter will effec convince you how little you ſuffer at any time by neglects of that nature; and inſtead of begging pardon for writing no ſooner, I find I want all your c rity to forgive my writing now.—I am quite tir'd wi my own dulneſs, theſe formal ſentences will never r to the bottom of the paper. If I ſhould go on after thi grave manner, you'll be tempted to think I have patch'd up a letter out of *Wit's Commonwealth*; but I aſſure you 'twill be doing me the laſt injuſtice, for 'tis all my own, and has put my genius on the ſtretch too.

I THINK I'll talk of love now, for that's my da theme; and I am ſure it ought to be yours. Now, with the help of a fine quotation, I hope I ſhall fill up the reſt of my paper. I can't talk of love, without bringing in the country ſcenes, which never fail to indulge the ſoft paſſion.

*See what delights in ſylvan ſcenes appear,*
*Deſcending Gods have found* Elyſium *here.*
*In woods bright* Venus *with* Adonis *ſtray'd,*
*And chaſte* Diana *haunts the foreſt ſhade.*
*Come, lovely nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,*
*When ſwains from ſhearing ſeek their nightly bow'rs;*
*When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,*
*And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to* Ceres *yield.*
*Some God conduct you to theſe bliſsful ſeats,*
*The moſſy fountains, and the green retreats.*

*Where-e'er*

*Where'er you walk, cool ſhades ſhall fan the glade;*
*Trees, where you ſit, ſhall crowd into a ſhade;*
*Where'er you tread, the bluſhing flow'rs ſhall riſe;*
*And all things flouriſh, where you turn your eyes.*

I am, my dear Siſter,

Your, &c.

## LETTER CXXVIII.

### *To the ſame.*

YOUR brother is very devoutly reading *Quarles* to me, and by that, gives me a good excuſe to rite nonſenſe. We are reduc'd to the laſt neceſſity, y the want of our things, and Mr. *Rowe* is forc'd to ad the pamphlets of the laſt age for his entertainent. He continues very well, and does not complain f the leaſt diſorder in his health. We are ſtill at *Agord*, and ſhould taſte all delights the country ſcenes fford, if we could meet ſuch nymphs as you in every erdant ſhade to converſe with; your company would omplete the enjoyment, and give the groves and ſtreams ew charms. You know, my dear ſiſter, that I am alays unaffected and ſincere in theſe kind of profeſſions.

*'Tis not indeed my talent to engage*
*In lofty trifles, or to ſwell my page*
*With wind and noiſe; but freely to impart,*
*As to a friend, the ſecrets of my heart:*
*And in familiar ſpeech to let you know,*
*How much I love you, and how much I owe.*

Knock

*Knock at my heart, for thou haſt ſtill to ſay*
*If it ſound ſolid, or be fill'd with wind;*
*And thro' the veil of words thou view'ſt the*
*mind.*

AFTER all this verſe and proſe, I hope you'
I have wrote a long letter; but have a little
and I'll releaſe you, with my moſt grateful
ſincere duty to my mother, to whom I have
obligations to be expreſs'd; but all that ob
gratitude can return, ſhe may ſtill command n

*I am, my dear Siſter,*

*Your, &*

## LETTER CXXIX.

### *To the ſame.*

IF the *Spectator* had not told me, that the g
friendſhips are leaſt noiſy and talkative, my o
perience would have convinc'd me of it. I ca
you, my dear ſiſter, how much I value you, w
doing violence to my own temper, which is ext
reſerv'd in making pretenſions of this nature.
muſt do myſelf the juſtice to aſſure you, that a
has not at all leſſen'd my eſteem for you, tho'
been ſo very ſlow in telling you ſo. I never v
in theſe charming walks, to indulge a ſerious th
but I wiſh you here, and fancy with how much
ſure our converſation might riſe from earthly to l
things, and paint the bliſsful groves and fields o
where love and ſacred friendſhip reign for ever.

I

HOPE you have your health better than you had in
n; and for your being happy, I don't doubt but
the care of Providence to make you ſo. Adieu,
dear ſiſter, and may the light of his countenance,
oſe benignity is better than life, conduct you to im-
rtal joys.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER CXXX.

### *To the ſame.*

HOW happy, my dear ſiſter, ſhould I think myſelf,
if I could kindle one ſpark of that heavenly fire
your breaſt, that burns ſo faintly in my own! How
t ſhould I be, to find it in my power to help you
ward but one ſtep in thoſe ſacred paths, from which I
ſelf ſhall, perhaps, for ever err!

*The gates of hell ſtand open night and day,*
*Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way;*
*But to aſcend, and view the bliſsful ſkies,*
*There the fatigue and mighty labour lies.*

is a difficulty, which in ſome anxious moments almoſt
npts me to yield to my fears, and tamely give up
title to an immortal crown, and bid the fields of
ht adieu. Thus,

*By glim'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,*
*We trace the ſacred road;*
*Thro' diſmal deeps, and dang'rous ſnares,*
*We make our way to God.*

I MIGHT

I MIGHT have ſav'd myſelf, and my the trouble of this letter; but that I ſeen you without ſome confuſion, after I neglected to write to you; and this w ſome allay to the pleaſure I promiſe myſe you again. We ſhall be in *London*, I hope, I have perſuaded Mr. *Rowe* to go a fortnight time, for fear the weather and roads ſhould prov lerable. If any thing could make me love th 'twould be the tenderneſs I have for you: My of expreſſing it is perhaps too reſerv'd.

*My words are few, but from an honeſt heart*
*And truth makes up for eloquence and art.*

But the liberty and ſolitude I enjoy in the country, me ſo much, that to gain that happineſs, I co bid you, my dear ſiſter, farewel, 'till we mee realms of uninterrupted peace and pleaſure.

*I*.

## LETTER CXXXI.

### *To the ſame.*

I HAVE been juſt taking a ſolitary walk, an taining myſelf with all the innocent pleaſu verdant ſhades, painted flowers, fragrant bre warbling birds can yield. If I could communi pleaſure by deſcription, I would call the muſes me; but I am afraid 'twould be inſipid to y are but moderately fond of the country. Y

ould reliſh any pleaſure that heighten'd your and what can more effectually raiſe it, than e beauties of nature? I have been pulling a lowers in pieces, to view their elegance and d have a thouſand times with rapture repeated es.

*e thy glorious works, Parent of good,*
*y, thine this univerſal frame,*
*nd'rous fair; thyſelf how wond'rous then!*
*ye, who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,*
*for ye behold him.*———

eed behold the great Original; but 'tis not to trace his footſteps in the flowery fields, and faint echoes of his voice, in the harmony of meet his gentle whiſpers, in the ſoftneſs of the reezes; yet this only raiſes my impatience to d to the bliſsful viſion of uncreated beauty.

*ly ſoul the moſt exalted pitch would fly,*
*nd ſee him in the heights of majeſty.*

ll be in *London*, in a very little time. I long , and expect the happy moment with the laſt e; but I own I ſhould reliſh my happineſs ectly, if we were to meet in ſome rural ſhade, om the noiſe and tumult of the town: But all iſs muſt have its allay, and we are not to ex- ingled pleaſures, 'till we meet in the walks of

r, my dear ſiſter; may angels guard you, and leſs you with perpetual ſmiles.

*I am*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER CXXXII.

## *To the ſame.*

WHEN I write to you, my dear [illegible] forbear talking of what lies nearest and raiſing a freſh concern in yours, for the loſs of charming brother. Since that fatal moment, my has never known a joy that has been ſincere. backward, and recall nothing but tormenting pleaſures that have taken their everlaſting flight; forward, every proſpect is wild and gloomy. was I ever happy? or why can't I, by any reaſon, forget the object of my care? That's the charming form appears forever in my ſight, half deceive myſelf with imaginary joys; but recover from the ſoft deluſion, I grow perfectly w ſavage, and fly humankind, becauſe I can ſee that reſembles him; and am diſguſted at every hear, becauſe it does not imitate his voice.

*O he was all my ſoul! wealth, friendſhip, love,*
*All preſent joys, and earneſt of the future,*
*Were all ſumm'd up in him.*

THE * incloſ'd, my dear ſiſter, is what my choly fancy dictated on the return of the fatal robb'd me at once of all the joys of life; a I have forever conſecrated to ſolitude and gric conſtancy to the charming youth, and regard memory, ſhall be the pride and glory of my li I flatter myſelf it ſhall be mention'd at my fune

* The poem on the return of the day o Mr. *Rowe* died, printed in vol. I. p. 115.

my grave.——I would ſay more, but my ſpirits o much, and tears prevent the reſt.

*celeſtial point, that ends this mortal ſtory!*

## LETTER CXXXIII.

*To the ſame.*

VE been hearing an anthem extremely well ſung a ſpinet; the words were, *How amiable are thy tu-les! my ſoul longeth, yea fainteth for the courts of rd.* You may much more eaſily imagine than I preſs, the pleaſure of ſuch an entertainment: It has taſte of the joys of immortality. I can think of elſe at preſent, and ſo you'll eſcape being teiz'd, ne, with what uſes to be my eternal theme, the and flowery fields. But even in theſe there's order rmony.

*at raviſhes the ſoul, or charms the ear,*
*uſic, tho' a various dreſs it wear.*
*uty is muſic too, tho' in diſguiſe;*
*fine to touch the ear, it ſtrikes the eyes,*
*, thro' them, to the ſoul the ſilent ſtroke conveys.*

ORE you ſaw the lights that appear'd in the ſkies ek. You know my temper is ſoft and credulous laſt extreme, therefore 'twill not be hard for think, what a deep impreſſion ſuch an appear-muſt make on my imagination. Thoſe that know of the courſe of nature, may view theſe things leſs ſurprize; though I confeſs I ſaw nothing terrible,

terrible, but all was glorious and extra
if it was ſent as a preſage, a light ſo
foretel nothing but happineſs and proſperity.
and all the family, wanting my curioſity,
and left nobody but me and my maid to view the
ders in the heavens. And in ſpight of the c
own indiſpoſition, I ſtaid 'till near two a-
morning in the open air, while, as far
town beſides lay drown'd in ſtupid ſle
never ſaw a ſight ſo magnificent as the fire
that ſeem'd to flow over the firmament, juſt at
With what rapture, at that ſilent hour, did I
wonders of God's power and greatneſs in
'Twas the moſt agreeable ſcene my eyes e
but I hope, one time or other, to ſee a brigh
dawn of the eternal morning. But oh! how
fore the day-break, and the ſhadows fly away!

I WISH you a thouſand bleſſings, and

*am*, &c.

## LETTER CXXXIV.

### *To the ſame.*

IF I could write to you, my dear ſiſter, with
the pleaſure that I could talk to you, you wo
hear oftner from me. There are a thouſand impertin
negligent things, which have a very good air in c
verſation, that make but a ſilly appearance, when
comes to write them down, and ſubſcribe to them
formal manner. If I was talking to you, I ſho
without the leaſt remorſe, enter into a panegyric on
art magic, and tell you how much I envy'd *Taſſo's*

ho could in an inſtant raiſe gardens and groves
power of inchantment; while I am forc'd to
ſlow progreſs of nature, and the awkward ope-
f human hands. For after all my hopes and en-
es, I have nothing towards a garden, but a ſtone
This dry weather withers every thing, and now
ient people tell me, I can do nothing 'till another
; as if I was to live to the age of *Shalum*'s miſtreſs
*Spectator*. Theſe diſappointments are, indeed,
in the courſe of life; but yet they ought to pro-
this ſerious reflection, that *man walks in a vain*
*and diſquiets himſelf in vain.*

AM extremely pleas'd with the tragedy of the *Fall*
*Siam*; but am ready, at any time, to retract my opi-
n, in deference to the public taſte. I am very much
lig'd to Mr.———, for endeavouring to procure
e *French Cato* for me. If he goes to the *Bath* this
mmer, I hope he'll ſtay ſome time at *Frome*; but for
e next ſummer, I have no hopes or fears, that concern
ch a diſtance of time.

I find I had no reaſon to write in a capital hand, for
ſhall fill up my paper, and leave ſome impertinence
for the next opportunity.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER CXXXV.

### *To Mr.* WILLIAM ROWE.

MY heart has charg'd you, my dear brother, with
nothing but what is incident to mortality; with
nothing but that mutability, to which the whole creation
is

is ſubject: And indeed the whole creation pleads
excuſe; the changing ſeaſons, and the revolutions
heavens themſelves, reproach my heart for the co
it plac'd in vain man.

You hardly think the tears are falling from
as indeed they are, while I am writing in thi
manner.

My ſoul is ill prepar'd, my dear brother, to
I know you will recall to my thoughts a tho
ſtracting ſcenes, that I vainly ſtrive to blot fro
mory; unleſs you are as much alter'd in every
you tell me you are in your temper, and have
ſemblance of your brother. I am impatient t
and yet I can't promiſe myſelf a moment's ſa
my ſoul is ſo us'd to melancholy images, tha
chears the eternal gloom. You need not
new books into the country with you; for
*Rowe*'s death all kinds of entertainment are
me, and I look on every thing below the ſtar
difference and contempt.

## LETTER CXXXV.

### *To the ſame.*

*My dear Brother,*

YOU are very patient to bear with my
ſince I can ſend you no intelligence fr
and deſarts, and know as little of this world,
who have made their exit from it; which make
hard for me to maintain a correſpondence wi
my friends who are ſtill ſurviving; nor are pe

of converſing with ſpectres and departed ſpirits. there is a ſort of ſerious and melancholy pleaſure, ancying one's ſelf in a ſtate of ſeparation. As all my s lie buried in the duſt, my imagination fixes itſelf h eaſe on theſe ſubjects; nor does the ſilence and tude which reigns eternally in my chamber, differ y much from that of a ſepulchre. However, my ughts are not intirely confin'd to theſe gloomy man- s, but ſometimes make excurſions into the *Elyſian* ds and myrtle groves;

*Where crown'd with flow'rs they reſt on moſſy beds,*
*By cryſtal ſtreams that murmur thro' the meads.*
*No wintry horrors bleſt the bliſsful clime,*
*But ſpring perpetual ſmiles in roſy prime:*
*Nor guilt, nor woe pollute the happy plains,*
*But pleaſure in eternal triumph reigns.*

at the ſoothing viſion ſoon diſappears, and I return to ull mortality again, and eat, and drink, and dream ceſſively, with ſome ſhort intervals of reaſon; which e fill'd up with impatient wiſhes for the breaking of the nmortal day, when this low and wretched part of exiſt- nce ſhall find a period——then all beyond is active leaſure, and undecaying life.

ADIEU, my dear brother, I would willingly flatter yſelf, that I am on the borders of the immaterial orld, and ſhall never ſee you more, 'till we meet above ie ſtars. But oh! may you ſee a thouſand happy days, nd practiſe the nobleſt heights of virtue, when I am eleas'd from all the toils and ſorrows of mortality, and ently reſt on my duſty bed.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER CXXXVII.

*To the ſame.*

*My dear Brother,*

YOU are not more charm'd with your hero
I am to find you pleas'd with the moſt no
ſublime parts of the new tragedy. 'Tis true,
ding to the weakneſs of my ſex, I might hav
touch'd with beauties of a more ſoft and effemin
ture; but it ſhews a ſuperior turn of mind, to en
public and generous ſentiments, of which you ex
juſt an admiration.

YOU have too modeſt an opinion of your
ſuſpecting my friendſhip; tho' the tender relatio
to your brother is diſſolv'd, a thouſand other obl
bind me to the intereſt of your family, which
not accident, will have power to blot from
While virtue and gratitude are words of ſacred
tance, I ſhall never loſe the remembrance of th
of favours I receiv'd from you in my late hap
tion. Your whole family ſeemed in a gentle c
racy, how to crown my hours with tranquility a
—May that kind and generous treatment I had
you, find a full retribution; whatever bleſſings
has in ſtore for mortals, may they be all yours.

FOR myſelf, I aſk nothing, but to conclude
as ſoon as poſſible, and to finiſh the great action
with the applauſe of that impartial Judge, who
the moſt ſecret intentions of my ſoul.

BUT whatever variety of happineſs, whatever
tion of being I ſhall paſs, my eſteem for you
unalterable: Thoſe ſparks of amity and bene
which Heaven has kindled in my breaſt, can ne

guiſh'd; this ſacred principle of Love ſhall be perally improving in the peaceful realms of light.

*When conſtant Faith, and holy Hope ſhall die,*
*One loſt in certainty, and one in joy;*
*Then thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,*
*Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,*
*Thy office and thy nature ſtill the ſame,*
*Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,*
*Shalt ſtill ſurvive———*
*Shalt ſtand before the throne of heav'n confeſt,*
*Forever bleſſing, and forever bleſt.*

PRIOR.

Adieu.

## LETTER CXXXVIII.

*To the ſame.*

*My dear Brother,*

MY friendſhip for you burns with an undecaying flame, and is as conſtant as the breath of life; even when that ſhall ceaſe, and the duſt returns to primitive duſt, and the ſpirit to its divine original, holy paſſion ſhall acquire new activity.

BE aſſur'd that nothing that concerns yourſelf can be gnificant to me: If you would but lengthen out your ers, tho' it were with the moſt trifling things you can ent, 'twould be agreeable to one that has the fondeſt tern for you.

If you knew the diſpoſition of my heart, have no reaſon to make an apology for not wr more gay and ſprightly manner. Whatever is and ſerious, ſuits my natural taſte, and is intirely able to the preſent gloomy circumſtances of my am quite tir'd with the calm and happy ſurround me, and, to my great vexation, i one countenance in which there is not an a cancy of thoughtfulneſs and care. 'Tis ſurpri ſuch ſerene and untroubled ſtupidity can be amidſt all the miſeries of mortality.

*How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought!*
*From growing childhood to declining age,*
*How tedious ev'ry ſtep! how gloomy ev'ry ſtage!*
*This courſe of vanity almoſt complete,*
*Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat*
*In the ſtill ſhades of death: For dread, and pain,*
*And grief, will find their ſhafts elanc'd in vain,*
*And their points broke, retorted from the head,*
*Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.*

PRIOR

I am, &c.

*P. S.* I forgot to bid the honeſt man who is to c your houſe, knock, if he found the door ſhut. If ſhould be the caſe, I am ſure he'll be guilty o violence, but will return back as innocently as any *tentot* juſt brought out of his native rock. I be he never made any noiſe ſince he was born.

LETT

## LETTER CXXXIX.

*To the ſame.*

a thouſand kind and ſerious things to ſay to
eareſt brother; but oh! in what language ſhall
Lend me your harps, ye angels, and teach me
he melting notes by which you give depart-
a taſte of celeſtial raptures.

*notes as echo thro' the bliſsful plains,*
*n your immortal loves inſpire the ſtrains.*

that creatures born for infinite things ſhould
! that beings form'd for laſting and unmingled
, ſhould give up their pretenſions for unſub-
eams and fleeting ſhadows!

AD of opening the ſcenes of paradiſe, I am
a ſplenetic reflection on the miſeries of mor-
Twill not be otherwiſe, while my ſoul wears a
me; but when I have learn'd the ſongs of pa-
ll endeavour to allure you from this vain world
avenly regions.

E juſt heard that Mr. ——— is dead, and ſo
that he was ſitting in his chair with no mortal
om; only his wife heard a diſmal groan, and
o him, found him ſpeechleſs, and his eyes ſet
His wretched life and infidel principles have
thoughts a very melancholy turn, and I have
is ſerious moment to write to my deareſt bro-
or can I imagine, why the ſubject ſhould be
le to you: To you, I would perſuade myſelf,
s nothing in his aſpect but ſmiles and graces.

*Whene'er thou dy'ſt, may arms of angels waft thee*
*To thoſe ſmooth joys that have no broken moment.*

I FANCY you look on my letters as conſtant memento's of mortality, and open them with as much ſolemnity as you do a ſermon ſtitch'd in black paper, with a death's head in the frontiſpiece. But, my dear brother, mortality hangs about us, the ſolemn truth will be ſtamped on our memory, whatever pains we take to blot it out.

*I am, &c.*

## LETTER CXL.

### *To the ſame.*

I DO not envy you the pleaſure of reading Mr. ——'s tragedy; but, my dear brother, I confeſs I envy him the happineſs of having pleas'd ſo exact a judge. I do not queſtion but 'tis extremely fine, ſince it has deſerved your approbation. I believe you need not be in any pain about the diſpoſal of the author's heart; he knows how a heroine ſhould be made, and if he does not find real graces, can eaſily ſupply them out of his own fine imagination. You know a poetic fancy has

*Lengths, and heights, and depths unknown,*
*Broad fields with blooming glories ſown,*
*And ſeas, and ſkies, and ſtars its own,*
*In an unmeaſur'd ſphere.*

Dr. WATTS.

r I fancy, when your turn comes to love, you will
: ſo cheaply provided with materials to complete
ſelicity. But oh! indulge this noble delicacy, it
guide you to perfect happineſs. For ſure the
ing paſſion has a divine original, for *God himſelf*
*e*; by him the ſacred flame was kindled, and fills
ul with generous ſentiments and elegant deſires:
aks thro' all created perfection, and keeps on its
courſe to the firſt Pattern of whatever is excel-
fair.

u ſee, my dear brother, whether I tread the paths
lition, or thoſe that guide me to the ſtars, Love is
ving principle: 'Tis ſo, I am ſure, when I make
for your happineſs, and pray that every gentle
above may be propitious to my deareſt brother.

## LETTER CXLI.

*To the ſame.*

ERHAPS I treated you with too much ſincerity,
in my laſt; but, my dear brother, you find by it,
believe every thing of you that can be an advan-
o your character, and would fancy, that you poſ-
ery ſhining quality that makes you reſemble the
of my fondeſt thoughts and endleſs grief: He
my heart a paſſion, whoſe nicety and grandeur
not fail of giving my future thoughts a ſort of
elevation; while with gratitude I acknowledge
wer, and bleſs the divinity of Love.

IEN you make wiſhes for me again, my deareſt
r, let not long life be join'd to the bleſſings you

aſk. I am tir'd with the vanities beneath
the pleaſures that amuſe mankind are but dre
pineſs, ſhades and fantaſtic appearances. You can
lieve me, I know; but the fatal experiment will con
you of this melancholy truth, within the c
circling years, if Heaven permits you to
if not, when arm'd with virtue,

*What is there in this dreadful nothing, Death,*
*That we ſhould fear?*

Whatever darkneſs hangs on the gloomy val
it ten thouſand dazzling ſcenes ariſe, more bea
the viſions of *Mirza*. For my part, I ſet
my expectations, nor reſtrain my fancy
boldeſt excurſions into theſe infinite regions,
behold beauty in all its exquiſite variety, and
ſound of immortal harmony.

*I walk among the manſions of the Gods,*
*The ſoft receſſes, and the bleſt abodes.*

I AM got into the celeſtial ſtile, and would fain
get, that I am writing to a beau, a mere terreſtrial
ture. But oh!

*I ſink at once, and leave the ſkies.*

How tranſient are the flights of devotion! how
do earthly objects return with all their ſeduci
tages!

*Faint are the efforts of my will,*
*And mortal paſſion charms my ſoul aſtray.*

ADIEU, my deareſt brother. May Heaven
you happy beyond the limits of your own wiſhes.

LETT

# LETTER CXLII.

## *To the ſame.*

OU are in the right, my dear brother, in be-
t I had much rather date my letters to
rning ſtar, or the argent fields of the
n from a little village in the county of *So-*
Mortality itſelf, without its attendant evils,
me a very humbling circumſtance; and I am
with the divines for giving it the reproachful
ſlavery, chains, impriſonment, and every thing
to reaſon and nature. But ſince there is no con-
the mortifying truth, without quitting the plea-
of your correſpondence, I am content you ſhould
that I am ſtill below the ſtars, confin'd to theſe
regions, breathing the groſs element of air, and
tea inſtead of nectar, and incumber'd with a
clay, inſtead of ſparkling in a vehicle of light.
ſtill no better than a wretched mortal, and am
to content myſelf with walks of turf or gravel,
wever ambitious you think me of ſetting my feet on
ſpangled pavement, and tracing the milky way. But
ll my imagination is unconfin'd, and makes many a
y excurſion to the realms of day, wanders thro' the
*ſian* fields, and reclines beneath myrtle ſhades; where

*On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh flourets crown'd,*
*They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet,*
*Quaff immortality and joy ſecure.*

it the ſoothing viſion quickly takes its flight, the ce-
ial ſcenes vaniſh, and, for an ethereal inlargement, I
d myſelf limited to a den, a dwelling in the deſt:
ſt of feaſting on ambroſia, and banqueting with
s, I am reduc'd to the common food of mortals;
a, inſtead of the muſic of the ſpheres, am ſerenaded
with

with a ploughman's whiſtle, or ſome ruſtic ſhep jovial roundelay. However, I have my ſ e of t quility in this ſtormy world. This low ] : of e will ſoon be ended, and all beyond is r o happineſs.

*Adieu.*

# LETTER CXLIII.

## *To the ſame.*

*My dear Brother,*

YOUR letter has given me a little reliſh and the world again, which I had intire before. Whatever wild ambition craves, or bou vanity can paint, the ſplendor of the gr , pleaſures of the libertine, had loſt their incn pearances; while my gloomy imagination fancy dearest brother expiring, and with him, all the c that youth and blooming life could boaſt.

*The faireſt flow'r (hard fate!) but blows and*
*Does its gay honours to our eyes diſplay,*
*And while we praiſe its beauty, ſinks away.*

STRENGTH of reaſon, and fortitude of mind! pompous words are theſe? but how little do they ſ to a mind ſo unguarded and effeminate as mine? I a concern for my dearest brother's life, which no ment can remove, nor any amuſement divert; nc but ſilent tears can relieve me. Heaven, who knov ſecret idolatry of my heart, may, perhaps, remov darling object, and blot every name, but what is d from my ſoul.

I WAS going to pray for you, but, my deareſt brother, I know not what bleſſings to aſk: Not what would make you happy, that relate only to this world; let the ardor of my vows (and liſtening angels can witneſs how ſincere they are) let them procure immortal pleaſures for you, and I ſhall cloſe my eyes in peace, and thank the propitious powers with my expiring breath. Adieu. If half my prayers reach the ſkies, you muſt, you will be happy.

MR. ——— has a ſofter propoſal to make to you, but the truth of this appears

*To none, but quick poetic eyes.*

I COULD not fold up my letter, without incloſing Mr. *Grove*'s ode on his recovery: The eaſy harmony of the numbers, and exalted piety of the ſentiments, I'm ſure, can't fail of pleaſing you.

## *On the* AUTHOR'S *Recovery out of Sickneſs.*

*Written*, April, 1717.

I.

THEE, bounteous author of my days,
Thee, their reſtorer, let me praiſe;
Thee, gracious God, who from the gates of death,
Where I in penſive ſilence ſate,
Waiting the dread arreſt of fate,
My ſoul didſt ſave, and ſnatch my fleeting breath.

II. My

II.

My voice with weakneſs faint become,
And hollow, like the empty tomb,
Hoarſe, and ſcarcely to be known;
Strong, and animated grown,
Shall be employ'd to ſound thy fame:
And while in loftier notes I laud that name,
Which lately I invok'd with feeble cry,
Rocks, hills, and vales, ſhall to my ſong reply.

III.

Let me remember too, with what ſurprize
The ſudden darkneſs veil'd my eyes.
How ſickly, and how pale the light,
When death's impending ſhade,
Preſage of everlaſting night,
Had round involv'd my head!
To heav'n my languid looks I turn'd,
Nor long my ſtate unpity'd mourn'd;
Celeſtial effluence purg'd the gloom away,
And to my fainting eyes reſtor'd the day:
Therefore for thee, my God, theſe orbs ſhall roll,
And to thy radiant ſeat I'll dart, thro' them, my ſoul.

I.

Think, vain, fond heart, when on the ſteep
Of that tremendous, boundleſs deep,
Eternity, in ſad ſuſpence I ſtood;
How all my trifling hopes and fears,
My ſenſeleſs joys, and idle tears,
Vaniſh'd at proſpect of the frightful flood!

II.

E life is but a huddled dream,
time a ſwift, deceitful ſtream,
s vain world a ſhining bubble,
y full of wind and trouble:
this, great God, this is the prize,
iich deluded mortals heav'n deſpiſe;
l with paſſion after this they run,
e not, 'till they ſee themſelves undone.

III.

, Lord, thy hand the ſable curtain drew,
l future worlds diſclos'd to view,
eſe were my thoughts; and ſuch are ſtill
The leſſons of the grave;
as the purple channels fill,
We gayer fancies have;
e world its former charms puts on,
d we to doat again are won.
rather than this ſhameful chace repeat,
groſsly ſuffer, having ſeen the cheat,
nger let me live to fatal eaſe,
greatneſs may not tempt, wealth ſhine, nor flatt'ry
pleaſe!

I.

RIS'D from my bed, I'll higher riſe,
nd ſpringing upward, mate the ſkies,
ſhall this load of fleſh reſtrain my flight:
, when the eagle's youth returns,
'ith thirſt of bold attempts he burns,
rs his wings, and tow'ring, mocks the ſight.

II.

All my paſt follies be forgot,
Loſt in one univerſal blot:
From this æra years begin
Happy, and unſtain'd with ſin;
And as if life did now commence,
And nature's beauties now firſt ſtruck my ſenſe,
Tranſported, let me ſing from whom I came,
Admire his works, and praiſe the faultleſs frame.

III.

My ſoul, thou Source of life, with health inſpire,
And actuate it with thy fire;
Let all its pow'rs partake the heat,
Imparted by thy love;
In all a heav'nly vigour beat
Its ev'ry ſpring to move.
If thus my body and my mind
Shall both thy quick'ning influence find,
With both thy glory I will ſtrive to raiſe,
And to thy ſervice conſecrate my days;
And while this aims at heav'n, that bows to earth,
Each part will honour Thee, and own its ſeveral birth.

I.

Tho' now delay'd, yet death will come,
By fate's inevitable doom;
When once the deſtin'd period is mature,
No pray'rs for reſpite will prevail,
That mightieſt engine then muſt fail,
And the diſeaſe, we ſlight, deſpair of cure.

II. SUN

II.

*SUN, ſtand thou ſtill,* a mortal ſaid,
The mortal's voice the ſun obey'd,
Sudden check'd his rapid wheel,
On the brow of heav'n's ſteep hill.
To double length he ſtretch'd that day;
ut then, impatient of his longer ſtay,
is fall he haſten'd, and withdrew the light:
o ſtopp'd awhile, my ſun muſt ſet in night.

III.

ISELY the bleſſing uſe, thou muſt reſign;
The bleſſing will not long be thine;
Prepare, my ſoul, for thy remove
From this frail houſe of clay,
To ſeats of fadeleſs bliſs above,
And ever during day.
Death ſhews not there his meagre face,
And grief's a ſtranger to the place.
o annals to record, as here, the time,
he bleſt preſerve; but ever in their prime,
et countleſs ages glide away untold,
Which witneſs, as they paſs, to joys that ne'er grow old.

# LETTER CXLIV.

## *To the Rev. Mr.* JOHN MUNCKLEY.

*SIR,*

THE confidence your letter gives me of my * ther's happineſs, is all that can ſupport me the diſmal tidings of his death: I bore the loſs o father with much more compoſure. The m letter came, I was pouring out all the ardor o before God, for my brother's life, or a full aſſur his future happineſs: The laſt your letter brough But, oh! could ſpending the day in tears, or the w of the night in prayers; could my own life have r him from the grave, I would have given it. I he died on the ſame day my father did; and now are met to part no more.

I TOLD my father, two days before he died, of m mother's diſtreſs, and that ſhe deſired his prayers; o which he lifted up his hands, and fixing his eyes ear toward heaven, ſpoke theſe words: *God Almighty bleſ her, and her family; bleſs them in their bodies, and bleſ them in their ſouls.* And, after a long and ſilent pauſe, he ſaid again; *God is faithful, he has bleſt them, and they ſhall be bleſt.*

MY father left all his eſtate to me by his will, without one legacy to any relation he had. and on the outſide of his will he ſet down this as his reaſon; *that he might not ſtraighten me, nor hinder any kindneſs that I ſhould deſign to ſhew to Mr.* Rowe's *family.* This generous concern for them has oblig'd me beyond all the indulgence of his life.

---

* Mr. *William Rowe.*

I AM

I AM afraid this affliction ſits heavy on my poor ſiſter: t her brother's reſemblance to my much-lov'd huſband de him dear to me beyond all the ties of nature, and grief knows no reaſon or limits.

I SHALL expect you here, according to your promiſe: you are ſo inhuman as to diſappoint me, it will be the ill natur'd thing I ever knew you guilty of; which ll vaſtly aggravate your crime. I hope you intend make ſome ſtay: You ſhall be ſure of a ſincere welme to

*Your*, &c.

S. The anguiſh of my heart will not ſuffer me to write now to my mother.

## LETTER CXLV.

*To* ——————

I HAVE lately look'd over Mr. *Rowe's Lives of illuſtrious men*, and tho' one of the manuſcripts is loſt, need not tell you by whom) the principles and reflecons in them are ſo juſt and noble, I can hardly with a ſe conſcience ſuffer them to be kept any longer from e world. You know Mr. *Rowe*'s univerſal learning nd exact judgment in every thing that was graceful and egant in human nature or polite writing, and I am ſure ey were wrote with a deſign to be made public. Howver I leave it intirely to your diſcretion, to do as you ink proper.

I was extremely ſurpriz'd at the news of Mrs. ——————'s death. I begin to think I have liv'd too long,

long, and ſhall ſee every thing I value rent fr
'Tis my greateſt joy to think the ſhadows of
ing are lengthening, and that the cloſing part,
important moment will ſoon arrive. O may my
in ſmiles!

*Lo! I behold the ſcatt'ring ſhades,*
*The dawn of heav'n appears,*
*The ſweet immortal morning ſpreads*
*Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.*

Mr.

I AM aſham'd to ſend you the following
ſince 'tis in obedience to your requeſt, you wi
them. I have talk'd of dying ſo often, that I
much longer with a very good grace, and I ou
cency to make my exit, after I have ſo fer
adieu to the world.

## *On the return of the day on which Mr.* Ro *died.*

*Unhappy day forever now adieu!*
*Theſe eyes no more thy riſing beams ſhall view;*
*Before the ſun its annual courſe ſhall roll,*
*Immortal light ſhall open on my ſoul:*
*The years of paradiſe begin their round,*
*With laſting flow'rs and endleſs verdure crown'd,*
*In bliſsful climes where full delights abound.*
*No more, lov'd youth, the mournful muſe no more*
*In melting numbers ſhall thy loſs deplore;*
*To notes triumphant now I'll tune the lyre,*
*And ſacred love ſhall all the ſong inſpire.*

I HOPE you are all well, and happier than this world can make you.

LETT

# LETTER CXLVI.

## *To the ſame.*

U have flatter'd me into a better opinion of
e * *Letters* than I ſhould ever have had, with-
approbation. But oh! be it far from my ſoul,
any thing to myſelf, 'tis all receiv'd, and let
red to the cauſe of virtue: If any language of
the power of perſuaſion, may it be devoted to
eſt and glory of that great Fountain of all per-
from whom all wiſdom flows.

COVER ſo much original folly, ſuch blindneſs
vertency, that I am fully convinc'd 'tis only the
n of the Almighty, that teaches man effectually

*O ſpeak! and at the harmony*
*Of thy commanding voice,*
*My ſoul ſhall kindle into life,*
*And breathe immortal joys.*

*The ſoft inſinuating calls*
*Of ſenſe will all be drown'd*
*In the ſuperior excellence*
*Of that celeſtial ſound.*

*With deep attention lo! I ſtand,*
*Be the creation ſtill,*
*While ſilently I wait to hear*
*The dictates of thy will.*

* *Friendſhip in death.*

*O ſpeak!*

*O ſpeak! for who can teach like thee*
*The uninſtructed mind?*
*Whom thou wilt condeſcend to teach,*
*Shall heav'nly wiſdom find.*

LADY ——— from the firſt reading y
the *Letters* were mine, but I make no ſeric
have not ſent one preſent as the author, and
no confeſſion, but to three or four perſons w
could not help it, I ſtill entertain ſome faint h
ſincerely deſire, I may not be known. I reſolve w
againſt denying the truth; however I have no o
to diſcloſe the ſecret, but rather ſay nothing.
make a very awkward buſineſs of it, when
avoid telling a lye, or owning the truth.
———'s letters, I fancy ſhe thinks you
You need neither own, nor deny any thing,
to anſwer. Dr. *Young*, I flatter myſelf, is in per
norance. I could wiſh I had truſted nobody but
the publication. But ſuch a reflection is inconſiſt
my principles. I believe the minuteſt circumſtanc
(except ſins) are ordain'd by him, by whom the lea
row is not forgotten, nor the hairs of our he
numbered.

I WOULD not entertain ſo ill an opinion of
nature (however atheiſts and free-thinkers have de
it) as to believe it impoſſible to reach a diſinte
and benevolence to mankind. But I have not
nity to pretend to the heights of charity, and tha
no other motive in writing the Letters; yet 't
think, my principal view, remote from any hc
intereſt or perſonal reputation. It would indee
been ſome little entertainment to me, to hear
freely cenſur'd or approv'd, without any other c
than that of an author in maſquerade. Howeve
am detected) at worſt, I hope I cannot be accus'd

ty, as I have never aſſum'd the title of an author, nor eſum'd to ſpeak, but in a perſonated character.

If you ſend one to Mr.———, let it be from yourſelf, and tell him nobody owns the book, and the author is no exiſtence.

I am with all imaginable ſincerity

*Your, &c.*

## LETTER CXLVII.

*To the ſame.*

THERE cannot be a more proper name for all the enjoyments of this world, than that of ſhadows: Thus they fly away, and leave no traces behind them; or if they leave any, perhaps, 'tis guilt and regret, at the reflection on time and advantages loſt and unimprov'd. However I am highly indebted to Lady——, who was ſo obliging to come and ſtay here two nights. She fill'd the flying moments with wit and good humour, and laying aſide the Counteſs of———, and all manner of ceremony, gave us no anxiety or trouble, but ſeem'd to have a perfect reliſh of the eaſe and tranquility of low life. I have juſt receiv'd a letter, that ſhe is got well to *Marlborough*, and ſays ſhe will raiſe her hearths and windows, to make her houſe look like mine.

But in all enjoyments, your danger hangs like the weight of death on my ſoul. All my earthly happineſs ſeems in ſuſpence by the uncertainty of your health. I cannot expreſs the tenderneſs of my affection for you,

'tis

'tis the ſtrongeſt engagement my heart feels to
O may that ſovereign Power who has the ſp
ture in his hands, ſpare your life, and crown
diſtinguiſh'd favours!

BUT however that is determin'd, ſome of the
of this night have been employ'd to beg that
dences for immortal happineſs may be cl
queſtion'd, that the God of all conſolation
his goodneſs paſs before you, and on t
let out one ray of that glory, which (I ſpeak
aſſurance) will open in all its ſplendor on you
when you have once paſs'd the gloomy ſhades o
O may you be refreſh'd, here below, with the
of thoſe rivers of pleaſure, of which you will be
low'd up, in the region of perpetual joy!

I HAVE more reaſon to fear the great event
can have, and yet my hopes are often ſupported by
thoughts as theſe, to which I know you will
aſſent.

'LET me ſerve my God, tho' that ſervice
'never find a reward. Let me love thee, if
'ſhould never meet a return. Let me employ
'for thy glory, tho' I am forgotten forever.
'ſpend my hours of mortal life with thee, if I
'with thee, in that to come. If I ſhould never
'open glory of thy face in heaven, I will catch
'glimmering ray that diſcovers thee on earth. Sh
'thou exclude me from the general aſſembly
'church of the firſt born above, yet I will love the
'tation of thy holineſs here, and frequent the
'where thy honour dwells.'

How much do I value your prayers to pre
for that ſolemn part which I may be ſoon call'd
It is a great ſatisfaction to my mind, to imagin
while I have been aſking bleſſings at the throne of

ou, perhaps, at the ſame inſtant, you have been
ing the Almighty for me, that we may meet in
ts of immortal life and pleaſure above, and tell to
ung angels the wonders of redeeming grace to worth-
ſinful mortals: The charming relation will never
and the miracles of boundleſs clemency be forever
and new.

*Here is my triumph, here my hopes run high;*
*They know no bound, but infinitely free,*
*Graſp all a bleſt eternity contains.*

RE yourſelf I ſhall be to the laſt moments of
and beyond mortality,

*Your*, &c.

## LETTER CXLVIII.

### *To the ſame.*

IS a great ſatisfaction to me, to find your life
is ſtill continu'd, and that there are ſome ſmi-
g hopes of your recovery to your former degree of
h. Is any thing difficult to the almighty Power?
would fain flatter myſelf with the happineſs of ſeeing
u once more, on this ſide the ſtars. And yet there
ms ſomething impious in ſuch a deſire: For while I
perſuaded it would be infinitely for your own ad-
ge, to get free from corruption and mortality,
y ſhould I envy you a ſtate of complete felicity, if
ulgent Heaven ſhould call you away early from theſe
ions of ſin and diſorder? For I make no queſtion
t death will conduct you ſafely to the poſſeſſion of

immortal joys: And I am not without ſome ſerene expectations myſelf, and am almoſt aſſur'd we ſhall meet in the triumph of celeſtial bleſſedneſs and perfection in the next world:

*Where pleaſure rolls its living flood,*
*From ſin and droſs refin'd.*

Dr. WATTS

IF Heaven ſhould reſtore you to the prayers of your friends, and my, perhaps, too importunate deſires, need not ſay, you would be welcome as the light of the ſun to one who had long loſt it: If not, may the light of his countenance, whoſe loving-kindneſs is better than life, ſhine with unclouded glories on your ſoul, and ſcatter the ſhades before you.

I FORGOT to tell you, Lady *Scudamore* died with great compoſure: And tho' ſhe was ſeiz'd in ſuch a criſis of affairs, as would have engag'd a mind leſs pious than hers, ſhe was intirely reſign'd and calm; having nothing to do, but to give up her ſoul to the hands of that Redeemer whoſe name ſhe had confeſs'd and adored. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my laſt end be like many of my pious friends, whoſe exit has been celeſtial peace!

ADIEU, may the almighty God be your portion!

YOU will excuſe the ſhort unſtudy'd ſoliloquy, I have inclos'd.

To him that lov'd, and waſh'd me in his blood,
Who with that precious ranſom bought my ſoul,
My captive ſoul, from guilt, from death and hell;
From me, and all the favour'd race of man,
From ev'ry tribe and tongue on earth redeem'd,
To him be praiſe, dominion, glory, pow'r!

O thou

O WHEN ſhall I begin the endleſs ſong,
Th' immortal ſtrain, and to the golden harps
Of angels ſet the bleſt Redeemer's name?
When ſhall I celebrate the boundleſs praiſe
Of everlaſting love? Survey the lengths,
The dazzling heights, the wide-extended breadths,
And ſtill unfathom'd depths of grace divine?
When ſhall I with immortal rapture gaze
On God's unclouded face? See the bright ſmile
Of uncreated, ever blooming beauty,
The fair original of all the charms
That here below ſubdu'd my captive ſenſe?
O when ſhall I in peace behold thy face,
That face, whoſe rays ſhall diſſipate the cloud
Of mortal guilt and grief? O haſte away,
Thou bliſsful period! fly, ye lagging hours!
Impatience racks my ſoul at your delay.

## LETTER CXLIX.

*To the ſame.*

YOU muſt give me leave, my dear friend, to indulge myſelf in the pleaſure of writing to you, ce I do it without the leaſt expectation of a return; i indeed I would deny myſelf this ſatisfaction, if I ought it would be troubleſome to you.

YOUR long ſilence and confinement make me look on u like an inhabitant of ſome ſuperior region, and I

want to talk to you in the language of immortality. since that cannot be, I muſt be content to tell you human dialect, how much ſatisfaction I ſhould myſelf in your converſation, if it was the will of ra to reſtore you to health: The viſit of ſome gentle ſtial inhabitant would not be more welcome. In I can't but flatter myſelf with proſpects of diſtant pineſs, after ſo many inſtances of the vanity of hu hopes: And yet 'tis with ſome caution that I renew pleaſing expectation of your perfect recovery, and your health will be enough confirm'd, to ſuffer you more to ſpend a ſummer in the country, if Heaven tinues my life, which I hope will find a period b fore you remove to the ſkies. 'Tis a pleaſure to imagine, I ſhall greet you a new-come ſtranger i immaterial worlds, whoſe wonders I ſhall be well quainted with, before you make your firſt appea there.

But oh! you will there find no greater ins the power of almighty grace and clemency, than appear in my ſalvation.

*Great is thy mercy, and my tongue*
*Shall its rich wonders tell;*
*For thou haſt ſav'd my ſinking ſoul*
*From the low depths of hell.*

Dr. Wa

How often do I look back on the ſnares I eſcap'd, and thro' all the changes of my life ſee dazzling memorials of providential goodneſs, and humbling inſtances of my own guilt! and yet with higheſt aggravations, I hope my pardon and a ful miſſion is ſeal'd in heav'n; and there are moments which (againſt all the contradiction of hell) I dare a that *in the Lord my Redeemer I have righteouſneſs ſtrength.*

It is not poſſible for me to deſcribe what friendly anguiſh my ſoul feels for you: Nothing relieves thoſe cares but the proſpect of meeting you in an happy immortality; and be aſſur'd, that next to my own ſalvation, the moſt ardent wiſhes I can make to Heaven, will be for your happineſs. Adieu, and may you enjoy the light of his countenance, in whoſe preſence is fulneſs of joy and pleaſures forevermore. May the God of your pious anceſtors bleſs you, and make your ways proſperous. May your hopes of glory brighten into the cleareſt evidence, and ſupport you with unutterable conſolations.

## LETTER CL.

*To the Rev. Mr.* Tho. Amory.

*Dec.* 10.

It would be putting you on an exploit of perfect knight errantry, to deſire you to take a journey hither, in this unpleaſant ſeaſon. You would find occaſion to equip yourſelf with *Mambrino*'s helmet, to defend your head from the inclemency of the wintry ſkies. As for Mr. *Grove*, if he ſhould come on victorious over all the giants and inchanted caſtles on the road; if it ſhould happen to ſnow while he was here, he would fancy himſelf in *Lapland*, and abhor this place forever. I am ſo ſincerely pleas'd with Mr. *Grove*'s company, that I would never deſire it, 'till I thought every circumſtance would concur to pleaſe the delicacy of his imagination, on which I know the weather has ſome influence. I would never invite him, but when the ſun ſmiles on the gay creation,

*Reſtores their leafy honours to the woods,*
*Flow'rs to the banks, and freedom to the floods;*
*While birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,*
*At nature's joyful reſtoration ſing.*

For this, and two or three other wiſe reaſo I willing to deny myſelf the happineſs of your co 'till a month or two after *Chriſtmas*.

I FIND I have your leave to make my exit, and c mence immortality as ſoon as I pleaſe, on condition ſtudy divinity in the fields of light, and come back a to fright people out of their wits, and anſwer ca conſcience: But I am afraid my improvements will be great this way. I am for the myrtle ſhac bowers; and if a ſilver lute and a celeſtial ſo tertain you, I'll certainly oblige you, if it power, with ſuch melting ſtrains as angels fi to c ſaints, when they would give them a taſte of c joys:

*Such notes as echo thro' the bliſsful groves,*
*When they deſcribe their own immortal loves.*

## LETTER CLI.

*To the ſame.*

*SIR,*

I HAVE been reading all this morning of the and ſtars, and comets; but I can't be ſo vain t you I underſtood perfectly one line that I read: the ſubject has given a ſort of elevation to my th

and put them in ſuch a kind of dazzling confuſion, that I'm afraid you'll wiſh I had writ to you, when my genius had been leſs exalted, and more turn'd to earthly objects. But you may be out of pain, for I find converſing with mortal things has a pernicious influence; I am already deſcended, and have bid the ſtarry regions adieu. Without raillery, 'tis too true, that the mind does not long keep its heavenly, which is, indeed, its proper ſituation, and where alone it can find reſt.

I SPENT a few days, ſince you was here, at *Longleate*; but tho' the gardens were in their perfect order and beauty, and look'd like paradiſe reſtor'd, I found greater charms in obſcurity and ſolitude; which I think I ſhould prefer to a public life, if 'twas on no other view than as a ſanctuary from the cenſure of the world, and to be diſingaged from its intereſt and paſſions. An unenvy'd retirement, without ſtanding a competitor for any of the advantages that the reſt of mankind purſue, ſeems to be the neareſt way to peace and happineſs.——— Like *Sancho*, in *Don John*, I can't reaſon long without interruption.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER CLII.

*To the ſame.*

*SIR*,

YOU have addreſt me with as much ſolemnity, as if I had been in holy orders. You certainly fancy'd yourſelf writing to Mrs. *Drummond*; while you know I am ſo far from aſſuming thoſe ſuperior airs, that I have hardly the confidence to put myſelf in the

claſs of reaſonable creatures. All the pre-eminenc pretend to, is that I came into the world be and, according to the propriety of time and action to leave it firſt, and commence the dignity of a ſpirit; while you are left below, a ſober plod tal, bleſſing yourſelf in the felicity of a pr and a houſe full of pretty, tractable children.

YOUR verſes contain excellent rules for but you find they had not their juſt effect on diſciple. One would really think mankind fatal inchantment, that they are reſolv'd never happy by rule or method; while, as Mr. *Grov*

*Heav'n warns us of the dang'rous road,*
*And would our ſteps recall;*
*But we muſt tread, where crouds have trod,*
*And where they fell, we fall.*

Mr. *Pope* ſays juſtly enough, in his letters, that half things that employ our heads deſerve not the thoughts; they are rather ſtronger dreams, imprem on the imagination———But I have no inclination to ſevere on human nature, and have ſtill the mo put myſelf in the loweſt rank among intellectual and pretend to no right to cenſure or dictate.

I AM impatient to ſee your ſermon; the * title already byaſs'd me in its favour. I always have thou you warm in the cauſe of Chriſtianity; and for y peculiar notions, I am ſo far from blaming your frank and ſincerity, that it appears to me a beauty in y character.

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* *Chriſt the Light of the World: Or, the prine Improvements made in Religion by Chriſtianity.* A ſ mon preach'd at *Exon, Sept.* 11, 1735.

BEFORE I had finiſh'd my letter, your ſermon came my hands; which I have read with great ſatisfaction; l from an implicit believer, it has half made me a ſonable one; which you will think, is a ſurpriſing at- nment for

*Your*, &c.

## LETTER CLIII.

*To* ——.

WOULD fain perſuade you, and flatter myſelf, that my inclinations to ſolitude are not the effect of any r auſterity, or vain ambition of being thought wiſer better than other people. I aſpire to no character ve that of a reaſonable creature; and am content to p on a level with other indolent mortals, who are ling to be quiet and happy, on the moſt eaſy terms y can find.

'TIS impoſſible for me to keep my mind in a proper ation in the noiſe and hurry of public diverſions. A n of impertinent images, a ſucceſſion of follies, runs o' my imagination. My head is a perfect toy-ſhop, *aree-ſhew*; nor can I poſſibly baniſh from my me- ry a ſeries of troubleſome ideas of things to which I wholly indifferent whether they ever had an exiſt- e. But 'till the impreſſion is a little effac'd by retire- nt, theſe unſeaſonable vanities will intrude on my blic and private devotions.

FREQUENTING aſſemblies of pleaſure would not be way, as you imagine, to reconcile me to a crowd,

unleſs I could find more ſincerity practis'd t
ſeem, indeed, to meet with an obliging deſign
and entertain one another, and you w
whole world in a league of friendſhip
fices; but as ſoon as ever they are parted,
falls off, and the latent malignity breaks out
or ridicule. Whatever pains has been tak
ſingle perſon to recommend themſelves by c
viour, or wit, not one mortal comes away f
any thing but himſelf. One has been too pert,
too ſullen; ſome are awkward, others hid
too old, and others too young; and nothing
what it ſhould be; not a beauty or blemiſh, t
cenſure: So that you would think mank
ſtate of hoſtility with one another, and t
thoſe public aſſemblies was to pry into the
expoſe the defects of their own ſpecies.

My letter is of a decent length.

*Adieu.*

## LETTER CLIV.

### *To Mrs.* ARABELLA MARROW.

MADAM,

I FIND 'tis a hard thing for people that are quite
of the world, to converſe with thoſe that are i
As I am cut off from the ways of the living, and f
to exiſt in the ſtate of departed ſpirits, I know not
to entertain my ſurviving friends. News from the d
I fancy, would not be very agreeable to many of th
eſpecially to thoſe that are very well at eaſe in a

ortality, and have all the gay part of life before
. But ah! Madam, how ſoon will the ſoft deluding
n fly! how ſwiftly will the circling years roll on,
convince you of the vanity of all your expectations
this falſe world! You'll think I am very well at
e, to utter theſe wiſe maxims: I don't expect you
lieve me, but upon your own experience.

THINK myſelf very happy, that I have writ any
capable of inſpiring ſuch noble ſentiments as thoſe
votion muſt be, in a mind form'd like Mrs. *Knightly*'s.
d, Madam, you are a little piqu'd, that I ſhould
you have no reliſh, but *pour les poeſies tendres & ga-*
. Why, to tell you the truth, Madam, I fancy
le are never wiſe or devout in any remarkable de-
'till they are married; and when once you are
ed into that ſober ſolemn ſtate, I ſhall have the
charity for you, that I have for other people under
grave circumſtances.

s for all the fine things you ſay of my wit and
, take it for granted I ſubſcribe to them all, and
my full aſſent to them, and every thing elſe that
e ſaid to my advantage. I am extremely ſenſible
a loſs my retreat is to the world, and how much
ſon of my conſequence muſt be miſs'd in it. I am
l the graſs will cover the circle in *Hyde-park*, if I
d not make my appearance there; and if a tender
ir had not turn'd me ſavage, I ſhould certainly
more compaſſion for mankind, than to hide ſo
merit in the country ſhades. But wherever I am,
worth as yours will ſtill poſſeſs the eſteem of

*Your*, &c.

LETTER

# LETTER CLV.

## *To the ſame.*

MY paſt life begins to appear like a d
'Tis ſo long ſince I ſaw any of my
I almoſt fancy I never had any thing but a
ſcene of happineſs; and I think of Mrs. *ad*
*row* only as an agreeable phantom, that o
appear'd to me between ſleeping and wak
the viſits of angels are ſhort) the gay delufion
vaniſh'd forever from my ſight.

BUT if you are really an inhabitant of t
believe, by this time, you are pretty well tir
town, and I expect in your next, an account o
retreat. There is ſo little variety in life, and the
tition is ſo dull, that I am always pitying people
have a long ſcene to act, and envying thoſe that
few years finiſh their part, and retire.

WHEN I writ to you laſt, I had reſolv'd to
*Bath*; but after I had nicely balanc'd the pleaſur
the pain, I reſolv'd to bid my agreeable friends
and break my engagements with every earthly thing
this humour I can't but repeat with conſtant pleaſu
ſoliloquy of *Alcibiades*, in the *Spectator*; and then,
thinks, my ſoul acquires a ſort of ſelf-ſufficiency a
dependence.

I'LL juſt invoke the muſes to touch the lyre in
verſe, and leave you to ſolace yourſelf at *Pi*
*Ombre*.

*Appear, ye faireſt blandiſhments of ſenſe,*
*With all your boaſted charms, at once diſplay*
*Whate'er the ſun's bright eye, in all his round,*

*Since firſt he journey'd thro' the ſkies, has ſeen*
*Ye beauties turn'd to duſt, ye triumphs loſt*
*In long oblivion, put on airy forms,*
*And in fantaſtic grandeur now appear,*
*That I, at once, may all your charms deſpiſe.*

You find I am got above the clouds, and ſo I leave u. I hope, from this elevation, you'll take it as a eat favour, if I ſubſcribe myſelf

*Your, &c.*

## LETTER CLVI.

*To the ſame.*

MADAM,

Hope this letter will find you in ſome interval of perfect leiſure, or elſe I cannot expect your forgive-ſs for ſo much wilful and deliberate impertinence. My oughts are in ſuch a romantic ſituation in this place, at I am half convinc'd that every thing I ſee here is chantment. I never venture out of my own apart-ent, with any ſecurity of returning to it again, but ſe myſelf in verdant labyrinths and flowery mazes; id am often reduc'd to inquire of the firſt intelligent eing that I meet, which is the way into my Lord——'s ouſe. But 'tis my conſolation, that this gay confuſion mind is not peculiar to myſelf; for I can aſſure you, ere are not two people in the family that are yet greed to call any one thing, beſides the mount, by the me name. What one reaſonable creature thinks fit to ll a parterre, another, with a true poetical licence, calls

calls a wilderneſs; that which one, wi ut ſitation, terms a green and open ſquare, full aſſurance, affirms to be a cloſe im e a retreat from the noon-day ſun. Amidſt thi of languages, 'tis a great delight to me, to f body in as viſionary a diſpoſition as myſelf. w we are got into fairy land, or if 'tis the na a climate that has lull'd us all into a golden dr is uncertain; but for my part, I am ſo a place and company, that I am willing to ind charming madneſs, without envying the reaſoner on earth. But whether you'll take my or not, 'tis certain I am in my right ſenſes, ſubſcribe myſelf

*Your, &c.*

## LETTER CLVII.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I THINK myſelf very happy in your good opinion but tho' I do the utmoſt juſtice to my own merit I can't flatter myſelf that I deſerve your eſteem—— This ſentence looks as if it was borrow'd out of th *Academy of Compliments*; but, without vanity, I can aſ ſure you 'tis my own.

THE news of your illneſs is a very ſenſible afflictio to me; I find my letters are not the only *Memento'* you have of mortality. With regard to yourſelf, I thinl it could be no great diſadvantage to you, to quit th world ſo early. To die in the pride of life, and in al th

ſplendor of youthful virtue, has ſomething more rious in it, than to languiſh out the dregs of life, the exerciſe of no virtue but patience. But as you 're all the gay part of life before you, and have ıe ſoft engagement to this world, I am not ſur- z'd at the reluctance you find to make ſuch an early t.

You would think me too reſign'd in parting with my nds, if I ſhould tell you, it is not worth your while nake a farther trial of any earthly enjoyment: How- r your own experience will be the ſtrongeſt convic- ı, and a few circling years will give you a full de- nſtration of the vanity of all your gay expectations n this falſe world. Indeed, I would have you diſ- ıointed, and can't wiſh you perfectly happy and at here; not from any ill-will or malignity in my tem- , but for fear it ſhould ſtop your purſuit after more ing and ſuperior joys.

If I appear more ſtoical than I ought on this occaſion, becauſe I apprehend you are in no danger; and I pe to leave you long behind me, poſſeſs'd of as much ppineſs as dreams and ſhadows can give you.

*Adieu.*

## LETTER CLVIII.

### *To the ſame.*

MADAM,

I AM extremely oblig'd to you, for the account of your travels. A view of thoſe fine proſpects in our deſcription, is much more agreeable to my tem-

per,

per, than being at the pains of seeing them any other way; while I am persuaded your images of them are more beautiful and entertaining than the things you describe.

My Lady ——— has given me an account of Mr. ———'s death. She speaks of it in a manner that gives me the highest esteem for her virtue, and the humanity of her temper: To make such just reflections on life and its vanities, in the pride of youth, and gayest circumstance of fortune, is very uncommon. But nothing gives me a greater opinion of her wit, and the elegance of her taste, than the value she has for your conversation. You know I am very sincere; as I have no dependance, I am past all ceremony with the world. Since Mr. *Rowe*'s death, I have had neither hopes nor fears; but am in a state of absolute indifference with regard to the events of this world. I have ease and plenty to the extent of my wishes, and can form no desires but what my father's indulgence would procure; and I have nothing to ask of Heaven beyond the good old man's life. The perfect sanctity of his character, with the benevolence of his temper, makes him a refuge to the widow and fatherless. The people follow him with their blessings and prayers, when he goes abroad; which he seldom does, but with a design to reconcile some difference, or to right the injured and oppress'd. The rest of his hours are intirely spent in his private devotion, or books, which are his only diversions. But I forget myself, and acknowledge, it would be more a-propos to entertain you with the charms of some handsome young fellow, or the dress and equipage of a beau, than with the moral virtues and temperance of hermits and philosophers.

Lady ——— tells me you are in a constant hurry of company in *Warwickshire*. I suppose you do not *know* that you deserve my compassion; but I can't help *bestowing* it upon you. With all the graces of your person,

ſon, the charms of your wit and addreſs, or all be-
s that mortality can boaſt, I would not be in your
umſtances. O rather

*Bear me, ſome god, to* Hæmus' *dewy top,*

to mount *Atlas*, or to the wilds of *Africa*, or any
er ſavage wilderneſs on earth! O bear me

*Far from the noiſy follies of the great,*
*The tireſome farce of ceremonious ſtate,*
*Far from the thoughtleſs crowd, who laugh, and play,*
*And dance, and ſing, impertinently gay,*
*Their ſhort, ineſtimable hours away!*

N the humour I am now indulging, you will cer-
ly think a deſart the moſt proper place for

*Your*, &c.

## LETTER CLIX.

### *To Mrs.* ARABELLA MARROW.

*To be deliver'd to her after my deceaſe.*

HOW laſting are the ties of reaſon and virtue! I expect to breathe but a few days longer, or at moſt, but a few weeks, and in dying, give you this imony of my friendſhip: A friendſhip, that I am not am'd to carry with me into the ſacred regions of ht and love. Had my affection been founded on any thing

thing but real merit, it muſt have expir'd, when all other advantages are inſignificant. uncommon pleaſure in employing ſome of the ments of my life in converſing with a perſon of juſt ſentiments. I find a more than ordinary and tenderneſs for my acquaintance from wh now parting: The gentle paſſions of my awaken'd, and ſeem prepar'd for the p to which I am now going. I have had 10 toms of an apoplexy of late, that I verily mortal frame is ſinking, and the duſt is duſt from whence it came: But methinks I bler powers of my ſoul kindling into life tality.

*Sure there's a life within, that reigns*
*O'er the dull current of my veins;*
*I feel the inward pulſe beat high*
*With vig'rous immortality.*
*The ſoul—'tis of the heav'nly kind,*
*Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind;*
*From all the laws of matter free,*
*From all we feel, and all we ſee,*
*She ſtands eternally diſtinct, and muſt forever be.*

* * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * *

LETTE

# LETTER CLX.

*To Mrs.* ———.

MADAM,

MY ſatisfactions in this world are confin'd to very narrow limits; and as your letters and eſſays are ong thoſe few entertainments, I can't but complain, t you will not let me ſee the paper you promis'd to d.

THE melancholy account you gave in your laſt letter, the ill ſtate of your health, gives me a great ſolici- le for you; tho' I am convinc'd it yields you a ſerene l pleaſant proſpect. I never recall your retir'd con- ſation, in ſome of the charming walks at———, hout fancying myſelf, in that moment, wiſer and hap- r than before; but I dare not promiſe myſelf a re- n of thoſe ſatisfactions, 'till we meet in the ever- oming fields of paradiſe.

———*The bliſsful plains,*
*Where pleaſure in its gayeſt triumph reigns.*
*Joys ever-young, unmix'd with pain or fear,*
*Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year.*
*Stern winter ſmiles on that auſpicious clime,*
*The fields are florid with unfading prime.*
*From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,*
*Mold the round hail, or flake the fleecy ſnow:*
*But from the breezy deep the bleſt inhale*
*The fragrant murmurs of the weſtern gale.*
*The firmament with living ſplendors glows,*
*And on immortal thrones the bleſt repoſe.*

his deſcription I borrow'd from Mr. *Pope*; and this y ſcheme is, I believe, ſuited to your taſte, tho' I am afraid

afraid it would not be at all agreeable to Mr. ———'s ſagacity; to whom I beg you my ſervice. I confeſs, theſe flowery ſcenes ſ the leaſt circumſtances of immortal bliſs: But its greateſt elevation conſiſts, never enter'd into the of man to conceive.

*Make haſte, ye ling'ring hours,*
*To bring the promis'd joy!*

THERE is no ſpell confines me to this the brevity of human life; which would have content, on whatever ſpot of earth deſtiny h me. I could never have been plac'd in a more ſituation, without any thing to pleaſe, or mole which in the concluſion of life is a great advantage principal concern is now, that I may paſs the fatal neſs without conſternation.

I AM ignorant whether heavenly, or earthly lo preſent your governing paſſion; if the laſt, this ſubject may perhaps come unſeaſonably, and the life of the happy antediluvians might have been a agreeable theme.

*I am, &c*

## LETTER CLXI.

*To Mrs. ———.*

YOU obſerve very juſtly, religion does i mankind to act a becoming part in every of human life; but ſtill piety looks like a retre de

ning years, and people ſeem to be reduc'd to it, ſanctuary; goodneſs then has an air of neceſſity, does not appear half ſo free and voluntary, as in bloom of life. And this, Madam, is the happy ſea- you have choſen to recommend the ſacred dictates hriſtianity, while the ſpirit and gracefulneſs of youth off every virtue. Be it eaſy or ſevere, 'tis ſtill be- ing, and attracts the ſpectator's love and imitation; trikes the ſenſes as well as the ſoul. The heavenly e mingles with the luſtre of the eyes, and makes f viſible in the vivacity of a youthful face. The tity of thought reveals itſelf in the modeſt aſpect, guiltleſs and unaffected ſmile. The mind, conſcious nothing but good will and gentle diſpoſitions, gives ſignal of its beneficence by a thouſand nameleſs ces peculiar to the advantage of youth and bloom- life.

I HAVE made your compliments to Mrs. ———, d obey'd your commands, in recommending Biſhop *pkin*'s ſermons to her; but to no more purpoſe, than I had perſuaded her to peruſe a treatiſe of naviga- n. She thinks it a greater toil to read twenty ſer- ns, than *Alexander* would have had to conquer twenty rlds, if he had known where to find them. A folio divinity is certainly a dead weight in a fine lady's nds, and much more heavy and unmanageable than *lia*, or any other romance of the ſame bulk.

*I am, &c.*

LETTER

# LETTER CLXII.

*To Mr. ———.*

*SIR,*

YOU are too partial to my writings of any kind, and I am afraid my letters will ſoon convince you how much you have deceiv'd yourſelf, in the value you ſeem to ſet on my correſpondence. My way of life is ſo retir'd, that I am ignorant of every thing that paſſes in the buſy world, and can inform my friends of no events nor changes, but what occur in the rural ſcenes and the variety of nature. If I live 'till *December*, I may be able to inform you that the waters are turn'd to ice; or in *April*, that the ground is cover'd with cowſlips and daiſies: But I am not poſitive that this important intelligence will very much improve or divert you.

PERSONS of the greateſt merit are generally moſt diffident of themſelves. There can be no other reaſon for your anxiety in writing to me. Criticiſm is not my talent, nor inclination; and I am pleas'd that you remember any part of my converſation, that had a tendency to clear me from the imputation of ſuch a diſagreeable character. The beauties of temper and action in human life, delight and charm me; while its blemiſhes give me a very mortifying proſpect, eſpecially when I conſider myſelf liable to the ſame follies.

YOUR commands to me to write a long letter are very obliging; but 'tis a happineſs for you, as well as the reſt of my correſpondents, that my impertinence is limited by the ſize of my paper to pretty narrow bounds; and that 'tis as great a fatigue to me to write a long letter, as it would be to you to read it.

*I am, &c.*

LETTER

# LETTER CLXIII.

## *To the ſame.*

*I R,*

AVE an inclination to write to you, and yet I ould not have choſen a more unlucky interval. ead ſeems perfectly vacant, without either bright oomy ideas, void of hopes or fears. This ſeems an unhappy, and is perhaps a criminal inſenſibility; often lament it as one of the miſeries of mortality, he mind can remain in ſuch an indolence, in the of things of eternal conſequence, unmov'd at the ainty of future happineſs, or miſery; while the tant hour is advancing, that muſt decide this grand

OPE you are, before this, perfectly recover'd from indiſpoſition. I have a real ſympathy with Mrs. ——, for the concern your diſorder muſt give tho', with regard to yourſelf, death can have no- threatning or gloomy; and ſuch early piety as , generally, makes a graceful exit, whatever loſs the ſuffers by it. But I hope your life will long be ued an example of virtue to an impious age.

ou have favour'd me with the moſt agreeable em- nent in the world, to convey your generoſity to ——. There is an exquiſite pleaſure in ſoften- he cares and ſupplying the neceſſities of a perſon of ; and ſtill the joy is heighten'd, in raiſing a thought atitude in a pious mind to the Supreme Benefactor: can I help aſking with a tender ſurprize, why am I nd independent, while one of ſo much greater vir- ſtraiten'd and depreſs'd?

*But who ſhall aſk th' Eternal Ruler, why*
*His favours thus unmerited are plac'd?*

Mrs.

MRS. ———'s invitation and care for my reception is exceeding obliging; but nothing is more uncertain than my being in town. I have such an aversion to every thing that looks like fatigue, and find in myself such a propensity to indulge the tranquility of my temper, that 'tis a thousand to one, if I stir from the place where I am.

A THOUSAND blessings attend you!

*I am*, &c.

# LETTER CLXIV.

## *To the same.*

*SIR*,

I HAVE felt your affliction with all the tenderness and sympathy of friendship, and am equally affected with joy, at the news of Mrs ———'s recovery. I hope she will long be a blessing to you, and a bright example of virtue, in this dissolute age; where diversion and a giddy round of amusement, seem to banish every thing that is serious or rational. But satire is not my talent, I am conscious of too many follies of my own, to set up for a censurer of the manners of the age. However, I can't say you have strain'd your charity, in believing that I had rather hear the music of the spheres, than *Farinelli's Cantata's*; and that, of the two, I had rather be among the angels, than crowded with the peers and peeresses of *Great Britain*, admiring Mrs. *Porter's* graceful action.

'TIS not a very easy transition from Mrs. *Porter* to Dr. *Watts*; but I am sincerely glad of his recovery;

y tranquility will not be complete, 'till I hear you, that Mrs. ——— is paſt danger of a re- and confirm'd in her health.

*May blooming health ſtill ſmile upon her face,*
*And all the joys that ſacred virtue gives,*
*Brighten her mind, and crown her future years!*

ou need not make an excuſe for ſending a ſpeedy er to any of my letters; it will always be an obli- n. Whatever liberties I take, I would not corrupt people by the example of my indolence.

FIND I have a little crampt my genius, for want of ; but next time you ſhall have more white paper, thing elſe.

## LETTER CLXV.

*To the ſame.*

*I R,*

OUR good opinion, inſtead of raiſing my va- nity, gives me a ſecret confuſion; while I reflect little I deſerve it. Were my mind in that ſuperior ion you imagine, I ſhould be very happy; but your (in the moſt polite manner) rather tells me what ght to be, than what I really am; and I hope I make that uſe of it: Tho', as Dr. *Watts* ſays, , that active iniquity, is never at reſt; whether I to do with God or man, it beſets me on every

owever agreeable a retir'd life may be to your a perſon of your good ſenſe and piety will be more

more profitable to the public by an active life. amples of truth and juſtice are too rare, to conceal'd in an idle retirement.

Be pleas'd to make my compliments to Mrs. —— and tell her, my being in town is uncertain; but if am, and have power to follow my inclinations, I ſpend ſome part of my time with her: So and friendly impulſe flatters me with a great pleaſure in her converſation. But I would for ſelf expecting any perfect enjoyment either from or ſolitude. At a diſtance, the ſylvan ſhades be the reſidence of innocence and peace; but degenerate ſtate, guilt and folly will intrude on moſt retir'd manner of life. And yet I muſt own, if there is any happineſs below the ſtars, it conſiſts in freedom from the hurry and cenſure of the world, wh the mind may devote all its bright and ſerene inter to Heaven.

*How happy is the holy hermit's lot!*
*The world forgetting, by the world forgot.*
*Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!*
*Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;*
*Deſires compos'd, affections ever even,*
*Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heaven.*
*O grace divine! O virtue heav'nly fair!*
*Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!*
*Freſh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the ſky!*
*And faith, our early immortality!*
*Enter each mild, each amicable gueſt:*
*Receive and wrap me in eternal reſt!*

These lines are borrow'd from Mr. *Pope*, and I wiſh I was ſenſible of their energy, while I repeat them; but I am afraid theſe thoughts are rather flights of poetry than devotion.

You

ed not excuſe your want of method; your
f thought, and eaſy manner of expreſſion, is
rable to all the pedantry of rules.

*I am*, &c.

## ETTER CLXVI.

*To the ſame.*

news your letter brought me of your ſafe
rn to your family, gave me a ſincere ſatiſ-
th on your own account, and Mrs. ———'s,
en remember'd with anxiety and compaſſion,
how the roads were infeſted with robbers.
your ſafety as the peculiar care of provi-

ort of mortification to me, to delay writing to
poſts; but I am unwilling you ſhould com-
much of my attention; for after I have writ,
tient for an anſwer. Your friendſhip ſeems
part of my happineſs; but 'tis a happineſs
that I hope it will be immortal. How-
ſt humble your vanity ſo far, as to let your
n talking the ſame language to Mrs ———,
dictating to you. Be pleas'd to preſent her
cknowledgments for the pleaſure her ſociety
I am perfectly charm'd with her character.

Heaven aſſent to your pious wiſhes for me
that I, the leaſt of all ſaints, may at the l-

ſummons ſpring triumphant from my duſty bed, and number'd with the glittering aſſembly!

*There let me vie with all the hoſt,*
*In duty and in bliſs;*
*While leſs than nothing I ſhall boaſt,*
*And vanity confeſs.*

Dr. WATTS

THIS ought always to be in my view; and if knew the natural vanity of my temper, you would ſay ſo many fine things that might indulge it. H ever, I would be on my guard, and deſire to mak uſe of the partiality of my friends, but the interes religion, and the glory of my Redeemer.

I return you my thanks for the ſermons you ſent they are worthy of Dr. *Watts*'s excellent pen. I juſt read the *Eſſay on Reaſon*: 'tis writ by Mr. H and is very fine. Mr. *Pope*'s *Satire on Women* is mild than I expected; and if well us'd, may refo ſex.

I MUST bid you adieu; it will be prudence to manage my ſtock of thought, that you may no cover the inward vacancy too ſoon.

MAY attending angels conduct you in the ſacred of peace and virtue!

LETT

# LETTER CLXVII.

*To the ſame.*

*WHEN I conſider life, 'tis all a cheat,*
*Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit,*
*ſt on, and think to-morrow will repay;*
*morrow's falſer than the former day,*
*s more, and when it ſays we ſhall be bleſt*
*th ſome new joy, cuts off what we poſſeſt.*

Mr. DRYDEN.

IIS is the picture of human life; when we view thout a connexion to the next permanent ſcene, nd future pleaſures have but an imaginary being. e been taking ſome pains to reaſon myſelf into a of indolence, and endeavouring to put a full period expectation of happineſs below the ſtars. All that es the name of happineſs on earth, is that friendly ſſion, which real merit makes on virtuous minds; hat ſtamp is immortal, and will reach perfection in liſsful regions above.

OUR poetical deſcription has ſet the beauties of e in a full proſpect before my imagination. I am you met with ſuch variety of romantic ſcenes in rambles; but the brighteſt appearances in nature t excite my envy, or raiſe my curioſity.

*By what I've liv'd, I plainly know*
*The total ſum of all below.*

WERE I permitted to make my t
ſtarry worlds, I ſhould leave you very
the beſt of whatever enjoyment the ſea o
give you.

DON'T aſk me to meet you at *Oxford*,
ſpare me the pain of a refuſal; which
tormenting to myſelf than to you.

ORIGINAL

# POEMS,

AND

# TRANSLATIONS.

BY

Mr. THOMAS ROWE.

*——Non haec ſunt edita ab illo;*
*Sed quaſi de domini funere rapta ſui.*
*Quicquid in his igitur vitii rude carmen habebit,*
*Emendaturus, ſi licuiſſet, erat.* Ovid.

*LONDON:*
Printed in the Year MDCCLV.

# erſes to the memory of Mr. THOMAS ROWE.

*ioned by Mr.* Rowe's Lives *being tranſ-ted into* French *by the learned Abbe* Bel-ger, *and publiſhed at* Paris *and* Amſter-m *with Monſieur* Dacier's *tranſlation of* lutarch.

*Nunquam ego, te vitâ frater amabilior,*
*Aſpiciam poſthac? at certè ſemper amabo,*
*Semper mœſta tuâ carmina morte legam.*

CATULL.

FRIEND! O brother! can thy dear-lov'd name
Riſe to my view, nor pious ſorrow claim?
O early fled to thy congenial ſkies,
could know thy matchleſs worth to prize!
ripen'd judgment gives that worth to ſee,
ıext a father loſt, I mourn for thee;
ıee, whoſe friendſhip had that loſs ſupply'd,
uth my guardian, and in age my guide.
voice had taught to bend my ſtubborn will,
me to good, and warn'd my wiſh from ill.

While Virtue, in thy life to ſight confeſt,
With heav'nly charms had vanquiſh'd all my breaſt,
With borrow'd vigour I had learn'd to tread
The path ſhe points, by thy example led:
Now, my guide loſt, I trace the arduous way
With feeble ſtep, and ſcarce forbear to ſtray.
O friend! O brother!—but why thus again
Will theſe dear names my tortur'd mem'ry pain?
Forever gone, thou wilt not leave the ſkies,
For friendſhip's wild complaints, or nature's cries.
Ah! what avail'd with ſtudious toil t'explore
What ancient ſcience taught, or modern lore,
Since not the treaſur'd ſtores of wiſdom ſave
The laurel'd head from the devouring grave!
Yet if, bleſt ſpirit, minds celeſtial know
To joy at honours paid their names below,
Hear *Philomela*'s ſtrains rehearſe thy praiſe,
While ev'ry muſe inſpires the moving lays:
Lays that ſhall laſt, while virtue boaſts to warm
The gen'rous breaſt, or ſacred verſe can charm:
And ſee thy works thro' foreign nations known,
*France* marks their worth, and makes thy *Lives* her own;
And conſcious of their right to equal fame,
The rival volume joins with *Plutarch*'s name.

THEOPHILUS ROWE.

POEMS

# POEMS
ON
# SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

## HORACE, *Book* I. *Ode* xii. *imitated.*

1708.

*CLIO*, heav'n born muſe, what happy man,
Or godlike hero, ſhall thy well-tun'd harp,
Or pipe ſhrill-ſounding celebrate? Or if
loftier theme delight thee, ſay what God
all *Echo*, pleaſing babler, taught by thee,
ng in the ſhades of *Helicon*, or *Pind*,
r *Hæmus'* ſacred mount? where *Orpheus*, ſkill'd
arts maternal, liſt'ning rivers ſtopt

In

In their ſwift courſes, lull'd the winds to ſilence,
And made the ſtubborn oaks attentive move
To aukward dances their unwieldy limbs.

WHERE better can the pious muſe begin,
Than with the univerſal Father's praiſe?
Who rules the pow'rs above, and men below,
The earth's wide plains, the ſea's unbounded w
And laws to all the vaſt creation gives,
With undiſputed ſway; himſelf ſecure
Of own'd preheminence; nor equal knows,
Nor aught that may deſerve a ſecond place.
Yet *Pallas* next our adoration claims;
Immortal maid, in arts and arms ſupreme:
*Bacchus*, the ſoft amuſer of our cares,
With *India*'s conqueſt proud: *Diana*, foe
To beaſts untam'd: *Apollo*, tuneful God;
Able alike to give the wretched life
By potent herbs, and villains certain death
By never erring darts, command our lays.

NOR ever ſhall the grateful muſe forget
*Alcides*, matchleſs hero; nor the *Twins*,
Whom *Leda* bore to *Jove*; this ſkill'd to tame
The fiery courſer, this in fight untam'd;
Both by the mariners rever'd: for ſoon
As their auſpicious ſtar adorns the ſkies,
The foaming waters trickle from the rocks,
The winds retire in whiſpers; blackeſt clouds,
That erſt portended ſtorms, divide, and leave
A pleaſing day, and ev'ry threat'ning wave

So will the Gods! ſo unreſiſted fate!)
Sinks to a calm, and ſleeps upon the ſeas.

WHAT next forbids to ſing *Britannia*'s chiefs,
In war and peace illuſtrious? *Brutus* firſt,
Sire of the nation; *Egbert*, pow'rful prince,
Source of a thouſand kings; *Normannia*'s duke,
An eaſy, and a rightful conqueror
Of realms his own: Or ſhall I thoſe record,
Who born beneath a throne, to diſtant climes
Extended *Britain*'s glory, and their own?
*Talbot*, a name ſtill dreaded by the *Gaul*:
*Warwick*, ſure puniſher of perjur'd kings,
Who play'd with crowns, and toſs'd the gilded trifles
To whom he pleas'd, deſpiſing them, as far
Beneath his own acceptance: *Dev'reux*, long
By great *Eliza* favour'd, loſt at laſt
By wiles of ſtateſmen, and heroic crimes.
Who can enough or *Vere*, or *Cândiſh* praiſe?
Or *Drake*, *Iberia*'s ſcourge? him poverty
Paternal, and a youth inur'd to hardſhips,
Fitted for vaſt exploits, and taught to gain,
By merit, honours fortune had deny'd.
Thro' ev'ry age the *Ruſſel*'s patriot race
Riſes in fame. The bright *Naſſovian* ſtar
Shines with tranſcendent ſplendor, and excels
All leſſer lights, as *Phœbe* thoſe of heav'n.

FATHER and guardian of the human race,
Offspring of *Saturn*, who by fate's decree
Diſpoſeſt *Anna*'s deſtiny; preſerve
Thy precious charge, extend her glorious ſway.

May ſhe acknowledge thee alone ſuperior,
Nor have on earth an equal: If ſhe drives
From her realm's limits the invading *Gaul*,
Or on the hoſtile land due vengeance takes,
Haughty in well-got ſpoils; ſtill under thee
May ſhe in mildneſs happy nations rule.
Do thou *Olympus* with thy chariot ſhake;
Then juſtly on thy foes and ours, incens'd,
Dart forked lightning, make deſtruction ceaſe,
And bleſs the ſinking world with laſting peace.

## TIBULLUS, *Book* I. *Elegy* iii.

WHILE you, *Meſſala*, with your warlike train,
In haughty triumph plow the ſubject main,
Me my hard fate in realms unknown detains,
Thro' all my frame a dire diſtemper reigns,
And very hardly life itſelf remains.
O could my pray'rs obtain a ſhort reprieve!
Would the grim tyrant a kind reſpite give!
I have no mother here to cloſe my eyes,
And grace with pious tears my obſequies;
No ſiſter, who in looſe, diſhevel'd hair,
And all the pomp of deſolate deſpair,
Should ſhed rich ſpices at my ſepulchre:
Nor *Delia*'s here, whoſe preſence could create
Health and new life, each raging pain abate,
And reconcile my ſoul to all the ills of fate.

e'er I went, ſought ev'ry pow'r above,
v'ry pow'r ſeem'd gracious to her love;
oke a ſafe return, yet ſtill ſhe fear'd,
ender anguiſh in her looks appear'd;
from her eyes in briny torrents fell,
ighs, in riſing, choak'd her laſt farewel.
oft' ſought pretexts for my delay;
birds and baleful omens ſtopt my way,
rs averſe, or *Saturn*'s luckleſs day.
return'd, a longer time to wait,
l by ill-boding ſtumblings at the gate.
ht by my harms, let men with caution move,
empt the wrath of unconſenting love.
is thy *Iſis*, *Delia* now to me?
hat the fruit of thy vain piety?
have I gain'd from all thy widow'd nights,
all to her, and ſtoln from our delights?
Goddeſs, ſave! exert thy healing pow'r,
o loſt health a ſinking wretch reſtore!
*Delia* may before thine altars bow,
rn in pious gratitude her vow,
ft', with hair unbound, in artful lays,
g thy *Pharian* crowd, may chaunt thy praiſe;
I to my poor houſhold Gods return,
monthly incenſe to my *Lares* burn.
that age of innocence again,
bleſt the world in good old *Saturn*'s reign!
he diviſions of the earth were known,
en, for foreign lands, deſpis'd their own.
e the tall pine yet on the mountain ſtood,
afe, unenvy'd monarch of the wood,

Not

Not yet cut down, and taught on ſeas to brave
The rage of ev'ry wind, and ev'ry wave:
For yet no mariner, for ſordid gain,
Diſturb'd the quiet of the watry reign.
The ox, unyok'd, might thro' the paſtures ſtray;
Nor the tough bits taught horſes to obey.
No doors ſecur'd the houſes yet, nor bounds
To private uſe confin'd the fruitful grounds.
Soft honey from the ſolid oaks diſtill'd:
The ſheep, that rang'd unguarded o'er the field,
Unſought, to ev'ry hand their ſwelling dugs would yield.
No thirſt of empire, no ambitious rage,
Nor fell debate, taught mortals to engage,
Nor broke the calm repoſe that bleſt the peaceful age.
Now, under *Jove*, reign rapine, ſlaughter, hate,
And wars, and ſtormy ſeas, and thouſand forms of fate
O ſpare, great Sire! I never falſly ſwore,
Blaſphem'd thy awful name, nor dar'd thy pow'r.
But if the fatal, deſtin'd hour is come,
Be this inſcription plac'd upon my tomb:
*While number'd with* Meſſala's *martial train,*
*The toils of land, and dangers of the main*
Tibullus *prov'd; by early fate oppreſt,*
*Beneath this humble tomb his aſhes reſt.*
But me, love's Queen, her ever-faithful ſlave,
Will ſtill protect, and cheriſh in the grave;
She bleſt me living, and will guard me dead,
And to th' *Elyſian* fields her conſtant vot'ry lead.
Bright ſcene of endleſs bliſs! where feather'd throngs,
With ſlender throats repeat melodious ſongs.

Th' ur

Th' unlabour'd meads ſpontaneous *Caſſia* bear;
And purple roſes flouriſh round the year.
Join'd with ſoft nymphs, the ſhepherds dance and play,
And ſport a glad eternity away.
Mirth and gay joys reign o'er the bliſsful ſpace,
And youth immortal ſmiles in ev'ry face.
Unhappy lovers, by ſtern fortune's hate,
And the rough hand of unrelenting fate,
Snatch'd ſudden from their joys, are doubly bleſt,
With myrtle wreaths diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.
Far from theſe regions of unmix'd delight,
Hid in thick ſhades of everlaſting night,
Are the dire manſions and ſevere abodes,
Sacred to vengeance and infernal Gods:
Round the ſad ſeats ſulphureous waters roar,
Vaſt *Cerb'rus* barks before the brazen door;
*Tiſiphone*, with ſnaky treſſes crown'd,
Laſhes the flying criminals around,
And with the dreadful noiſe the gloomy caves reſound.
*Ixion* there, whoſe inſolence durſt move
To impious fires the royal bride of *Jove*,
Fix'd on his reſtleſs wheel, while endleſs years
Purſue their courſe, the whirling vengeance bears.
*Tityus* extended o'er nine acres lies,
And daily food to rav'nous birds ſupplies:
And *Tantalus*, with ſeeming plenty curſt,
Sees waters court his lips, yet dies for thirſt.
There juſtly ſuffer *Danaus'* curſed race,
The horror and the hate of all the diſmal place;
Who braving love, and *Hymen's* ſacred rites,
Could ſlay their huſbands on their nuptial nights.

There

There may the wretches howl, whoe'er they be,
Who wiſh'd ill-fortune to my loves and me;
That I might from my *Delia* wander far,
Thro' all the hardſhips of a tedious war!
But thou, my love, thy conſtancy retain,
And true to me, and thy own vows remain;
In ſafe retirement my long abſence mourn,
Nor form a wiſh for joy, 'till my return.
Let thy old faithful nurſe be ever by,
The ancient guardian of thy chaſtity;
Whoſe tales may chaſe the ling'ring ſhades away,
And lull thy ſorrows 'till the dawning day.
Sudden I'll come, as to thy wiſhes giv'n,
And ſent by ſome ſtrange miracle from heav'n;
Then thou, my *Delia*, with an haſty pace,
Run unadorn'd and looſe to my embrace.
When, when, ye pow'rs, will that bright
To paint with livelier red the eaſtern ſkies,
Which ending all my griefs and dire alarms,
Shall give my *Delia* to my longing arms?
Propitious Heav'n, all obſtacles remove;
And let me die, at leaſt, with the dear nymph I lo

## EPISTLE *to a* FRIEND.

*Written in the Spring*, 1710.

WHILE pious *Anna*'s conqu'ring arms
Fill pow'rful guilt with juſt alarms,
ich now ſhall ſoon make diſcord ceaſe,
l bleſs the jarring world with peace;
ile ſaucy prieſts ſedition prate,
aign the Queen, embroil the ſtate,
l murmur at they know not what:
ou, *Daphnis*, by kind fate ſent down
m the wild tumults of the town,
ſt, in a happy rural ſeat,
ſte the pure joys of calm retreat.
ture, with blooming honours gay
l vernal ſweets, invites thy ſtay.
the fair morning of the year
all its richeſt pomp appear!
the briſk ſongſters of the air
the forſaken woods repair!
ar them in artleſs harmony
lcome back the ſpring and thee!
uiſh'd from the charming plains,
more the ſluggiſh ſeaſon reigns:
ah! the ſad deteſted gueſt
l keeps its empire in my breaſt;
in the abſence of the fair,
ubt, anguiſh, jealouſy, deſpair,
ke an eternal winter there.

*DAPHNIS*,

*DAPHNIS*, to whom by gentle Heav'n
The bliſs I languiſh for is giv'n,
Who all thoſe beauties canſt admire,
That ſet my longing ſoul on fire,
And gaze on thoſe bewitching eyes,
For whoſe dear light poor *Strephon* dies,
And thoſe tender accents hear,
Which wound the heart, and charm the ear;
Gaze not on thoſe eyes too long,
Nor liſten to her tempting tongue,
Leaſt all thy ſoul their influence prove,
And friendſhip yield to mightier love.
Call all that friendſhip to thy aid,
And tell, oh! tell the lovely maid,
With all thy eloquence and art,
What racking ſorrows rend my heart:
Tell her, how I waſte away
In never-ceaſing moans the day;
Waſte in woes the tedious night,
Yet curſe the dull, ungrateful light,
That brings not *Delia* to my ſight.
Each ſun with fainter beams appears,
Tho' every breaſt, but mine, it cheers;
And 'till from her my ſoul receive
The joys that ſhe alone can give,
While all things ſmile around, I grieve.
To her—But ah! I aſk in vain
Thy aid to tell my am'rous pain,
Tho' none with nicer judgment knows,
To paint diſtreſs, and talk of woes.
Can artful tales my griefs expreſs?
Ev'n moving numbers make them leſs.

ot all the muſes can inſpire,
ot the great God that tunes the lyre,
Vith all his force and all his fire;
lot ev'n her own immortal lays,
acred to glory and to praiſe,
nd of eternity ſecure,
an paint the torments I endure.
could the charming maid but know
art of the pains I undergo,
ains to none but lovers known,
nd gueſs my ſuff'rings by her own!
e verdant plains, ye flow'ry hills,
e little, gentle, murm'ring rills,
e peaceful ſhades and ſilent groves,
cenes of ſoft reſt and rural loves,
ay, for you beſt her ſecrets know,
nd oft' have heard her tuneful woe,
the bright charmer ever kind?
*Strephon* always in her mind?
loes ſhe not teach the rocks my name?
n wounded barks inſcribe her flame?
'o the attentive bending boughs,
Vhiſper a thouſand am'rous vows?
hide the dull lagging hours away,
nd in ſoft ſighs accuſe my ſtay?
*ephyrs* bear the charmer's ſighs,
Vaft them gently to the ſkies;
Hear them, ye little Gods of love,
And all ye awful pow'rs above,
n your own regiſters record
Each am'rous vow, and melting word;
That firm, unſhaken they may be,
As the ſtern laws of deſtiny,

And

And the dear paſſion may remain
Fix'd as your own eternal reign.

*DAPHNIS*, deareſt youth, excuſe
The roving tranſports of the muſe;
If, while fantaſtic joys ſhe feigns,
To eaſe her real, mighty pains,
Joys too glorious to conceive,
Too vaſt to hope, or to believe,
Unmindful for a while ſhe be
Of ſacred friendſhip, and of thee.
Friendſhip's holy link, that binds
In ſtricteſt ties the nobleſt minds,
My grateful ſoul ſhall never break:
For thee a thouſand vows I make,
And for thy bliſs, my conſtant care,
I tire the gracious Gods with pray'r.

THRO' all thy life may'ſt thou poſſeſs
Uninterrupted happineſs;
Serene may every ſun ariſe,
To light thee to ſucceſſive joys;
May ev'ry hour glide ſmooth away,
And ſmiling as a ſummer's day.
No anxious thoughts diſtract thy breaſt,
And no unpleaſing dreams infeſt
Thy downy ſleep and ſilken reſt.
Whene'er thou lov'ſt, be light thy chain,
And gentle thy fair tyrant's reign;
Soft and melting may ſhe be,
Artleſs, innocent, and free;
And in one word to ſum the reſt,
That thou mayſt be completely bleſt;

In

in form, in mien, and air,
ith *Delia* to compare,
n can make another fair.

w'rs, (if any Pow'rs there be,
l ſo mean a wretch as me)
ır exalted ſtations hear,
to my humble pray'r.
ceſt gifts on *Anna* ſhed,
freſh laurels *Marlbro's* head;
ſt minds that guide the ſtate,
t crime or envy great:
ſpheres my wiſhes move,
ther bliſs but love.
ſtars refuſe to bleſs
r aims at happineſs;
ıs fortune blaſt my toil,
ings frown, if *Delia* ſmile.
nean ſouls, when lightnings fly,
lers rend the diſtant ſky;
riſing ſtorm I'll wait,
the malice of my fate:
he tender fair
ıff'rings I muſt bear,
le pity cure my ſmart,
ach horror in my heart,
ıy hopes, allow my fires,
the paſſion ſhe inſpires;
ternal vows repeat,
ı raptures at her feet.
N, *Daphnis*, ſtill I rove;
ſubject I would prove,
ırn to her, and love.

*Delia's*

*Delia*'s my everlaſting theme,
My waking thought, my nightly dream:
For her alone I touch the ſtring,
For her in artleſs numbers ſing;
I neither court, nor hope the bays,
Too bleſt, if ſhe accept my lays,
Pity the weak unable muſe,
And what ſhe cannot praiſe, excuſe.
Thou too, my friend, content receive
The wretched preſents I can give.
The feeble muſe unpractis'd ſings
In humble notes of humble things.
Perhaps, when the black ſtorms blow o'er,
When the waves gently kiſs the ſhore,
And wars and tumults are no more;
When peace with balmy wings ſhall ſmile,
And brood auſpicious on our iſle;
My ſoul with the bright proſpect fir'd,
With nobler warmth ſhall be inſpir'd,
With new-born ſtrength ſhall dare to riſe,
And in bold flights attempt the ſkies,
Paint all the gay, tranſporting ſcene,
And ſing the *Hero*, and the *Queen*:
Then with juſt fires, and loftier lays,
I'll ſpeak my friendſhip, and thy praiſe;
Great as my theme my force ſhall be,
And all my numbers worthy thee.

## VID's *Lamentation over* SAUL *and* JONATHAN.

FFSPRING of *Iſrael*, by peculiar grace
Diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt of human race,
ſplendid names and haughty titles proud,
rites of Heav'n, the choſen ſeed of God;
bleſt while *Saul* your conqu'ring armies led,
*Jonathan* commanded at their head;
h a long train of ſhining glories crown'd,
envy and the dread of all the nations round;
v preſs'd beneath a loſs without relief,
only great and eminent in grief;
ll the pomp of moving ſorrow come,
pay vain honours at your prince's tomb.
*our beauty and your glory loſt deplore;*
*he great are fall'n, the mighty are no more.*
all mankind the glorious dead bemoan,
m pole to pole be the wide ruin known.
gentle ſtreams, with your kind waves diffuſe
roughout the realms you bleſs, the diſmal news,
d bid the unbounded waters, as they flow,
ıvey to worlds unknown the mighty woe.
nds, that in tempeſts Heav'n's juſt wrath declare,
d you that in ſoft murmurs fan the air,
all your fleeting courſes thro' the ſky,
r on your wings our loſs, and ſpread it as you fly:
ly of *Gath* and *Aſcalon* beware,
r whiſper out the fatal ſecret there;
uſt the deteſted race, our ancient hate,
ar the ſad ſound, and triumph in our fate.

And by the charming muſic of their tongue,
Added new glories to the deeds they ſung;
Who with kind love could ſoften all his care,
And more than recompence the ſullen toils of war.
How have you ſtrove t'avert the fate we mourn!
Aſcending ſpices on each hill did burn,
And Heav'n was tir'd with vows for his return.
In vain, alas! you vow'd, in vain you pray'd,
In vain your unavailing off'rings paid;
Heav'n, by our crimes incens'd, refus'd your pray'r,
And bad the wanton winds diſperſe it in the air.
At leaſt, lament the prince you could not ſave,
Shed a ſoft tear in pity on his grave;
Suſpend a while the conqueſts of your eyes,
And in true woe and unaffected ſighs,
Pay your laſt homage at his obſequies:

*The vaſt, the univerſal loſs deplore,*
*The great are fall'n, the mighty are no more.*

But my wild grief no limits e'er ſhall know,
Who to the public join a private woe:
Ne'er 'till my ſorrows with my life ſhall end,
I'll ceaſe to mourn my brother and my friend.
O *Jonathan!* like thee none ever knew
To pay a debt to ſacred friendſhip due:
'Tis not in words or numbers, to expreſs
Thy vaſt, thy unexampled tenderneſs.
Not the ſoft maid, but lately taught to prove
The wild diſorders of unruly love;
Tho' the fierce paſſion reigns throughout her frame,
And all her ſoul is melting in the flame,
E'er felt a love like that which thou haſt ſhewn,
Soft as the tender ſex, and manly as thy own.

O *Saul!* O *Jonathan!* illuſtrious pair!
How great! how good! how excellent you were!
In peace our only pleaſure and delight,
Our only ſafety and defence in fight!
*Philiſtia* oft' has felt *Saul*'s mighty hand
Scatt'ring wide deſolation o'er the land;
Nor leſs the force of *Jonathan* has mourn'd,
Whoſe ſword ne'er empty to his ſheath return'd;
But deeply ſtain'd, and glutted well with gore,
The nobleſt and the beſt the hated nation bore.
Leſs ſwift the eagle bears his prize away,
Leſs fierce the lion rends the panting prey,
Alike their ſkill, alike their matchleſs art,
To twang the far-reſounding bow, and dart
The never-erring jav'lin to the heart:
Alike they dar'd, and fought, and overcame,
The ſame their martial fire and thirſt of fame;
Ah! that their hapleſs end ſhould alſo be the ſame!
*That hapleſs end we ever muſt deplore,*
*The great are fall'n, the mighty are no more.*
Ye num'rous fair that *Iſrael*'s court adorn,
Above the reſt, your prince, your monarch mourn;
For yours he was, ſtoop'd to your pow'r alone,
Your pow'r that only could exceed his own.
How was he pleas'd when he from conqueſt came,
Crown'd with freſh laurels and eternal fame,
A fair, a radiant circle to behold,
Clad in rich ſilk, and proud in pompous gold?
Who ſtopt the noiſy triumph in its way,
And made the greateſt ſplendor of the day;
Who in ſoft numbers, and melodious lays,
Made heav'n's wide arch reſound the conqu'ror's praiſe:

And by the charming muſic of their tongue,
Added new glories to the deeds they ſung;
Who with kind love could ſoften all his care,
And more than recompence the fallen toils of war.
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Pay your laſt homage at his obſequies:
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The wild diſorders of unruly love;
Tho' the fierce paſſion reigns throughout her frame,
And all her ſoul is melting in the flame,
E'er felt a love like that which thou haſt ſhewn,
Soft as the tender ſex, and manly as thy own.

Yet

et thou art fall'n, alas! no more to riſe,
nd death's cold ſleep ſits heavy on thine eyes.
Howe'er thy name ſhall live, the world ſhall know
What to thy honour'd memory I owe:
To all the wond'ring people I'll rehearſe
Thy deathleſs glories, in no vulgar verſe.
Thou in the firſt and nobleſt rank ſhalt ſtand
Of conſtant friends, a rare, but ſhining band!
Where'er unhappy virtue meets renown,
Where'er the name of love or friendſhip's known,
Thou ſhalt be ever ſung; taught by my lays,
Old men ſhall ſigh, and infants liſp thy praiſe,
*And ev'ry age and nation ſhall deplore*
*The great men fall'n, the mighty now no more.*

## *To* DAPHNIS. *An* EPISTLE.

*DAPHNIS*, among my deareſt friends approv'd,
And more by me than thy own muſes lov'd,
Whoſe parts mature in nature's early bloom,
Give certain hopes of miracles to come,
Of tender eloquence, and gentle lays,
And females crown'd with everlaſting bays:
To thee I ſing, than whom none more can know
From a ſoft lyre what heav'nly numbers flow.
Thou ſcorn'ſt with me thoſe brutes, who rudely wiſe,
The whole creation's faireſt part deſpiſe;
Thou too haſt felt their pow'r, and own'd their conqu'ring eyes:

Thou too, with me, wilt humble altars raiſe,
Nor blame my theme, nor envy at my praiſe.

OFT' have the muſes their own ſex inſpir'd,
And with a more than mortal ardor fir'd,
Taught them in wit and numbers to excel,
Nor yield to man alone the praiſe of writing well.
*Corinna* rival'd *Pindar*'s nobleſt lays,
And gain'd by merit the conteſted bays.
Old *Greece* the charming *Sappho* did adore,
And hardly boaſted in her *Homer* more:
Still with her fires the love ſick virgins burn;
Her lays they ſing, her tender griefs they mourn;
Still celebrate her love and her deſpair,
And curſe the villain that betray'd the fair.

OF all the nymphs the *Roman* empire bore,
When great *Auguſtus* held the ſov'reign pow'r,
None could *Sulpitia* equal, ſhe alone
Of beauty and of wit could claim the throne;
With ev'ry grace and ev'ry muſe adorn'd,
A thouſand ſlaves ſhe made, a thouſand ſcorn'd,
And in wild fires for coy *Cerinthus* burn'd:
He only her ſoft meaſures could inſpire,
For him ſhe ſung, for him ſhe tun'd her lyre.
Long ſince death ended the fair tyrant's reign;
Now not the ruins of her charms remain:
Devouring time has moulder'd all away,
Nor left one atom of diſtinguiſh'd clay:
Yet ſtill the charmer in her verſe ſhall live,
And ſhall to all eternity ſurvive;
Still in her lays immortal beauties ſhine,
And kindle love and fire in every line.

*BRITA*

*BRITAIN*, next *Greece* and *Italy* renown'd
or artful ſongs, a diff'rent fortune found.
When ancient *Chaucer* in unpoliſh'd verſe
id wond'rous tales with wond'rous art rehearſe;
When *Spenſer* in a myſtic fairy ſcene,
roclaim'd the glories of the *Virgin Queen*;
When the great *Shakeſpear* charm'd the liſt'ning ſtage,
ith *Juliet*'s ſoftneſs, and *Othello*'s rage;
When ſurly *Ben* with nicer judgment writ,
nd bore from *Greece* and *Rome* the prize of comic wit
o females could aſpire to equal praiſe:
hen men alone poſſeſs'd the envy'd bays,
ith haughty majeſty unrival'd ſhone,
or fear'd a ſhe-pretender to the throne.

AT laſt ('twas long indeed) *Orinda* came,
o ages yet to come an ever-glorious name;
o virtuous themes her well-tun'd lyre ſhe ſtrung,
f virtuous themes in eaſy numbers ſung.
*race* and *Pompey* in her lines appear
ith all the worth that *Rome* did once revere;
uch to *Corneille* they owe, and much to her:
er thoughts, her numbers, and her fire the ſame,
e ſoar'd as high, and equal'd all his fame;
ho' *France* adores the bard, nor envies *Greece*
he coſtly buſkins of her *Sophocles*.
ore we expected, but untimely death
on ſtopt her riſing glories, with her breath.
her youth's prime the charming virgin dy'd:
*ſtræa* well *Orinda*'s place ſupply'd.
*bæbus* did ne'er before a breaſt inſpire
ith larger portions of poetic fire:

On ev'ry ſubject ſhe her art could prove,
Well on each ſubject ſung, but beſt of love;
At once ſhe ſung, and felt the pleaſing ſmart,
Love in her numbers reign'd, and lorded in her heart.
With what amazing force the charmer writes
Of the dear paſſion, and its fierce delights!
Leſs tender fires the *Cyprian* Goddeſs moves,
Leſs ſoft the am'rous cooings of her doves.
Warm'd by her moving lays, the cruel fair
Learn to put on a more relenting air,
Indulge their lovers hopes, and pity their deſpair:
Chill age is fir'd to unaccuſtom'd heats,
The curdling blood a vig'rous courſe repeats,
And ev'ry pulſe with youthful ardor beats.
O! had chaſte tranſports fill'd her virtuous mind,
And to permitted pleaſures moſt inclin'd,
*Sappho* had yielded to her nobler fame,
And only *Philomel*'s had been a brighter name:
But while too oft' her guilty fancy roves
To looſe deſires, and wild, diſorder'd loves:
Unheeding minds with lewd ideas warms,
And gives adultery and inceſt charms;
The good and chaſte abhor the vitious lays,
And hate the beauties they are forc'd to praiſe.

GODDESS of harmony, thy ſuccour bring,
While I thy darling, *Philomela*, ſing!
In vain I call, nor hears the muſe my pray'r,
Hurry'd away by winds, and loſt in air:
Nor, did ſhe hear, would aught her aid avail,
Beneath the mighty theme all numbers fail;
All numbers flag beneath her, but her own;
She is ſufficient to herſelf alone.

Her

av'ns! how ſhe charms! how graceful is her mien!
r countenance, how like her mind, ſerene!
uth's livelieſt bloom, a never-fading grace,
d more than beauty ſparkles in her face.
w ſoon the willing heart her empire feels!
h look, each air, each melting accent kills.
the bright form creates no looſe deſires;
once ſhe gives, and purifies our fires,
d paſſions chaſte as her own ſoul inſpires:
r ſoul, Heav'n's nobleſt workmanſhip, deſign'd
bleſs a ruin'd age, and ſuccour loſt mankind,
prop abandon'd virtue's ſinking cauſe,
ſnatch from vice its undeſerv'd applauſe,
lead in piety's forſaken ways,
bright example, and celeſtial lays.
th what high tranſport, in thoſe lays we find
reſs'd the image of her godlike mind?
w ſmooth her ſtrains! how eaſy flow her lines!
roughout the whole how vaſt a genius ſhines!
ate'er ſhe writes, in ev'ry part we ſee
*æa*'s fire, *Orinda*'s purity;
d while her greater glories we admire,
s pure's *Orinda*'s verſe, leſs fierce *Aſtræa*'s fire.
he deſcribes the youthful conqu'ror's charms,
it gave her liberty unknown alarms;
f the faithleſs *Theron* ſhe complains,
l fir'd with juſt reſentment, breaks her chains;
ſouls with her begin, and ceaſe to love,
l ev'ry paſſion learns from her to move:
f ſhe rather tries the rural lays,
l in a country dreſs immortal charms diſplays,
ſouls th' inchanting ſounds tranſported hear,
*Mantua* now, nor *Sicily* prefer:

With her we ſeek the deſolate abodes,
The ſimple manſions of the ruſtic Gods;
We ſhun the city, and we court the woods.
If ſhe with *Taſſo* ſings the *Chriſtian* chief,
Who, ſent by Heav'n to a loſt realm's relief,
While hell and helliſh men in vain withſtand,
Freed from baſe ſervitude the holy land:
Or in a ſofter and more melting ſtrain,
Repeats thro' ev'ry grove, and ev'ry plain,
The conſtant paſſion of the *Faithful Swain*;
Unnumber'd beauties in each part we view,
And graces *Italy* itſelf ne'er knew:
Other tranſlations we faint copies call,
But what ſhe writes is all original.
But when in more exalted lays ſhe brings
A pious off'ring to the King of kings,
Not purer ſweets *Sabæan* hills ſupply,
Or with more grateful odours glad the ſky.
The ſeraphs hover in the ambient air,
Nor think a mortal form inhabits there;
Amaz'd, awhile they leave the ſtarry throne,
To ſee on earth ſo pure devotion ſhewn,
And wonder at a ſtrain ſo very like their own.

*DAPHNIS*, dear youth, to whom propitious He
A kind retreat from noiſe and cares has giv'n,
Near the calm ſeat, pure ſtream, and verdant ſhade
Bleſt by the preſence of the matchleſs maid;
Content enjoy the bleſſings of thy fate,
Pity the wretches who are curſt and great.

he proud *Gaul* for boundleſs ſway contend,
with his life his dire ambition end;
more than empire to be *Singer*'s friend!
ould hard fortune, which has fix'd me down
he deteſted hurries of the town,
ating, change my hapleſs deſtiny,
t ſome few lucky hours, and make me bleſt like
thee!
the charming ſolitude repair,
e wait a glad attendant on the fair,
e on her lovely lips with tranſport dwell,
catch each tender accent as it fell;
new inform'd, and kindling from her eyes,
ev'n my grov'ling ſoul, at length, ſhould learn to
riſe.
in each grove, near ev'ry purling ſtream,
t *Philomel* ſhould be my conſtant theme,
mbers like her own the nymph I'd praiſe,
equal the vaſt ſubject with my lays.
ſylvan Gods to hear my notes ſhould throng,
ilent rivers liſten to my ſong;
l the hills, and vales, and groves around
babbling echo ſhould repeat the ſound,
*Amaryllis*' ſelf be leſs renown'd.

## *An* EPISTLE *to* CLIMENE

### *Imitated from the* French *of Madame* DE HOULIERES.

STILL muſt we mourn your abſence, ſtill cou
And court you from your ſad retreat in vain?
When teeming earth with fruitful moiſture fed,
Brings forth new flow'rs to deck the paths you trea
When each returning morn ſhines doubly bright,
And each cool ev'ning brings a charming night,
The country ſhades may yield a ſoft delight:
But when o'er all the ſavage winter reigns,
Makes bare the groves, and deſolates the plains;
When nature's face is chang'd, and ev'ry day
Snatches ſome poor, decaying charm away,
'Tis downright madneſs, *Climene*, to ſtay.
What new unheard-of pleaſures can you find?
What ſtrange delights to entertain your mind?
Or do important reaſons force your will,
And to the gloomy ſcene confine you ſtill?
I gueſs the mighty cauſe: You fear to prove,
In this vile town, the dreadful thing call'd love.
The little tyrant reigns amidſt the ſport,
The ſmiles and pleaſures of the town and court:
Nor only there, him ev'n the wilds obey,
And country deſarts own his awful ſway.
In vain to woods and ſolitudes we fly,
In vain the city change for purer ſky;
More dang'rous ev'n than courts, the ſhades may
And with more eaſe admit th' invader love.

was the place, and ſavage all around,
e fair *Angelica* young *Medor* found;
e the dame, and grave, and ſternly coy,
ous, and ſoft, and tender was the boy:
know the reſt.—Then haſte from your abodes,
e the weak ſhelter of the fields and woods:
me, and in a thouſand breaſts inſpire
ſeleſs rage, and unavailing fire!
dread th' effects of all their treach'rous arts,
r boaſted ſtratagems to conquer hearts;
ſ the fates aſſiſt, their moving tale
never o'er your native cold prevail.
rove this true, believe the tale I tell,
oracles more ſacred truths reveal.

wandring penſive thro' the ſilent groves,
ditate my ſorrows and my loves,
*nis*, the terror of our woods, I view;
ghtier name love's empire never knew:
e e'er ſo well a haughty breaſt could tame,
arm to fires unknown the coldeſt dame.
rate before a heedleſs fair he lies,
s fruitleſs tears, and waſtes a thouſand ſighs;
a love and ſorrow pleading in his look,
s to the cruel nymph the charmer ſpoke.

ow long, my fair, will you your fate delay?
will you idly waſte the precious day,
in indifference loiter life away?
e always with contempt my tender theme,
ife love's pleaſures, and his pow'r blaſpheme?
no! this joys my paſſion courts in vain,
ther ſhepherd with more eaſe will gain;

His

His happier flame will your fierce pride remove,
Subdue your ſtubborn heart, and melt it all to love.
All nature owns the God: In barb'rous plains,
Where half the year is night, and cold eternal reigns,
The frozen race is warm'd to ſoft deſires,
And feels in ev'ry vein the genial fires.
However diſtant, the dread hour muſt come,
Which all your fading beauties will reſume:
Then in a juſt revenge, th' offended boy
May give his ſuff'rings, and with-hold his joy;
Send a freſh warmth, as ev'ry charm decays,
And wild deſires, you want the pow'r to raiſe.
Ah, nymph! the horror of this fate prevent,
Appeaſe the angry God, and yet in time repent.
Let taſteleſs age th' ecſtatic bliſs deſpiſe,
Grow coldly grave, and ſtoically wiſe;
Do you, my fair, while blooming youth invites
To warmer ſentiments, and gay delights,
Your ſcorn and dull indiff'rence diſpoſſeſt,
Receive the gentle tyrant to your breaſt;
Reward a conſtant flame, and yield to prove
The mighty tranſports of a mutual love:
No other ſolid bleſſings mortals know,
Nor Heav'n can on its fav'rites more beſtow,
To give a taſte of its own joys below.

HE ceas'd. The neighb'ring echoes caught the ſound,
The little birds ſung tender notes around;
The liſt'ning waves in gentle murmurs move,
And ev'ry balmy *Zephyr* whiſper'd love:
Yet her cold heart in ſilence heard his pain;
When the heart's ſilent, all things ſpeak in vain.

# *The* CAPRICE.

## *From the ſame.*

FEAR a pure ſtream, beneath a cooling ſhade,
Charming retreat! the penſive *Iris* ſtray'd;
*is*, a name to diſtant nations known,
y her fam'd verſe's beauties, and her own:
leedleſs ſhe rov'd; for, nor the murm'ring ſound
f the ſmooth waves, nor flow'rs that deck'd the ground,
or the birds tender ſongs could charm the fair,
r eaſe her gloomy thoughts, and melancholy care.

AT laſt ſhe cries, Fond love, I own no more
hy awful tyranny, and boaſted pow'r;
o more thro' thee tumultuous fears ariſe,
in my torn breaſt, and ſwell my ſtreaming eyes;
native coldneſs reigns in ev'ry part,
nd all is calm and quiet in my heart:
it ah! how poorly I that calmneſs taſte,
orc'd to regret ev'n all my ſuff'rings paſt!
las! th' unwary ſoul but little knows,
hat wiſhes for the bleſſings of repoſe:
the ſad ſtate of idleneſs and eaſe,
hen nothing buſies, nothing too can pleaſe.
he treach'rous tyrant, love, leſs faintly charms,
weet are his ills, and pleaſing all his harms:
he mind each moment to delights improves;
or all is pleaſure to a heart that loves.
n what a tedious round of griefs he lives,
Vho, wretched, his own tenderneſs ſurvives?

Can

Can one who ever felt an am'rous pain,
Unloving life's vexatious load ſuſtain?
Loſe ev'ry ling'ring hour, and waſte away,
In dull, unactive indolence the day?
Ah, no! return, ſoft God, reſume thy reign,
Bring all thy fires to kindle mine again——
Alas! thou wilt not come, and all my calls are vain.
Cruel! thou cam'ſt an uninvited gueſt,
And mad'ſt, unſought, a paſſage to my breaſt:
Now thou canſt all my pray'rs and vows deſpiſe,
And ſcorn to gain a weak, inglorious prize.
I aſk not for the tranſports thoſe poſſeſs
Whom thou with ſmiling fates, and mutual loves doſt bleſs.
The barb'rous, charming youth that rul'd my heart,
Has taught me all thy rigour, and thy ſmart;
Heedleſs of mine, in other flames he burns,
And hate, or worſe indifference, returns.
The joy of being lov'd I ne'er can prove;
I aſk no other now, but that of love.
Have not my fears and my alarms been vain?
How am I ſure that I have broke my chain?
Don't I, while I deſire, already feel the pain?
What ſhall I do? what method take to find
The true condition of my floating mind?
See, while I ſpeak, the dear ungrateful come!
His preſence clears my doubts, and fixes all my doom.
I view the lovely ſwain; his ſight inſpires
Soft melting thoughts, and raging fierce deſires,
And all my ſoul conceives the well known fires.
Welcome, ye boundleſs griefs, and racking pains!
Welcome, ye ne'er to be forgotten chains!

Amidſt

t r, and deſpair,
I eed diſtracting care,
t t g Love, that well haſt heard
r pray'r.

# PINDAR's *Ode to* PROSERPINE.

## *Tranſlated from the* French *of Monſieur* de la Motte.

*Inſcrib'd to the Rev. Mr.* John Ruſſel.

I.

RIDE of the gloomy king, whoſe awful ſway
The dreadful realms of night obey,
By unrelenting fate at laſt
Upon thine empire I am caſt,
The dreary banks of *Styx* I've paſt:
'Tis time my faithful ſhade ſhould pay
The tributary verſe I owe,
what above I promis'd, give below.
Goddeſs,

---

As an incorrect copy of this ode has been prin-
nder the name of another gentlemen, who pretends
nly to have corrected ſeveral errors, but to have
*written* many lines in it; 'tis abſolutely neceſſary,
ſtice to Mr. *Rowe*, to aſſure the public that they are
ted to that editor for no more than two lines, and
lteration of a very few words in this poem; and
(excepting the removal of one or two expletives) it
*v* publiſhed exactly as the author wrote it.

Goddeſs, liſten to thy praiſe,
Liſten to no vulgar lays,
Fix'd in dumb attention hear
The nobleſt ſounds that ever reach'd thine ear.
Not the fam'd † *Thracian* bard, who bold by love,
Could change relentleſs deſtiny,
And ev'n thy ſoul to tender ſoftneſs move,
E'er touch'd the lyre ſo well, or ſtrain'd a note ſo high.
Leſs than my charming numbers pleaſe
The treach'rous * muſes of the ſeas;
Tho' with an art unerring, they
The liſt'ning mariners betray:
In vain before their eyes they view,
Deluded wretches their own death purſue,
The death they would not wiſh to ſhun;
Charm'd to the ſoft delicious fate they run,
And long to be themſelves ſo pleaſingly undone.

## II.

*TYPHOEUS*, whoſe vaſt bulk and monſtrous pride
Omnipotence itſelf defy'd,
By ſad experience taught to know
Th' unbounded force of an almighty foe,
Under all *Sicily* oppreſt,
Feels hills, and plains, and realms lie heavy on his breast.
Oft' ſtruggling yet, he moves the ground;
Fierce *Ætna* vomits ſulph'rous ſmoke,
And cities ſink beneath the ſhock,
And his wide priſon trembles all around.

T

† *Orpheus.* * The *Syrens.*

The God of darkneſs trembled too;
fear'd leſt op'ning earth admitting light,
With dazzling terrors and affright,
ould fill the pale inhabitants of night,
d his dire ſecrets ſhow to public view;
hile the bright God would with his piercing ray
ade th' eternal gloom, and ſcatter boundleſs day.

III.

WITH careful haſte the frighted God
Viſits the upper air, and gains
The fertile *Syracuſian* plains,
d *Pergus'* banks made bleſt by thy abode.
There quickly all his anxious fear
A ſofter paſſion did remove,
And turn'd his ſtubborn ſoul to love:
Illuſtrious triumph of ſent ne eyes!
In one ſhort moment he draws near,
ſees, he loves, he bears away the prize.

IV.

DEAR companions of my virgin joys!
O mother dearer than them all!
O all ye kindred Deities!
d thou, great Sire, the ruler of the ſkies,
ſte to my aid, and ſave me when I call!
Vain regrets, and fruitleſs cries!
e earth divides to make the monarch way;
And ſoon the ſad *Tartarean* ſhore
th wond'ring joy receives the beauteous prey,
happy lord from injur'd *Ceres* bore.

V. HEAV'NS!

V.

HEAV'NS! what wild cares her ſoul oppreſt!
What rage her breaſt inſpires!
See! in *Ætnean* furnaces
She lights avenging fires.
Unhappy iſland! deſolated plain!
Fruitful and promiſing in vain!
Thou ſaw'ſt her raging hand
Burn riſing crops, a grateful load,
Spread wide deſtruction o'er her fav'rite land,
And ruin all the bleſſings it beſtow'd.

VI.

COLD, dull reaſon, hence! begone!
A noble madneſs ſeize my mind,
Tranſports to vulgar breaſts unknown;
Wild and roving be my lyre,
My numbers looſe and unconfin'd,
As when above I charm'd, and touch'd th' audacious
I would not pleaſe by artful lays;
Let others curious gardens praiſe,
Their nice exactneſs does but tire my ſight,
And leſs than happy chance delight:
I love the foreſt's waſte retreat,
Where all's irregularly great;
Where nature, uncorrected, unſupply'd,
Profuſely laviſhes her bounteous pride,
The foreign aids of ſervile art diſdains,
And beauteous in her own diſorder reigns.

VII.

GODDESS, all thy pow'r muſt own,
All muſt bend before thy throne:

ay'rs may move the ſkies,
*Jove* is pleas'd with ſacrifice;
pray'rs, nor piety,
rifice preſerves from thee.
ıs of art, with fruitleſs care,
t'ring building may repair:
ıe feeble ruins ſinks away,
ɔulder into common clay;
es too yield at laſt, and thy ſtern force obey.
ıo ſtudious her great ſon to ſave,
d long before to fall at *Troy*,
m all o'er in *Styx*'s wave,
place for fate, and mourn'd the daring boy.

VIII.

ıum'rous are the worlds of dead,
'er thy vaſt domain are ſpread!
ations every moment land,
ɔver all the ſpacious ſtrand.
ɔorn deſtinies no mercy ſhow;
ınkind ('tis fate's decree,
x'd as fate itſelf can be)
ɔeople the dark realms below.
ndeur, courage, learning, wit
ɣ reſiſtleſs laws ſubmit:
; and beggar ſhare an equal doom;
ıightieſt conqu'rors muſt come,
the crowds they vanquiſh'd, in the tomb.
ınly, tuneful bards, ye ſtrive
that immortality you give;
ɣou ſeek to ſhield your deſtin'd head,
n by meaner worth would ſave
ſinking carcaſe from the grave;
to hope for life, when *Pindar*'s ſelf is dead?

IX.

INEXORABLE Queen, thy force proclaim,
In ſullen majeſty maintain
Thy dreaded, univerſal reign,
Nor own imperial *Juno*'s greater name.
Only my verſe ſhall with thy pow'r engage,
Dare all thy might, and brave thy feebler rage;
My verſe, which ſpight of fate, and thee,
Shall pleaſe to all eternity.
Let Gods averſe, and hoſtile pow'rs
Level with earth *Thebes*' lofty tow'rs;
Still the more laſting notes I ſung,
My country's ruins ſhall ſurvive,
And rev'renc'd even by foes ſhall live,
Charm ev'ry ear, and dwell on ev'ry tongue.

X.

BUT hark! what ſounds are theſe I hear?
What other muſic wounds my ear?
Heav'ns! 'tis *Corinna* ſings! too well I know
The rival lyre, and lovely, conqu'ring foe.
Ah! 'tis too much, inſulting maid!
To hope a ſecond triumph o'er my ſhade:
No longer thou in thoſe bright charms canſt truſt,
Which forc'd ev'n rev'rend age to be unjuſt;
Thy pow'rful eyes no longer plead thy cauſe,
Prevent all cenſure, and ſecure applauſe.
See, while I ſpeak, thy weakneſs all appear!
Only the vulgar dead, a nameleſs throng,
About thee crowd, and liſten to thy ſong;
While all th' illuſtrious ſhades my numbers hear:

Or

, who firſt inſpir'd the vocal lyre,
er, the *Grecian* muſe's fire,
e gay * *Teian* bard attend my lays;
r their ſilence beſt proclaim my praiſe.

XI.

charming muſic can aſſuage
triple-headed monſter's rage;
ientle at my feet he lies,
longer threatens with his eyes;
ll his ears are buſy on the notes
ſtop the yellings of his idle throats.
*Siſyphus*, with endleſs toil oppreſt,
on th' unmoving ſtone, and ſhares a pauſe of reſt.
on my voice, there the dire † *Siſters* lie,
empty veſſels ſtand neglected by.
'n the ſtern *Minos*, for a while,
agged viſage ſoften'd to a ſmile,
s off the judge, and yields to give
rembling criminals a ſhort reprieve.
e fates, that never pity knew,
ſoften'd into pity too;
egligent to cut the tender thread,
ell awhile of its appointed dead.
! ev'n the Furies liſt'ning ſtand,
And on my ſongs intent,
rget the care of puniſhment;
each avenging whip drops gently from their hand.

---

* *Anacreon.* † The *Belides.*

XII. THUS,

XII.

THUS, *Ruſſel*, in the ſhades below,
The godlike *Theban* tun'd his lyre;
While the ſad ghoſts th' inchanting ſounds admire,
And unknown pleaſures fill the realms of woe.
Alas! in vain I would thy judgment cheat,
Thou ſeeſt thro' all the thin deceit;
Thou ſeeſt my trifling rage, and counterfeited fire.
O! were my ſoul, like thine, poſſeſt
Of all the nobleſt treaſures of the *Eaſt*;
Could there in each well poliſh'd line
Appear a genius as refin'd as thine;
Were all my verſe like thy juſt language ſtrong,
And ſoft as when thy moving tongue
Charms every paſſion of th' attentive throng;
My daring muſe ſhould never fall
Beneath its vaſt original;
Like the * *Dircæan* ſwan I'd nobly riſe,
Spurn the dull earth, and ſoar above the ſkies:
The diff'rence ev'n by thee ſhould ſcarce be known,
And the great bard himſelf my equal numbers own.

* *Pindar.*

## *An* ODE. *To* DELIA.

I.

TERNAL God, whoſe awful pow'r
The trembling ſeraphs own;
hen proſtrate low before thy throne,
ith cover'd faces they adore,
d ſing thro' all the vaults above,
wonders of thy grace, and glories of thy love:
w vaſt the pleaſures! how intenſe!
from thy throne in living torrents roll;
w well they raviſh ev'ry ſenſe,
And fill up all the ſoul!
e happy minds repos'd in thy embrace,
il'd before the ſplendor of thy face,
d in ineffable delight,
aſt on thy love, and on thy ſight
ro' all eternity employ
pow'rs ſublime, and equal to their joy.

II.

IN would the humble muſe aſpire,
o celeſtial tranſports tune her lyre;
t ah! in vain her ſtrength ſhe tries,
eble and faint, ſhe dreads the ſkies,
inks the more, the more ſhe ſtrives to riſe.
foul too ſinks, as well as ſhe,
ts its own immortal pedigree,

Forgets the skies, its native seat,
And grov'ling low in dust and clay,
Heedless of aught divinely great,
It wastes the precious hours away,
In joys that fly as swift as they.
The sinful flesh, a heavy load,
Drags down the bright, immortal part,
Weakens its pow'rs, and fixes all the heart
Far from its heav'n, and from its God!
Terrestrial objects ev'ry rapture move,
For them alone it learns to love,
For them with ease neglects the distant joys above.

III.

*DELIA*, whom propitious Heav'n
The softest cure for my worst ills has giv'n;
To aid in wand'ring thro' life's tedious road,
To banish horror and despair,
Tear from my heart each wildest care,
And lighten more than half its load;
Look down with pity on my state,
And help, as you compassionate.
Thou art my only hope below:
Where'er I stand, where'er I go,
'Tis all inchanted ground;
Temptations ev'ry where abound,
And snares, and baits, and darkness all around.
Inticing vice, with fatal charms,
Tempts me from virtue's noble toils,
To her destructive arms:
With what a grace the syren smiles!

w fair her painted face!
· I gaze myſelf away,
r bewitching dictates to obey,
ı to mis'ry in the ſoft embrace.
art my guide, and if thou lead.
, perhaps, I virtue's path may trace
ithout fear the bright, our common foe
eglect thy care, infallion I live
a poor, benighted traveller
he gloomy fears that round me
eſſes the auſpicious night
thro' the horror
nion keep
ions with the

Scarce the bright cherubs, or the bleſt above
A more celeſtial ardor prove;
Scarce all their harps, and all their lays,
Their great Creator better praiſe,
Or reach in loftier notes the triumphs of his love.

V.

WHENE'ER I read the moving lines,
Where well expreſt the lofty ſubject ſhines,
I ſee the joys I ſhould purſue,
And all the ſkies are open'd to my view:
Hail, happy realms! divine abode!
Hail, manſions worthy your creator, God!
And can a mortal then poſſeſs
A place in your bright palaces?
Who could refuſe, ſuch glories to obtain,
A few ſhort hours of toil or pain?
The martyrs gain'd you thro' a bloody way,
Sure I could dare as well as they;
With vig'rous zeal in virtue's cauſe engage,
And ſtem the torrent of a vitious age.
Inchanting vice no more my ſoul ſhall warm;
I ſee the fiend reveal'd in open light,
Heav'ns! how the hideous form offends my ſight!
Amaz'd I ſhrink away, and wonder ſhe could charm.
How ſoon the noble warmth's decay'd!
How ſoon the gen'rous raptures fade!
I ceaſe to read; and now they are no more,
And I grow faint and wretched, as before.
O help me ſtill! let the great theme you've ſung
Still entertain your thoughts, and dwell upon your tongue,

Whene'er

I ſink, whene'er I fall,
ot the heav'nly ſtrain,
pirits to juſt heights recall,
ſprightly ſtring, and raiſe my ſoul again.

## VI.

joys crown each returning day,
nights, and ev'ry dream be gay;
each hour, thy breaſt no trouble prove,
l, gentle cares of mutual love!
nay thy inſpiring page,
example bleſs the riſing age;
charming priſon mayſt thou ſtay,
late, aſcend the well-known way,
w glories to the realms of day!
eav'n will not, ſure, this pray'r deny;
my life's uncertain date,
long than thine the deſtin'd hour of fate!
it comes, may'ſt thou be by,
ſinking frame, and teach me how to die;
ſponding nature's gloom,
to hope a gentle doom,
ne all on joys to come!
ning eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
ee, dying, in my fainting arms;
tly leaning on thy breaſt,
ſlumbers to eternal reſt;
a groan reſign my breath,
k at the cold arms of death;
form ſhall have a pleaſing air,
gs ſmile, while Heav'n and thou art there.

VII.

Now of immortal crowns poſſeſt,
Humbly adoring with th' inferior bleſt,
I'll leave each mortal care below;
Only my love for thee ſhall ne'er a period know.
Whenever ſtorms are threat'ning, I'll be near,
Avert the danger, and prevent thy fear;
Oft' mingle with the bright, deſcending throngs,
And learn from thine to raiſe my ſongs.
Then, when thou muſt at laſt reſign to fate,
On thy departing ſoul I'll wait,
With ſtudious pleaſure guide my fair
Thro' the firſt paths of bliſsful air;
Then, led by thee, purſue a loftier road,
To upper regions daring ſoar,
Vaſt realms of bliſs unknown before,
Heav'ns inmoſt palaces explore,
And bear th' enjoyment of a ſmiling God.
New pow'rs, new graces ſhall adorn my mind,
Almoſt like thine exalted and refin'd:
My flame ſhall with my ſtrength improve;
While we a tuneful off'ring bring,
(For taught by thee, I too ſhall ſing)
And bleſs thro' endleſs years the Fountain of our lo

## *An* ODE *on* LIBERTY.

I.

RIGHTEST offſpring of the ſkies,
Great ſource, from whence to hapleſs mortals flow
eaſure ſincere and noble joys,
ev'ry real bleſſing left below,
nmortal Liberty! to thee
he tribute of my voice I bring;
deſs, accept the diſproportion'd praiſe,
ccept the well-deſigning lays,
Mean and humble tho' they be,
nd wrong the mighty theme they ſing:
ers may better plead thy glorious cauſe,
oftier ſtrains ſecure of juſt applauſe;
none could e'er admire thy beauties more,
with a purer zeal at thy bleſt ſhrine adore.

II.

his own image thee, the nobleſt part,
'o new-born man th' Almighty gave;
'hee deep infix'd within his breaſt,
principle of all that's good and brave.
well on earth thy dictates were purſu'd,
When ſhining with unſullied grace
lis work the pleas'd Creator view'd,
nd bleſt a well deſerving race,

Bleſt the riſing golden age;
Too ſoon, alas! it ceas'd, ſucceeded impious rage:
And vile, degenerate men deſerv'd to be
Hated of Heav'n, and ignorant of thee.

III.

To endleſs ages be the monſter curſt,
That baniſh'd thee from nations firſt!
Who for fond notions of unbounded pow'r,
(Heav'n's right alone) deſpis'd a lawful ſway;
Could think it great to ruin and devour,
And force unwilling wretches to obey.
Nor leſs reproaches load his head,
Be he the ſcorn of all th' illuſtrious dead!
Who firſt could live and be a ſlave,
With ſervile awe could bear unbroke
On his baſe neck the galling yoke;
Nay more (ye Pow'rs) could bleſs the tyrant's reign,
Submit with pleaſure to his fate,
Praiſe the dire ills of arbitrary ſtate,
Thy ſacred name blaſpheme, and hug the hated chain.
How far unlike thoſe ſouls, that form'd
Of purer mould, of more celeſtial clay,
By thy great rules had all their boſoms warm'd,
And made impatient of unequal ſway,
Were born in happy climes above the reſt
Of loſt abandon'd men, by thy bright preſence bleſt!
O Goddeſs! could I feel but half the fire
That caus'd the deathleſs actions I admire,

Thr

o' which unmov'd thy vot'ries ſtood
true to honour, and to thee,
'd thy cauſe, and laviſh of their blood,
ıro' a thouſand certain deaths, to ſet their country free!

IV.

ſing their deeds, and ſing thy praiſe,
ſuch vaſt, ſuch lofty lays;
not alone the neighb'ring hills around,
:av'n's wide arch ſhould echo to the ſound:
rants ſhould hear the moving ſtrain,
rants in nations yet unknown,
ould ſcatter bleſſings from the throne,
ry the pleaſures of a gentle reign;
d crowds of ſenſeleſs ſlaves again,
ange miracle! ſhould turn to men.

V.

L other ſuccour I refuſe;
lorious theme, be thou alone my muſe!
ıe humbleſt bard, if thou inſpire,
all touch the ſtring, and tune the lyre,
kindle to a more than mortal fire;
ith forces not his own ſhall riſe,
:ave far the airy *Alps* below,
mountains rev'rend with eternal ſnow,
ſoar with daring flight above th' inferior ſkies.

VI.

NJUSTLY we *Apollo* praiſe,
uthor of verſe, and God of lays;

Nor he to *Linus* did his art infuſe,
Nor *Orpheus* learn'd it from his parent muſe:
Can aught or great or charming be,
That knows another ſource than thee?
By thee the firſt of poets taught,
(Whom Heav'n a great deliv'rer gave,
*Iſrael*'s favourite ſons to ſave)
Sung the ſtupendous miracles he wrought:
He ſung a race by long oppreſſion broke,
And ſunk beneath the curſt *Egyptian* yoke,
Set free, and led from out the barb'rous land,
By ſigns ſurpaſſing faith, and Heav'n's extended hand
Yet ſo deliver'd, that they ſeem to be
Abandon'd to more certain miſery;
They view the raging ſea before,
With angry billows laſh the ſhore;
Their foes, more dreadful, urge behind,
And eager on their prey, outſtrip the wind.
In vain your chariots and your hoſts purſue,
Almighty vengeance flies more ſwift than you.
The ſea retir'd with joyful haſte,
While thro' its depths the *Hebrews* paſt;
Yet with more joy turn'd back its waves,
T' o'erwhelm the tyrant, and his herd of ſlaves.

## VII.

THINE too the numbers, when his awful tongue
Call'd heav'n and earth to liſten to his ſong,
To hear a tale, a fight to view,
Strange beyond thought, beyond example new:

A pe

ople proud by Heav'n's protection made,
e amidſt ſurrounding troops of foes,
' wilds unknown and trackleſs deſerts led,
ictory, to freedom, and repoſe:
hom the rocks gave water, bread the ſkies;
ev'ry ſlighteſt want found ſure ſupplies
never-ceaſing prodigies;
: and ungrateful murmur'd ſtill,
orn'd to be ſav'd againſt their will,
ourn'd in warm tears their broken chain,
wiſh'd for nauſeous ſlavery again.
'ell, wretches! you ſhall quickly prove
he bleſſings of the ſtate you love;
on will your crimes the Heav'ns provoke
o curſe you with a foreign yoke.
n your repentant grief and ardent pray'r,
reach yon azure vault, and ev'ry God that's there;
he pow'rs will lend a pitying ear,
he Pow'rs, tho' much incens'd, will hear:
ommiſſion'd heroes ſhall ariſe,
rm'd with the vengeance of the ſkies;
ſe righteous force ſhall the loſt nation ſave,
make fierce tyrants, in their turn, feel all the woes
they gave.
event confirm'd his words; of peace poſſeſt,
'eaken'd by luxury and reſt,
Heav'n abandon'd, by themſelves betray'd;
y fell an helpleſs prey to all that durſt invade:
n great deliv'rers to their reſcue came;
ſhining liſt, each glorious name,
'orthy of Liberty and fame!

VIII. Begin

VIII.

BEGIN my muſe with *Ehud*'s praiſe,
*Ehud* claims the nobleſt lays;
His ſingle and unaided hand
Freed by one daring ſtroke the land;
He (ſhrink, uſurpers, as you hear!)
Free from danger, as from fear,
Attack'd a tyrant on his throne,
And reach'd his life, yet ſav'd his own.

IX.

THE laurels gain'd near *Kiſhon*'s ſtream
By *Deborah*, be next thy theme.
To make the *Hebrew* matron juſtly known,
Requires ſuch numbers as her own:
But who, like her, can terribly delight,
Paint the dire horrors of th' amazing fight,
All heav'n's artillery diſplay,
And ſet the ſtars embattled in array?

X.

WHAT wonders troops, tho' deſpicably few,
Engag'd for freedom, and by heroes led,
'Gainſt mighty crowds of ſlaves can do;
Let *Midian* vanquiſh'd armies tell,
Who by the ſword of *Gideon* fell,
Or from his terrors fled.
Happy the chief in num'rous conqueſts won!
Happy in all the ſofter joys of peace!
Happy in ſev'nty males, a large increaſe!
Yet more unhappy in a tyrant ſon!

he hated product of a lawleſs flame,
ain to his blood, and ruin to his name:
For whom all *Iſrael* curſt him more,
han for his pious care they e'er had bleſt before.

XI.

*BIMILECH* by crimes unknown
Aſcended to the guilty throne;
By crimes unknown he fix'd his pow'r,
Three whole years, a tedious age!
*Iſrael* felt the monſter's rage.
Heav'n and earth could bear no more:
roſtrate and grov'ling on the ground he lies,
eſpair and horror in his dying eyes;
y a vile woman reach'd, his curſt deſigning brain,
lix'd with the clotted gore, beſmears th' illuſtrious plain.
o! by thy brother's blood begin thy ſway,
y envious murders blacken ev'ry day,
ll human and all ſacred laws defy,
nd wake the ſleeping juſtice of the ſky;
hen, full of honour, to the ſhades deſcend,
nd to the envying ghoſts relate thy glorious end!
hus, thus, ye Pow'rs, conclude all impious ſtate;
lay none that match his crimes e'er ſhare a nobler fa'e!

XII.

ING *Jephtha* next, my muſe; if verſe can crown
Deſerving heroes with renown,
The brave, th' unhappy ſhall be ſung,
ix ev'ry liſt'ning ear, and dwell on ev'ry tongue.
he chief, with *Ammon*'s ſons in fight engag'd,
Vhen with uncertain force the battle rag'd,



Thus

Thus ſuppliant vow'd? If by my hand,
Peace and ſafety glad the land;
To you, ye ſov'reign Pow'rs, that bleſs
My righteous arms with wiſh'd ſucceſs,
Whatever firſt meets my return,
Upon your altars ſlain ſhall burn.
Heav'n heard; and conqueſt hov'ring in the ſky,
Flew to the juſter ſide, the ſervile ſquadrons fly.
His only hope, a nymph divinely fair,
Ran with ſwift joy to meet her doom;
To bid the gen'ral welcome home
From the rough toils of war.
Heav'ns! what a ſight! can words, can lays expreſs
Th' unbounded woes, th' extent of wretchedneſs?
Griev'd, yet reſolv'd, he view'd the charming maid,
And his dire vows with ſtrict obedience paid.
See to the ſhrine the lovely victim bound!
A thouſand loſt adoring youths around
Shrink at the ſtroke, and faint beneath the wound:
The father dropt a tender tear;
But ſoon reflecting on what Heav'n had done,
And freedom ſettled by the conqueſt won,
He check'd his raſh complaint, nor judg'd the price dear.

## XIII.

WHATE'ER in fables daring *Greece*
Boaſts of her *Theſeus*, and her *Hercules*;
In *Sampſon Iſrael* view'd, and bleſt
The gift of Heaven employ'd to give them reſt.
Witneſs his ſtrength, ye thouſands ſlain
By him, unarm'd, on *Lehi*'s plain!

Vitneſs, ye maſſy gates, he tore,
l on his ſhoulders a light burthen bore!
had he ſtill been true to freedom's cauſe,
And never felt a meaner care,
rivall'd then had been his juſt applauſe,
*Iſrael*'s annals known a name ſo fair;
ut he to luſtful fires a prey,
n a deceitful harlot's arms,
Heedleſs of virtue's deathleſs charms,
dly conſum'd the precious day.
ly he loſt the ſtrength th' immortals gave
t for ſuch uſe, juſtly was made a ſlave:
With freedom too depriv'd of ſight,
ſted in ſervile works, the conſtant jeſt
barb'rous foes, and ſport of ev'ry feaſt;
om'd by his woes to heighten their delight.
ſuff'rings move the ſkies; his force returns,
d all the hero with new vigor burns.
was a great feſtival, and crowds reſort;
lected nobles fill the ſpacious court;
e *Hebrew* captive's call'd, to finiſh all the ſport.
comes, the crowd the roofs with clamours rend;
He graſps the ſolid pillars in his hand,
neath the graſp the ſolid pillars bend,
wn ſinks the pond'rous pile, and cruſhes half the land.
The conqu'ror fell amidſt the ſlain,
d, dying, ſav'd a wretched race in vain;
us'd and undeſerving to be free,
ey ſoon abandon'd dear-bought Liberty,
ſe the vain ſplendor of a lawleſs throne,
d fix'd their children's ruin, and their own.

XIV. *GREECE*

XIV.

*GREECE* with hoſpitable care
Receiv'd and bleſt the flying Fair;
But *Athens* moſt ador'd her charms,
*Athens* renown'd in arts and arms.
Nor leſs the Goddeſs lov'd the grateful place;
There moſt ſhe choſe to fix her ſeat,
There ſtudious form'd a godlike race,
And minds divinely great.
Yet there a * tyrant roſe, with treach'rous arts
Well fitted to ſeduce the people's hearts;
With ſoothing charms to force their ſenſe away,
And make their liberties an eaſy prey:
Gentle his rule, but heroes juſtly free
Know no gentle tyranny.
Twice baniſh'd, he as oft' return'd,
And free-born ſouls the gilded bondage mourn'd.
In peace he dy'd: Unequal to the weight,
His ſons in ſullen rigor rule the ſtate:
Not long; for ſoon a choſen band,
With well-concerted plots conſpire
To ſend the tyrants to their ſire,
And eaſe the groaning land.
*Leæna*, eminent above the reſt,
Deck'd in ſuperior glories ſtand confeſt.
To the great theme, ye muſes, tune your lays,
Nor bluſh to ſing the glorious harlot's praiſe;
Known be her praiſe, but in oblivion lie
All her former infamy!

What

* *Piſiſtratus.*

her fatal beauties could intice
ıe's manly joys to the ſoft bane of vice;
ɛdleſs youth in wanton eaſe,
ke the gay perdition pleaſe!
ıall think her crimes undone,
ıg real, but the fame ſhe won.
*ton* lov'd the dame;
, moſt renow'd of thoſe
'd deſtruction on their country's foes.
yet not abandon'd to his flame,
*Athens* more: Oft' in her arms
'd for freedom's nobler charms;
y vengeance would his thoughts employ,
looſer hours, and interrupt the joy.
herſelf at laſt was warm'd,
h new fire her hero arm'd,
ſign, and taught him, in her turn,
rave death, and ſhameful life to ſcorn.

## XV.

ınt falls; ſtern *Hippias* ſtill ſurvives,
ɜ brother's ſeeks his murd'rers lives:
ɛ his rage, but more eſcape, by fate
ıe future patriots of their ſtate.
urg'd in vain, ſuppreſt
ortant ſecret in her breaſt:
limbs now curſt tormentors tear,
their barb'rous arts upon the fair;
ɪrve convulſive horrors reign,
ling nature ſinks beneath the pain:

Thrice

* *Hi parchus.*

Thrice on her lips the half-form'd accents hung,
As oft' th' undaunted heroine ſtopt her tongue:
But when ſhe found her courage fail,
And all the ſofter ſex prevail;
Begone, ſhe cry'd, falſe, treach'rous part,
Unworthy of my greater heart!
She ſpoke, and tore the traitor from his place,
And ſpit it in the trembling tyrant's face.

## XVI.

TAUGHT by the great example, *Athens* roſe;
Far from the happy land the tyrant flies,
And *Perſia*'s realm a ſafe aſylum choſe:
There the proud monarch, with a tender care,
Receives his fellow-raviſher;
Grants him of ſlaves immenſe ſupplies,
To Liberty a glorious ſacrifice;
That great *Miltiades* might be divine,
And *Marathon* in deathleſs honours ſhine.

## XVII.

BUT *Xerxes*' arms for vengeance, to his cauſe
Millions of ſlaves, a world in fetters draws:
Swell'd into madneſs, as the tyrant view'd
The vaſt, unnumber'd multitude;
Sure ruin his preſumptuous thoughts decree
To *Greece*, and ev'ry land that dar'd be free:
Nor vain his pride, were it to numbers giv'n
To change the firm reſolves of Heav'n.
The groaning earth th' unwieldy burthen feels,
Exhauſted rivers ſcarce ſupply their meals.
*Europe* from *Aſia* to divide, in vain
Rolls its fierce waves the eaſtern main:

ch ſpeaks, and ſwift at his command,
ring ſquadrons join the land.
hes and with chains he aw'd
rage of the watry God;
ing billows foam no more,
to dull ſubmiſſion kiſs the ſhore:
e ſhrinking from his rage,
ar'd in Freedom's cauſe engage;
ev'n the Goddeſs ſeem'd to ſtand,
fate's decree, and trembled for the land.

XVIII.

ndred *Spartans* (Heav'n requir'd no more,
e th' intolerable pow'r)
hts, *Thermopylæ*, ſecure; and there
wildeſt fury of the foe;
it cowardice no more to dare,
the combat, and prevent the blow.
ue from the *Lybian* wood
ions preſs'd by want of food;
ak incloſures force their way,
the ſpacious folds with blood,
the trembling fugitives their prey:
the bleating troop th' invaders fears,
*Perſia*'s hoſt their conquerors.
nch ſculks behind his fartheſt bands,
periſh by leſs noble hands.
d vaſſals threaten from afar,
tant dart a miſſive war;
ieſs urge on the rage, they wound,
inevitable death around;

Then

Then with their glorious toil oppreſt,
And tir'd with conqu'ring, ſunk to reſt.

XIX.

PLEAS'D, in th' *Elyſian* ſhades they hear
The honours by their country won,
The num'rous glories of a war
Ended by wonders, as begun.
Deſcending heroes, proud in conqueſt, tell
What numbers at *Platæa* fell;
At *Mycale*, what heaps of ſlain,
And *Salamis*, diſcolour'd all the main.
The curſed inſtruments of public woe
Crowd all the wide infernal plains;
There juſtly ſentenc'd, undergo
Infinite tortures, and eternal chains.
But the dire * monſter, whoſe unbounded rage
A gen'ral ruin only could aſſuage,
Fills all the griſly ruler's mind,
And ev'ry thought employ'd, to find
Some equal puniſhment, ſome full reward,
For all he acted, and for all he dar'd.
All hell is buſy to prepare his doom,
Stern juſtice waits impatient 'till he come;
For him Omnipotence exhauſts its ſtore
Of vengeance yet unprov'd, and plagues unfelt b
For him with double rage the fiery torrents roar.
The gloomy ſhade deſcends; a wretched ſtate,
Mean as himſelf, and in this only brave,
Sent him, unpity'd, to a ſordid grave.

* *Xerxes.*

XX.

deathleſs trophy of the *Perſic* wars
ine broils (a dreadful ſcene!) ſucceed,
rious triumphs, and diſhoneſt ſcars;
e *Grecia*'s braveſt ſons conſpire to make their parent bleed.
but their matchleſs virtue been employ'd
In the ſoft arts of gentle peace,
v'd the free, and ſlaves alone deſtroy'd;
*'s'* fame ſhould yield to *Pericles*,
the great * youth whom *Socrates* inſpir'd,
nd the ‖ ſon of *Thetis* be admir'd.
ow bright luſtre had the † *Theban* ſhone,
only barb'rous hoſts his valour known!
*Sparta* can of her *Lyſander* boaſt,
e all the hero in the tyrant's loſt.
'orbear, illuſtrious ſouls, forbear
To tempt the angry ſkies;
The Pow'rs ſo much incens'd, prepare
Your madneſs to chaſtiſe:
An unknown, deſpicable hand
ſhall join you in one common woe;
At *Cheronæa* ſtrike a fatal blow,
d drive th' unwilling Goddeſs from the land.

XXI.

To *Rome* the Charmer wing'd her flight,
*Rome*, her darling and delight;

There

* *Alcibiades.* ‖ *Achilles.* † *Epaminondas.*

Then with their glorious toil oppreſt,
And tir'd with conqu'ring, ſunk to reſt.

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For all he acted, and for all he dar'd.
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Mean as himſelf, and in this only brave,
Sent him, unpity'd, to a ſordid grave.

* Xerxes.

XX

XXIII.

Too mighty were thoſe joys, too vaſt,
mix'd with leſſer ſorrows long to laſt;
A few raſh youths, a thoughtleſs band,
tempt the exil'd monarch to reſtore,
fix on former props the ſhaken pow'r,
id load with heavier chains the reſcu'd land.
hat various horrors, Conſul, rack'd thy mind,
hy ſons the firſt in the black liſt to find!
ot long the father with the patriot ſtrove,
Soon prevail'd his country's love!
he awful judge to the tribunal comes,
nd to the axe his guilty offspring dooms;
nd views, unmov'd, in each expiring ſon
*ome*'s fears deſtroy'd, and his own hopes undone.
The anguiſh of his ſoul and woe,
He well avenges on th' invading foe:
Then dies; but ſtruck for freedom as he fell,
And ſent a riſing * tyrant down to hell.
Hail, great deliv'rer of a race oppreſt!
Hail, name to future ages bleſt!
Thee ſhall pure matrons ſing, ſoft virgins thee,
Avenger ſure of injur'd chaſtity!
Tyrants unborn ſhall tremble at thy name,
And heroes yet to come be kindled by thy flame.

XXIV.

But what avail the wonders done,
Tyrants expell'd, and conqueſts won?

Within

* *Aruns.*

Within *Rome*'s bowels a domeſtic foe
Erects a fortreſs to enſlave the land;
Its lofty heights the town command,
And threaten ruin all below.
In words like theſe the frighted crowd
Utter their complaints aloud.
Raſh complaints! ill-grounded fears!
The great *Valerius*, ſee, appears!
Submiſſive, ſee! he bows around,
And bends his humble *Faſces* to the ground.
To you, he cries, from whom all ſway deſcends,
*Romans*, to you your ſubject Conſul bends:
Juſtly you ſhrink at arbitrary ſtate,
But hard to judge your magiſtrate!
If e'er a pow'r above your laws I ſought,
Or e'er your freedom injur'd but in thought;
Turn, turn on this devoted head
The dreadful axes that you gave;
Or ſpeedier lightning flaſh me dead,
And op'ning earth become my grave!
Soon ſhall this houſe be raz'd; and ſunk to duſt,
Clear my ſuſpected faith, and prove your fears unjuſt.
Already levell'd as he ſpoke,
The building ſinks amain;
Down the wide hill the ruins ſmoke,
And fill th' extended plain.
Sublime in impious ſtate, *Verſalia*, riſe,
Fit for the wrath and juſtice of the ſkies;
This houſe deſtroy'd eternal praiſe ſhall claim,
When with thy pile is loſt the hated * founder's name.

---

* Louis XIV.

XXV. Nor

XXV.

r Gods by all the ſpacious earth ador'd,
h half ſuch joy a thouſand kings behold,
:ach of unnumber'd ſlaves the lord,
:king their ſhrines with tributary gold;
As fill'd the Goddeſs, when ſhe ſaw
*Rome*'s glorious offspring own her law.
iom ſhall I firſt rehearſe? the deathleſs throng
nfounds the muſe, and tires the lab'ring ſong.
Who can enough the *Gracchi* praiſe,
ſtern *Torquatus* to due honours raiſe?
hat colours paint *Servilius*, as he ſtood
arm with great rage, and more than half a God,
s arm freſh reeking with a * tyrant's blood?
Who, thro' a train of heroes, trace
i' unfading glories of the *Fabian* race?
In equal numbers, who extol
*millus*, terror of the impious *Gaul*;
nd *Manlius* thund'ring from the *Capitol*?

XXVI.

EST *Italy!* where ev'ry plain and ſtream
Immortal actions crown;
The free born muſes grateful theme,
And ſacred to renown.
*atius* here, alone, an army ſtood,
ardian of *Rome* amidſt ſurrounding foes:
'd *Tyber*, bear his praiſes on thy flood,
d bid old ocean ſpread them as he flows!



* *Sp. Mælius.*

There *Coſſus* from a ſcepter'd tyrant tore
His life, and all the gorgeous arms he wore;
The ſpoils adorn *Feretrian Jove*'s abode,
A preſent worthy of the thund'ring God!
*Marcellus* here firſt taught deſpairing *Rome*,
That *Hannibal* could be o'ercome.

## XXVII.

WHEN *Curius* and *Fabritius* I behold,
Auguſt in willing poverty, deſpiſe
Barbaric gems, and heaps of proffer'd gold,
And a mean freedom, conſtant, prize;
My breaſt a gen'rous emulation fires,
And all my ſoul to deathleſs fame aſpires.
All hail! ye venerable ſeats,
Of godlike minds the bleſt retreats,
Low cottages, obſcure abodes,
That bred a race of Demi gods:
Where you, great ſhades, where *Scaurus* liv'd, and
* thou,
Twice Dictator from the plough.
Ye Pow'rs, how very poor to theſe,
Appear the loftieſt palaces!
I ſcorn the little, deſpicable things,
And pity the vain pride of all their builder-kings.

*(Left unfiniſhed).*

---

* *L. Q. Cincinnatus.*

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